THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

VOL. X.



BOSWELL'S LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

VOL. I.



Sam: Johnson

LONDON

[illegible]

THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL OF HIS TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES;

BY

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

NEW EDITION,

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND NOTES,

BY

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, M.P.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TWO SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUMES OF JOHNSONIANA,

BY HAWKINS, PIOZZI, MURPHY, TYERS, REYNOLDS,
MALONE, NICHOLS, STEEVENS, CUMBERLAND,
AND OTHERS.

AND NOTES BY VARIOUS HANDS.

ALSO, UPWARDS OF

FIFTY ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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JOHNSONIANA — CONTINUED

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THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

JOHNSONIANA.

PART XXI.

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON, BY JOHN NORTHCOTE, R. A.(1)

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474. *Poverty and Mortification.*

At the time when Sir Joshua Reynolds resided in Newport Street, he one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Miss Cotterells, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit; and, at that time, being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, who was the last of the three that came in; when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving that he could be one of the

(1) [From Northcote's "Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds."]

company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying, "You fellow! what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house." This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out, like a bull, "What have I done? what have I done?" Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance.

475. *Richardson.*

Dr. Johnson had a great desire to cultivate the friendship of Richardson, the author of "Clarissa;" and, with this view, paid him frequent visits. These were received very coldly by the latter; "but," observed the Doctor, in speaking of this to a friend, "I was determined to persist till I had gained my point; because I knew very well that, when I had once overcome his reluctance and shyness of humour, our intimacy would contribute to the happiness of both." The event verified the Doctor's prediction.

476. *Idle Curiosity.*

Dr. Johnson was displeased if he supposed himself at any time made the object of idle curiosity. When Miss Reynolds once desired him to dine at Sir Joshua's, on a day fixed upon by herself, he readily accepted the invitation; yet, having doubts as to the importance of her companions, or of her reasons for inviting him, he added, at the same time, "but I will not be made a show of."

477. *"Clarissa."*

Johnson introduced Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sister to Richardson; but hinted to them, at the same time, that, if they wished to see the latter in good humour, they must expatiate on the excellencies of his "Clarissa."

478. *Introductions and Conclusions.*

I have heard Sir Joshua repeat a speech which the Doctor made about the time of his writing the "Idler," and in which he gave himself credit in two particulars:—"There are two things," said he, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is, an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, showing, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public."

479. *Tea.*

Johnson's extraordinary, or rather extravagant, fondness for tea did not fail to excite notice wherever he went; and it is related, though not by Boswell, that whilst on his Scottish tour, and spending some time at Dunvegan, the dowager Lady Macleod having repeatedly helped him, until she had poured out sixteen cups, she then asked him, if a small basin would not save him trouble and be more agreeable?—"I wonder, Madam," answered he roughly, "why all the ladies ask me such questions. It is to save yourselves trouble Madam, and not me." The lady was silent, and resumed her task.

480. "*A completely wicked Man.*"

Dr. Johnson being in company with Sir Joshua and his sister, Miss Reynolds, and the conversation turning on morality, Sir Joshua said, he did not think there was in the world any man completely wicked. Johnson answered, "I do not know what you mean by completely wicked." "I mean," returned Sir Joshua, "a man lost to all sense of shame." Dr. Johnson replied, that "to be completely wicked, a man must be also lost to all sense of conscience." Sir Joshua said,

he thought it was exactly the same; he could see no difference. "What!" said Johnson, "can you see no difference? I am ashamed to hear you, or any body, utter such nonsense, when the one relates to men only, the other to God!" Miss Reynolds then observed that when shame was lost, conscience was nearly gone. Johnson agreed, that her conclusion was very just.

481. *Richardson on Painting.*

Dr. Johnson knew nothing of the art of painting, either in theory or practice; which is one proof that he could not be the author of Sir Joshua's "Discourses:" indeed, his imperfect sight was some excuse for his total ignorance in that department of study. One day, being at dinner at Sir Joshua's, in company with many painters, in the course of conversation Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" happened to be mentioned: "Ah!" said Johnson, "I remember, when I was at college, I by chance found that book on my stairs: I took it up with me to my chamber, and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Sir Joshua, who could not hear distinctly, desired of one of the company to be informed what Johnson had said; and it being repeated to him so loud that Johnson heard it, the Doctor seemed hurt, and added, "But I did not wish, Sir, that Sir Joshua should have been told what I *then* said." The latter speech of Johnson denotes a delicacy in him, and an unwillingness to offend; and it evinces a part of his character, which he has not had the credit of having ever possessed.

482. "*Venice Preserved.*"

One day, Johnson and Goldsmith meeting at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the conversation turned on the merits of Otway's "Venice Preserved," which Goldsmith highly extolled; asserting, that of all tragedies

it was the one nearest in excellence to Shakspeare: when Johnson, in his peremptory manner, contradicted him, and pronounced that there were not forty good lines to be found in the whole play; adding, "Pooh! what stuff are these lines!

> "What feminine tales hast thou been listening to,
> Of unair'd sheets, catarrh, and toothach, got
> By thin-soled shoes?"

"True!" replied Goldsmith; "to be sure, that is very like Shakspeare."

483. *Criticisms on Goldsmith.*

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time; when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, "If nobody were suffered to abuse poor Goldy but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."

484. *Portrait of Johnson reading.*

In 1775, Sir Joshua painted that portrait of his friend Johnson, which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to the Doctor, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude; saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the contrary, Sir Joshua esteemed it as a circumstance in nature to be remarked, as characterising the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait.

485. *Johnson's Pride.*

Of Johnson's pride, I have heard Sir Joshua himself observe, that if any man drew him into a state of obli-

gation without his own consent, that man was the first he would affront, by way of clearing off the account.

486. *Trip to Plymouth. — Clouted Cream and Cider.*

Reynolds's trip to Plymouth, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, took place in 1762: when, during a visit to a neighbouring gentleman, Johnson's irregularity of conduct produced considerable alarm in the mind of their host; who, in order to gratify his guests, had placed before them every delicacy which the house afforded. On this occasion the Doctor, who seldom showed much discretion in his feeding, devoured so large a quantity of new honey and of clouted cream, which is peculiar to Devonshire, besides drinking large potations of new cider, that the entertainer found himself much embarrassed between his anxious regard for the Doctor's health, and his fear of breaking through the rules of politeness, by giving him a hint on the subject. The strength of Johnson's constitution, however, saved him from any unpleasant consequences which might have been expected.

487. *Farmer on Shakspeare.*

Dr. Farmer, of Cambridge, had written a most excellent and convincing pamphlet, to prove that Shakspeare knew little or nothing of the ancients but by translations. Being in company with Dr. Johnson, he received from him the following compliment upon the work: "Dr. Farmer, you have done that which never was done before; that is, you have completely finished a controversy beyond all further doubt." "I thank you," answered Dr. Farmer, "for your flattering opinion of my work, but still think there are some critics who will adhere to their old opinions, — certain persons that I could name." "Ah!" said Johnson, "that may be true; for the limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone."

488. *Johnson and Peter Pindar.*

Dr. Walcot, in a letter addressed to me, says:— "Happening to be in company with Dr. Johnson, and observing to him, that his portrait by Reynolds was not sufficiently dignified—prepared with a flat contradiction, he replied, in a kind of bull-dog growl, 'No, Sir! the pencil of Reynolds never wanted dignity nor the graces.'"

489. *"Peter Paul Rubens."*

James MacArdell, the mezzotinto engraver, having taken a very good print from the portrait of Rubens, came with it one morning to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to inquire if he could inform him particularly of the many titles to which Rubens had a right, in order to inscribe them properly under his print; saying, he believed that Rubens had been knighted by the kings of France, Spain, and England; was secretary of state in Flanders, and to the privy seal in Spain; and had been employed in a ministerial capacity from the court of Madrid to the court of London, to negotiate a treaty of peace between the two crowns; and that he was also a magistrate of Antwerp, &c. Dr. Johnson, happening to be in the room with Sir Joshua at the time, and understanding MacArdell's inquiry, interfered rather abruptly, saying, "Pooh! pooh! put his name alone under the print, 'Peter Paul Rubens:' that is full sufficient, and more than all the rest." This advice of the Doctor was accordingly followed.

490. *Compliments.*

At the time that Miss Linley was in the highest esteem as a public singer, Dr. Johnson came in the evening to drink tea with Miss Reynolds; and when he entered the room, she said to him, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company; for I had an offer of a place in a box at the Oratorio, to hear Miss

Linley; but I would rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing." "And I, Madam," replied Johnson, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne." The Doctor would not be surpassed even in a trifling compliment.

491. *Learned Ladies.*

Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson, it was remarked by one of them, that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age; when Johnson replied, "I have known a great many ladies who knew Latin, but very few who knew English." A lady observed, that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, "I do not know that." "At least," said the lady, "they are most pleasing when they are in conversation." "No, Madam," returned Johnson, "I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

492. *Saying good Things.*

A friend of Dr. Johnson's, in conversation with him, was lamenting the disagreeable situation in which those persons stood, who were eminent for their witticisms, as they were perpetually expected to be saying good things — that it was a heavy tax on them. "It is, indeed," said Johnson, "a very heavy tax on them; a tax which no man can pay who does not steal."

493. *Burke. — Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Speaking of how much Sir Joshua owed to the writings and conversation of Johnson, Mr. Burke said, that "nothing showed more the greatness of Sir Joshua's parts, than his taking advantage of both, and making some application of them to his profession, when Johnson neither understood, nor desired to understand, any thing of painting, and had no distinct idea of its nomenclature, even in those parts which had got most into use in common life".

Part XXII.

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON,

BY ANNA SEWARD. (1)

494. *Johnson's "Beauties."*

Love is the great softener of savage dispositions. Johnson had always a metaphysic passion for one princess or other: first, the rustic Lucy Porter, before he married her nauseous mother; next, the handsome, but haughty, Molly Aston; next, the sublimated, methodistic, Hill Boothby, who read her bible in Hebrew; and, lastly, the more charming Mrs. Thrale, with the beauty of the first, the learning of the second, and with more worth than a bushel of such sinners and such saints. It is ridiculously diverting to see the old elephant forsaking his nature before these princesses—

"To make them mirth, use all his might, and writhe,
His mighty form disporting."

This last and long-enduring passion for Mrs. Thrale was, however, composed equally, perhaps, of cupboard love, Platonic love, and vanity tickled and gratified, from morn to night, by incessant homage. The two first ingredients are certainly oddly heterogeneous; but Johnson, in religion and politics, in love and in hatred, was composed of such opposite and contradictory materials, as never before met in the human mind.

(1) [From "Letters of Anna Seward, written between the years 1784 and 1807."]

This is the reason why folk are never weary of talking reading, and writing about a man —

> "So various, that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

495. *Johnson's Courtship*

I have often heard my mother say she perfectly remembered Johnson's wife. He has recorded of her that beauty which existed only in his imagination. She had a very red face, and very indifferent features and her manners in advanced life — for her children were all grown up when Johnson first saw her — had an unbecoming excess of girlish levity, and disgusting affectation. The rustic prettiness and artless manners of her daughter, the present Mrs. Lucy Porter, had won Johnson's youthful heart, when she was upon a visit at my grandfather's in Johnson's school-days. Disgusted by his unsightly form, she had a personal aversion to him. Business taking Johnson to Birmingham, on the death of his own father, and calling upon his coy mistress there, he found her father dying He passed all his leisure hours at Mr. Porter's, attending his sick-bed, and, in a few months after his death, asked Mrs. Johnson's consent to marry the old widow. After expressing her surprise at a request so extraordinary — "No, Sam, my willing consent you will never have to so preposterous a match. You are not twenty-five, and she is turned of fifty. If she had any prudence, this request had never been made to me. Where are your means of subsistence? Porter has died poor, in consequence of his wife's expensive habits. You have great talents, but, as yet, have turned them into no profitable channel." "Mother, I have not deceived Mrs. Porter: I have told her the worst of me; that I am of mean extraction, that I have no money, and that I have had an uncle hanged. She replied, that she

valued no one more or less for his descent; that she had no more money than myself; and that, though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging." And thus became accomplished this very curious amour.(1)

496. Miss Elizabeth Aston.

The following is the conversation that passed between Dr. Johnson and myself in company, on the subject of Miss Elizabeth Aston(2), of Stowe-hill, with whom he always passed so much time when he was in Lichfield, and for whom he professed so great a friendship: — SEWARD. "I have often heard my mother say, Doctor, that Mrs. Elizabeth Aston was, in her youth, a very beautiful woman; and that, with all the consciousness and spiteful spleen of a very bad temper, she had great powers of pleasing: that she was lively, and insinuating. [illegible] knew her not till the vivacity of her youth had [illegible] been extinguished; and I confess I looked in [illegible] for the traces of former ability. I wish to

(1) This account was given to Mr. Boswell; who, as Miss Seward could not have known it of her own knowledge, asked the lady for her authority. Miss Seward, in reply, quoted Mrs. Cobb, an old friend of Johnson's, who resided at Lichfield. To her, then, Boswell addressed himself; and, to his equal satisfaction and surprise, was answered that Mrs. Cobb had not only never told such a story, but that she had not even ever heard of it. Notwithstanding this denial, Miss Seward persisted in her story to the last. The report as to the *hanging* was probably derived from a coarse passage in the Rev. Donald M'Nicol's *Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*. — "But, whatever the Doctor may insinuate about the present scarcity of trees in Scotland, we are much deceived by fame if a very near ancestor of his, who was a native of that country, did not find to his cost, that a *tree* was not quite such a rarity in *his* days." That some Scotchman, of the name of *Johnston*, may have been hanged in the seventeenth century, is very likely; but there seems no reason whatsoever to believe that any of Dr. Johnson's family were natives of Scotland. — C.

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 85. She died in 1785.]

have *your* opinion of what she was—*you*, who knew her so well in her best days." JOHNSON. "My dear, when thy mother told thee Aston was handsome, thy mother told thee truth: she was very handsome. When thy mother told thee that Aston loved to abuse her neighbours, she told thee truth; but when thy mother told thee that Aston had any marked ability in that same abusive business, that wit gave it zest, or imagination colour, thy mother did not tell thee truth. No, no, Madam, Aston's understanding was not of any strength, either native or acquired." SEWARD. "But, Sir, I have heard you say, that her sister's husband, Mr. Walmesley, was a man of bright parts, and extensive knowledge; that he was also a man of strong passions, and though benevolent in a thousand instances, yet irascible in as many. It is well known, that Mr. Walmesley was considerably governed by this lady. Could it be, that, without some marked intellectual powers, she could obtain absolute dominion over such a man?" JOHNSON. "Madam, I have said, and truly, that Walmesley had bright and extensive powers of mind; that they had been cultivated by familiarity with the best authors, and by connections with the learned and polite. It is a fact, that Aston obtained nearly absolute dominion over his will; it is no less a fact, that his disposition was irritable and violent: but Walmesley was a man; and there is no man who can resist the repeated attacks of a furious woman. Walmesley had no alternative but to submit, or turn her out of doors." (1)

497. *Molly Aston.*

Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, my father's predecessor in this house, was Johnson's Mecænas, and the Molly

(1) [Mr. Boswell declined to insert this account in his Life of Johnson. He had, no doubt, seen much reason to question its accuracy.]

Aston (1), whom he mentions with such passionate attachment in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, was his wife's sister, — a daughter of Sir Thomas Aston, a wit, a beauty, and a whist. Johnson was always fancying himself in love with some princess or other. It was when he was a school-boy, under my grandfather, that the reputation of his talents and rapid progress in the classics induced the noble-minded Walmesley to endure, at his elegant table, the low-born squalid youth — here that he suffered him and Garrick to "imp their eagle wings," a delighted spectator and auditor of their efforts. It was here that Miss Molly Aston was frequently a visiter in the family of her brother-in-law, and probably amused herself with the uncouth adorations of the learned, though dirty stripling. Lucy Porter, whose visit to Lichfield had been but for a few weeks, was then gone back to her parents at Birmingham, and the brighter Molly Aston became the Laura of our Petrarch.

498. *Mrs. Cobb.* (2)

Poor Moll Cobb, as Dr. Johnson used to call her, is gone to her long home. Johnson spoke with uniform contempt both of the head and heart of this personage. "How should Moll Cobb be a wit?" would he exclaim, in a room full of company. "Cobb has read nothing, Cobb knows nothing; and where nothing has been put into the brain, nothing can come of it, to any purpose of rational entertainment." Somebody replied, — "Then why is Dr. Johnson so often her visiter?" "O! I love Cobb — I love Moll Cobb for her impudence." The despot was right in his premises, but his conclusion was erroneous. Little as had been put into Mrs. Cobb's brain, much of shrewd, biting, and humorous

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 85.]
(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 298.]

satire was native in the soil, and has often amused very superior minds to her own.

499. *Lucy Porter.*

After a gradual decay of a few months, we have lost dear Lucy Porter ([1]), the earliest object of Dr. Johnson's love. In youth, her fair, clean complexion, bloom, and rustic prettiness, pleased the men. More than once she might have married advantageously; but as to the enamoured affections,

> "High Taurus' snow, fann'd by the eastern wind,
> Was not more cold."

Spite of the accustomed petulance of her temper, and odd perverseness, since she had no malevolence, I regret her as a friendly creature, of intrinsic worth, with whom, from childhood, I had been intimate. She was one of those few beings who, from a sturdy singularity of temper, and some prominent good qualities of head and heart, was enabled, even in her days of scanty maintenance, to make society glad to receive and pet the grown spoiled child. Affluence was not hers till it came to her in her fortieth year, by the death of her eldest brother. From the age of twenty till that period, she had boarded with Dr. Johnson's mother, who still kept that bookseller's shop by which her husband had supplied the scanty means of subsistence. Meantime, Lucy Porter kept the best company in our little city, but would make no engagement on market days, lest Granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. By these good traits in her character, were the most respectable inhabitants of Lichfield induced to bear, with kind smiles, her mulish obstinacy and perverse contradictions.

(1) [Miss Porter survived Dr. Johnson just thirteen months. She died at Lichfield, in her seventy-first year, January 13, 1786.]

Johnson himself set the example, and extended to her that compliant indulgence which he showed not to any other person. I have heard her scold him like a schoolboy, for soiling her floor with his shoes; for she was clean as a Dutch-woman in her house, and exactly neat in her person. Dress, too, she loved in her odd way; but we will not assert that the Graces were her handmaids. Friendly, cordial, and cheerful to those she loved, she was more esteemed, more amusing, and more regretted, than many a polished character, over whose smooth, but insipid surface, the attention of those who have mind passes listless and uninterested.

500. *Dinner at Dilly's. — Jane Harry.*

The following are the minutes of that curious conversation [1] which passed at Mr. Dilly's, on the 15th of April, 1778, in a literary party, formed by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, Dr. Mayo, and others, whom Mrs. Knowles and myself had been invited to meet, and in which Dr. Johnson and that lady disputed so earnestly. It commenced with Mrs. Knowles saying: — "I am to ask thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female to whom thou usedst to be kind, and who is uneasy in the loss of that kindness. Jenny Harry weeps at the consciousness that thou wilt not speak to her." Johnson. "Madam, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about her." Knowles. "Yet, what is her crime, Doctor?" Johnson. "Apostacy, Madam; apostacy from the community in which she was educated." Knowles. "Surely the quitting one community for another cannot be a crime, if it is done from motives of conscience. Hadst thou been educated in the Romish church, I must suppose thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and that there would have been merit in the abjuration." Johnson. "Madam, if I

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 142. and 144. n.]

had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my fathers; therefore, well may I hate the arrogance of a young wench, who sets herself up for a judge on theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured." KNOWLES. "She has not done so; the name and the faith of Christians are not denied to the sectaries." JOHNSON. "If the name is not, the common sense is." KNOWLES. "I will not dispute this point with thee, Doctor, at least at present; it would carry us too far. Suppose it granted, that, in the mind of a young girl, the weaker arguments appeared the strongest, her want of better judgment should excite thy pity, not thy resentment." JOHNSON. "Madam, it has my anger and my contempt, and always will have them." KNOWLES. "Consider, Doctor, she must be *sincere*. Consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed." JOHNSON. "Madam, madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly can extenuate guilt." KNOWLES. "Ah! Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect in judgment (supposing it should prove one) in that breast where the consideration of serving Him, according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest." JOHNSON. "Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench, and shall ever hate her. I hate all impudence; but the impudence of a chit's apostacy I *nauseate*." KNOWLES. "Jenny is a very gentle creature. She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence; she grieves to have offended her guardian; and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired, and honoured." JOHNSON. "Why, then, Madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretends to have loved, admired, and honoured, upon her new-fangled scruples? If she had looked up to

that man with any degree of the respect she professes. she would have supposed his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench just out of her primer." KNOWLES. "Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that Christ selected his disciples, and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good; but she also thinks the Gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the Established Church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies, as fruitless and even idolatrous; and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenuous homage of a devout heart." JOHNSON. "The homage of a fool's head, Madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench." KNOWLES "If thou choosest to suppose her ridiculous, thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of Heaven will be shut to the tender and pious mind, whose *first* consideration has been that of apprehended duty?" JOHNSON. "Pho, pho, Madam, who says it will?" KNOWLES. "Then if Heaven shuts not its gate, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve him under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this humble girl will, it is to be hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, whither human animosity must *not* be carried." JOHNSON. "Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere; they are detestable company, and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power; and so you may tell the odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I suppose, make a preacher; but I shall take care she does not preach to *me*."—The loud and angry tone in which he thundered out these replies

to his calm and able antagonist, frightened us all, except Mrs. Knowles, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice. Mr. Boswell whispered me, "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before." (1)

501. *Boswell's "Tour."*

The general style of Boswell's Tour is somewhat too careless, and its egotism is ridiculous; but surely to the cold-hearted and fastidious reader only, will it seem ridiculous. The slipshod style is richly compensated by the palpable fidelity of the interesting anecdotes; the egotism, by that good-humoured ingenuousness with which it is given, and by its unsuspecting confidence in the candour of the reader. The incidents, and characteristic traits of this valuable work, grapple our attention perforce. How strongly our imagination is impressed when the massive Being is presented to it, stalking, like a Greenland bear, over the barren Hebrides, roaming round the black rocks and lonely coasts in a small boat, on rough seas, and saluting Flora Mac donald in the Isle of Sky!

The spirit of Boswell's Tour with Johnson runs clear to the last syllable. Those who are not interested in its anecdotes can have little intellectual curiosity, and no imagination. Those who are not entertained with the perpetual triumph of sarcastic wit over fair ingenuous argument, must be sturdier moralists than ever Johnson himself affected to have been; and those who do not love the biographer, as they read, whatever imperfections they may find in the massive Being whom

(1) ["Boswell's Life of Johnson is out. It contains the memorable conversation at Dilly's, but without that part of it of which I made minutes. This omission is surely unjustifiable, as I gave Mr. Boswell my memoir, and I am sure it contains nothing but what was said by Mrs. Knowles and the despot." SEWARD, May 19. 1791.—For Boswell's reasons for leaving out the lady's communication, see *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 144.; and for Mrs. Knowles's version of this conversation, see *post*, Part xxxii.]

he so strongly characterises, can have no hearts. It is for the line of Bruce to be proud of the historian of Corsica: it is for the house of Auchinleck to boast of him who, with the most fervent personal attachment to an illustrious literary character, has yet been sufficiently faithful to the just claims of the public upon biographic fidelity, to represent him, not as his weak or prejudiced idolaters might wish to behold him,—not in the light in which they desire to contemplate Johnson who pronounce his writings to be an obscure jargon of pompous pedantry, and his imputed virtues a superstitious farrago of pharisaic ostentation,—but as he *was*: the most wonderful composition of great and absurd, of misanthropy and benevolence, of luminous intellect and prejudiced darkness, that was ever produced in the human breast.

502. *Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi.*

I am become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi. Her conversation is that bright wine of the intellects which has no lees. Dr. Johnson told me truth when he said, she had more colloquial wit than most of our literary women: it is indeed a fountain of perpetual flow. But he did not tell me truth when he asserted that Piozzi was an ugly dog, without particular skill in his profession. Mr. Piozzi is a handsome man, in middle life, with gentle, pleasing, and unaffected manners, and with very eminent skill in his profession. Though he has not a powerful or fine-toned voice, he sings with transcending grace and expression. I am charmed with his perfect expression on his instrument. Surely the finest sensibilities must vibrate through his frame, since they breathe so sweetly through his song! (Oct. 1787.)

503. *Reading Manuscripts.*

When last in Lichfield, Johnson told me that a lady in London once sent him a poem which she had

written, and afterwards desired to know his opinion of it. "'Madam, I have not cut the leaves; I did not even peep between them.' I met her again in company, and she again asked me after the trash: I made no reply, and began talking to another person. The next time we met, she asked me if I had yet read her poem; I answered, 'No, Madam, nor ever intend it.'" Shocked at the unfeeling rudeness he thus recorded of himself, I replied, that I was surprised any person should obtrude their writings upon his attention; adding, that if I could write as well as Milton or Gray, I should think the best fate to be desired for my compositions was exemption from his notice. I expected a sharp sarcasm in return, but he only rolled his large head in silence.

Johnson told me once, "he would hang a dog that read the 'Lycidas' of Milton twice." "What, then," replied I, "must become of me, who can say it by heart; and who often repeat it to myself with a delight, which grows by what it feeds upon?" "Die," returned the growler, "in a surfeit of bad taste." Thus it was that the wit and awless impoliteness of the stupendous creature bore down, by storm, every barrier which reason attempted to rear against his injustice!

504. *Last Visit to Lichfield.*

Oct. 29. 1784.—I have lately been in the almost daily habit of contemplating a very melancholy spectacle. The great Johnson is here, labouring under the paroxysms of a disease which must speedily be fatal. He shrinks from the consciousness with the extremest horror. It is by his repeatedly expressed desire that I visit him often: yet I am sure he neither does, nor ever did, feel much regard for me; but he would fain escape, for a time, in any society, from the terrible idea of his approaching dissolution. I never would be awed, by his sarcasm or his frowns, into acquiescence with his general injustice to the merits of *other* writers,

with his national or party aversions; but I feel the truest compassion for his present sufferings, and fervently wish I had power to relieve them. A few days since I was to drink tea with him, by his request, at Mrs. Porter's. When I went into the room, he was in deep but agitated slumber, in an arm-chair. Opening the door with that caution due to the sick, he did not awaken at my entrance. I stood by him several minutes, mournfully contemplating the temporary suspension of those vast intellectual powers which must soon, as to this world, be eternally quenched.

Upon the servant entering to announce the arrival of a gentleman of the university, introduced by Mr. White, he awoke with convulsive starts; — but, rising with more alacrity than could have been expected, he said, "Come, my dear lady, let you and I attend these gentlemen in the study." He received them with more than usual complacence; but whimsically chose to get astride upon his chair-seat, with his face to its back, keeping a trotting motion as if on horseback; but, in this odd position, he poured forth streams of eloquence, illumined by frequent flashes of wit and humour, without any tincture of malignity. His memory is considerably impaired, but his eloquence rolls on in its customary majestic torrent, when he speaks at all. My heart aches to see him labour for his breath, which he draws with great effort. It is not improbable that this literary comet may set where it rose, and Lichfield receive his pale and stern remains. (1)

(1) [" Dr. Johnson seems, in some respects, to have shared the fate of a proverbial prophet in his own country; for neither Miss Seward nor Dr. Darwin were partial to the great moralist. — Sir Walter Scott, Miscel. Prose Works, vol. iv. p. 205.]

Part XXIII.

ANECDOTES AND REMARKS,

FROM THE MEMOIRS AND WORKS OF DR. PARR. (1)

505. *Recommendation of Parr.*

When Dr. Parr determined to leave Stanmore, and to become a candidate for the school at Colchester, he applied to Dr. Johnson for letters of recommendation, which were kindly granted, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter, dated Feb. 5. 1777, from Bennet Langton to Mr. Parr: — "Yesterday morning Mr. Paradise and I went to Bolt Court; and it is, I assure you, but doing justice to Dr. Johnson's expressions, on our application, to say, that nothing could be more friendly than they were. He said he knew of few, if of any, that were so well entitled to success as yourself in an application for presiding over a seminary of education; and expressed the opinion of your possessing all the kinds of learning requisite for that purpose, in very high terms of praise."

506. *Parr's Projected Life of Johnson.*

For many years I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and

(1) [Nos. 505—510. of these anecdotes are selected from the Life and Works of Parr, in eight vols. 8vo. 1828; edited by Dr. John Johnstone.]

common life. I traversed the whole compass of his understanding; and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendent properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life; I laid by sixty or seventy books for the purpose of writing it in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto; and if I had filled three pages, the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my ill fortune in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and let me not be accused of arrogance when I add, my own! (1)

507. "*Rasselas.*"

Dr. Young said of Johnson's "Rasselas," that "it was a mass of sense."

508. *Truth.*

The following passage, from Johnson's character of Zachary Mudge, unites the true spirit of Christianity with the soundest wisdom:—"By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity,—a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for, knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it." (2) The truth of the concluding sentence will be felt by every man of deep reflection; and well does it become those who are not in the habit of reflecting deeply, to weigh its moral and religious importance

(1) [Dr. Parr has recorded the same sentiment in the note prefixed to the list of the thirty-four works which he had set apart to consult in his projected Life of Dr. Johnson: — "He will ever have to lament that, amidst his cares, his sorrows, and his anxiety, he did not write the life of his learned and revered friend." — *Bib. Parr*, p. 716.]

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 51.]

in mitigating their prejudices, and in restraining their invectives, upon certain difficult and momentous subjects. Glad should I be if this opinion of Johnson's were, in Johnson's words, written, like the motto of Capaneus, "in golden letters," and hung up, not only in every dissenting academy, but in every hall of every college in those two noble seminaries which, as Milton says of Athens and Sparta, I revere as "the eyes" of this kingdom.

509. *Whig and Tory.*

To almost every part of Johnson's distinction of a Whig and Tory I assent; there is no part which does not contain judicious remarks and useful information:—"A wise Tory and a wise Whig," he says, "will, I believe, agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different. A high Tory makes government unintelligible; it is lost in the clouds. A violent Whig makes it impracticable: he is for allowing so much liberty to every man, that there is not power enough to govern any man. The prejudice of the Tory is for establishment; the prejudice of the Whig is for innovation. A Tory does not wish to give more real power to government; but that government should have more reverence. Then they differ as to the church. The Tory is not for giving more legal power to the clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable influence founded on the opinion of mankind: the Whig is for limiting and watching them with a narrow jealousy."

510. *Unconscious Similitudes.*

An instance of unconscious similitude between an ancient and a modern writer occurs at the moment to my memory, and as I have not seen it noticed in any book, you will excuse me for producing it:—"Gray," says Johnson, "in his odes, has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe." We meet

with a similar thought in Quintilian: — "Prima est eloquentiæ virtus, perspicuitas: et quo quisque ingenio minus valet, hoc se magis attollere et dilatare conatur; ut statura breves in digitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi minantur."

I will add another instance. Johnson said of Lord Chesterfield, "He is a wit among lords, and a lord among wits." But he remembered not that Pope had written —

"A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."

Neither of them, perhaps, was conscious that Quintilian had long ago said — "Qui stultis eruditi videri volunt, eruditis stulti videntur."

511. *Johnson described by Gregory Nazianzen.*

The following lines I long ago read and marked in the "Anecdota Græca," by Muratorius, as descriptive of Johnson's benevolence, of his ready powers in conversation, and of the instruction it conveyed to his hearers: —

Ὦ μάκαρ ᾧ ξυνὸν πενίης ἄκος, ᾧ στερόεντες
Μῦθοι, καὶ πηγὴ πᾶσιν ἀρυομένῃ,
Ἄσθματι πάντα λίπες πυμάτῳ.

These lines were written by Gregory Nazianzen upon Amphilochus; and however untractable they may be in the hands of an epitaph writer, they might be managed with success by such a biographer as Johnson deserves, and perhaps has hitherto not had.

512. *English Universities.*

There are men to whom such an opponent as Dr. Johnson, upon such a topic as the honour of Cambridge and Oxford, might have been an object both of "terror and esteem." Now, in a paper in the Idler, Johnson has employed quite as good sense, in quite as good English, for the credit of our universities, as Gibbon has since misemployed for their discredit. "If litera-

ture," says he, "is not the essential requisite of the modern academic, I am yet persuaded that Cambridge and Oxford, however degenerated, surpass the fashionable academies of our metropolis, and the gymnasia of foreign countries. The number of learned persons in these celebrated seats is still considerable; and more conveniences and opportunities for study still subsist in them, than in any other place. There is, at least, one very powerful incentive to learning — I mean the genius of the place. This is a sort of inspiring deity, which every youth of quick sensibility and ingenious disposition creates to himself, by reflecting that he is placed under those venerable walls where a Hooker and a Hammond, a Bacon and a Newton, once pursued the same course of science, and from whence they soared to the most elevated heights of literary fame. This is that incitement which Tully, according to his own testimony, experienced at Athens, when he contemplated the portico where Socrates sat, and the laurel-grove where Plato disputed. But, there are other circumstances, and of the highest importance, which make our colleges superior to all places of education. These institutions, though somewhat fallen from their primary simplicity, are such as influence, in a particular manner, the moral conduct of their youths; and, in this general depravity of manners and laxity of principles, pure religion is no where more strongly inculcated. English universities render their students virtuous, at least by excluding all opportunities of vice; and, by teaching them the principles of the church of England, confirm them in those of true Christianity." I had reached nearly the end of my observations on Mr. Gibbon, before the sentiments of Dr. Johnson occurred to my mind. I am too discreet, too honest, and perhaps too proud, to be intentionally guilty of plagiarism from any writer whatsoever. But, I am too ingenuous to

dissemble the sincere and exquisite satisfaction that I feel, upon finding that my opinions, and even my own words, on the encouragement of learning, the preservation of morals, and the influence of religion, correspond so nearly with the opinions and the words of such an observer as Dr. Johnson, upon such a question as the merits of the English universities.

513. *Literary Merit.*

By the testimony of such a man as Johnson, impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, as we all know, he was a sagacious, but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment, that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions; and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow creatures in the "balance of the sanctuary." He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superior.

514. *Johnson's Funeral.*

In a letter from Charles Burney, the younger, to Dr. Parr, dated Dec. 21. 1784, he says, —"Yesterday I followed our ever to be lamented friend, Dr. Johnson, to his last mansion: 'Non omnis moriar — multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam' — should be engraven on his stone. He died with the same piety with which he lived; and bestowed much pains during his last illness in endeavouring to convince some of his friends, who were in doubt, about the truth of the Christian religion. He has left behind him a collection of small Latin compositions in verse. They are principally translations of collects and Greek epigrams. He was followed to the Abbey by a large troop of friends. Ten mourning coaches were ordered by the executors for those invited.

Besides these, eight of his friends or admirers clubbed for two more carriages, in one of which I had a seat. But the executor, Sir John Hawkins, did not manage things well, for there was no anthem or choir service performed — no lesson — but merely what is read over every old woman that is buried by the parish. Surely, surely, my dear Sir, this was wrong, very wrong. Dr. Taylor read the service — but so-so. (1) He lies nearly under Shakspeare's monument, with Garrick at his right hand, just opposite the monument erected not long ago for Goldsmith by him and some of his friends."

515. *Parr on Johnson's Churchmanship.*

"It is dangerous to be of no church," said Dr. Johnson — who believed and revered his Bible, and who saw through all the proud and shallow pretences of that which calls itself liberality, and of that which is not genuine philosophy.

516. *Parr on Johnson's Death.*

He was a writer, in whom religion and learning have lost one of their brightest ornaments, and whom it is not an act of adulation or presumption to represent as summoned to that reward, which the noblest talents, exercised uniformly for the most useful purposes, cannot fail to attain.

517. *Greek Accents.* (2)

Dr. Johnson, in his conversation with Dr. Parr, repeatedly and earnestly avowed his opinion, that accents

(1) [Dr. Parr, in a letter to Dr. Charles Burney, written in Nov. 1789, says, "Did you go to Sir Joshua Reynolds's funeral? I hope he had a complete service, not mutilated and dimidiated, as it was for poor Johnson at the Abbey, which is a great reproach to the lazy cattle who loll in the stalls there."]

(2) [Communicated by Dr. John Johnstone.]

ought not to be omitted by any editor of Greek authors, or any modern writers of Greek verse, or Greek prose.

518. *Bishop Pearce.* (1)

That Dr. Parr obtained, at an early period, a place in the good opinion of Dr. Johnson, appears from the circumstance, that to his powerful recommendation Dr. Parr was chiefly indebted for his appointment to the mastership of the Norwich Grammar School. Indeed, he has often been heard to speak of their friendly interviews, even before that time; of which one instance occurs to me. This was in 1777, when Bishop Pearce's "Commentary, with Notes, on the Four Gospels" was published, to which the well-known "Dedication," written by Dr. Johnson, was prefixed. Calling soon afterwards upon him, Dr. Parr mentioned that he had been reading, with great delight, his dedication to the king. "My dedication!" exclaimed Dr. Johnson, "how do you know it is mine?" "For two reasons," replied Dr. Parr: "the first, because it is worthy of you; the second, because you only could write it."

519. *Johnson's Monument.*

When it was determined to erect a monument of Johnson in St. Paul's Cathedral, the task of composing the inscription was assigned, by the public wish and voice, to Dr. Parr; who, however, on its first proposal, shrank with awe from the arduous undertaking. In writing to a friend, he thus expresses himself: — "I must leave this mighty task to some hardier and some abler hand. The variety and the splendour of Johnson's attainments, the peculiarity of his character, his private virtues, and his literary publications, fill me with confusion and dismay, when I reflect on the confined

(1) [Nos. 518. and 519. from "Field's Memoirs of Dr. Parr."]

and difficult species of composition, in which alone they can be expressed on his monument."

On another occasion, speaking on the same subject — "I once intended to write Johnson's Life; and I had read through three shelves of books to prepare myself for it. It would have contained a view of the literature of Europe: and," — making an apology for the proud consciousness which he felt of his own ability — "if I had written it," continued he, "it would have been the third most learned work that has ever yet appeared." To explain himself, he afterwards added, "The most learned work ever written, I consider Bentley 'On the Epistles of Phalaris;' the next, Salmasius 'On the Hellenistic Language.'" On a third occasion, describing the nature of his intended work, and alluding to Boswell, he said, "Mine should have been, not the drippings of his lips, but the history of his mind."

520. *Imitations of Juvenal.* (1)

Dr. Parr spoke with unbounded favour of Johnson's imitations of Juvenal. The lines in the third satire, —

——————— "Tanti tibi non sit opaci,
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas," —

he was fond of quoting, with Johnson's amplification of the sentiment: —

"But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold will never buy —
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay."

(1) [This and the two next articles are from "Recollections of Dr. Parr, by a Pupil" (the late Charles Marsh). — New Monthly Mag. vol. xvii.]

521. *Preface to Shakspeare.*

The Preface to Shakspeare Dr. Parr considered Johnson's most eloquent prose composition; and he delighted in quoting that fine passage, where Johnson, at the close of his attack upon the doctrine of the Unities, says, "But when I think of the great authorities that are ranged on the other side, I am almost tempted to retire from the contest; as Æneas withdrew from the siege of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the walls, and Juno heading the besiegers."

522. *Music.*

Talking once with Dr. Parr on the subject of dedications, in a friend's library, he desired me to take down the first volume of Burney's History of Music, and to read to him the dedication of that work to the queen. "There," said he, "there is the true refinement of compliment, without adulation. In the short compass of a few lines are comprised no small degree of the force, and nearly all the graces and the harmonies, of the English language. But Burney did not write it: Johnson wrote it; and on this, as on other occasions, showed himself an accomplished courtier. Jemmy Boswell ought to have known that Johnson wrote it. *I* had *it* from good authority; besides, it is Johnson's internally. How truly Johnsonian is the following passage: — "The science of musical sounds has been depreciated as appealing only to the ear, and affording nothing more than a fugitive and temporary delight; but it may justly be considered as the art which unites corporal with intellectual pleasure, by a species of enjoyment which gratifies sense, without weakening reason, and which, therefore, the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good may enjoy without depravation."

523. *Adventurer, No.* 87. (1)

The following observations were dictated to me by Dr. Parr, as he was one evening calmly smoking his pipe in my study. I was telling him, that two of our common friends had decided from internal evidence, that No. 87. in that work was not written by Warton, as the signature Z. indicated, but by Johnson. "Reach your 'Adventurer' from the shelves," said the Doctor, "and read the paper to me." When I had done so he said, "Now sit down, and write on the blank leaf of the volume what I shall dictate to you; and remember never to part with that book, nor suffer the leaf, which you have written, to be torn out, but preserve it as a memorial of your cordial and sincere friend, when I shall be numbered with the dead." What the Doctor dictated is as follows: — "May 19. 1808. Number 87. of the 'Adventurer' was written by Johnson, not by Dr. Warton. It has internal evidence sufficient to show who was, and who was not, the writer. Instead of T. the signature of Johnson, Z., the signature of Warton, was by an error of the press inserted in the earlier editions, and has since continued. Boswell, when collecting Johnson's papers in the 'Adventurer,' looked only to the signature T.; and not finding it to No. 87., he did not assign that paper to Johnson. Warton was more likely to keep a good account than Johnson. Dr. Wooll, in his Life of Warton, does not include No. 87. among the papers written by Warton. Dr. Parr, who gave me this information in May 1808, was quite satisfied with the internal evidence as supplied by the style and the matter. Boswell's silence proves nothing except his want of vigilance, or his want of acuteness; but Wooll's silence is decisive, more especially as Boswell has left the paper open to a claim from Dr. Warton, who hap-

(1) [From "Parriana," by E. H. Barker, Esq., vol. i. p. 472.]

pily had too much honour to appropriate the composition of another man."

524. *First Interview with Johnson.* (1)

We talked of Johnson. Dr. Parr said, he had once begun to write a life of him; and if he had continued it, it would have been the best thing he had ever written. "I should have related not only every thing important about Johnson, but many things about the men who flourished at the same time;" adding, with an expression of sly humour, "taking care, at the same time, to display my own learning." He said, Dr. Johnson was an admirable scholar, and that he would have had a high reputation for more learning, if his reputation for intellect and eloquence had not overshadowed it; the classical scholar was forgotten in the great original contributor to the literature of his country. One of the company reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson, as related by Mr. Langton in Boswell's account of his life. After the interview was over, Dr. Johnson said, "Parr is a fair man; I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy; it is remarkable how much of a man's life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion." (2) To this remark Dr. Parr replied with great vehemence, "*I* remember the interview well: *I* gave him no quarter. The subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great: whilst he was arguing, I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Sir, because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of *a stamp* in the argument.'" It is impossible to do

(1) [This and the next article are from a paper entitled "Two Days with Dr. Parr," in Blackwood's Mag. vol. xvii. p. 599.]

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 363.]

justice to his description of this scene; the vehemence, the characteristic pomposity, with which it was accompanied, may easily be imagined by those who knew him, but cannot be adequately represented to those who did not.

525. *Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations."* (1)

Permit me (says Dr. Parr), as a friend to the cause of virtue and religion, to recommend most earnestly to readers of every class the serious perusal of Dr. Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," lately published. They mark, by the most unequivocal and vivid proofs, the sincerity of his faith, the fervour of his devotion, and the warmth of his benevolence: they are equally intelligible, and equally instructive, to the learned and the unlearned; they will animate the piety of the Christian, and put to shame the coldness and obduracy of the proud philosopher: they show at once the weakness and the strength of Johnson's mind; but that weakness melts every attentive reader into compassion, and that strength impresses him with veneration. He that possesses both integrity of principle, and tenderness of feeling — he that admires virtue, and reveres religion — he that glows with the love of mankind, and reposes his trust in God — will himself become a wiser and a better man from contemplating those thoughts which passed in the mind of one of the wisest and the best of men, when he communed with his own heart, and poured forth his supplications before the throne of Heaven for mercy and for grace.

(1) [From the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lv. p. 675.]

Part XXIV.

ANECDOTES AND REMARKS

BY JOSEPH BARETTI. (1)

526. *Acquaintance with Johnson.* (2)

My connection with Dr. Johnson, though quite close and quite familiar, during a great number of years, was nevertheless, like every other intimacy, subject at intervals to the vicissitudes of coincidence and discrepance in opinion; not that I ever dreamt of any equality between our powers of pronouncing judgment in ambiguous and questionable cases, but in mere consequence of that untoward cast of mind which often makes this and that and t'other object appear to Mr. Joseph of such a form, of such a size, of such and such a quality, when Mr. Samuel conceives them all to be greatly different, if not the absolute reverse. Not unfrequently, therefore, were our debates on divers topics, now of more, now of less, importance. To them, and to a multitude of disquisitions I heard from him on innumerable matters, I am indebted for the best part of that little knowledge I have; and if there is any kind of rectitude and fidelity in my ideas, I will ever remember, with gratitude as well as pride, that I owe more of it to him and to his books, than to any other man I ever knew, or any other books I ever studied. However, in spite of my obsequiousness to his great superiority, and my ready submission to most of his dictates, never

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 55.]

(2) [From Baretti's "Strictures on Signora Piozzi's publication of Dr. Johnson's Letters."]

could I implicitly adopt some few of his principal notions and leading opinions, though ever so ardently desirous of conforming all mine to those of a man, whose innate and acquired faculties, as far as my judgment reaches, were never equalled by any of his most far-famed contemporaries. One of the points on which my friend and I most widely differed, and most frequently disputed, especially during the last seven or eight years of his life, was certainly that of his Mistress's excellence, or no excellence; and every body knows that his Mistress, as he emphatically called her, was my pretty Hester Lynch, alias Mrs. Thrale, alias La Piozzi.

527. *Johnson and the Thrales.*

The Signora Piozzi says, that "while she remained at Streatham or at London, her carriage and servants were not entirely at her command." but at Johnson's. But, in the name of goodness, had she not told us, in her 'Anecdotes," that "the Doctor wanted as little as the gods, and required less attendance, sick or well, than she ever saw any human creature?" It is a fact, not to be denied, that, when at Streatham or in the Borough, Johnson wanted nothing else from her servants, than to be shaved once in three days, as he was almost beardless; and as for her carriage, never once during the whole time of their acquaintance did he borrow, much less *command* it, for any purpose of his own. Either she in hers, or Mr. Thrale in his, took him from town to Streatham without the least inconvenience to either; and he was brought back generally on Saturdays by Mr. Thrale, who repaired every day to the Borough about his affairs presently after breakfast. When Johnson went to them or from them in town, he constantly made use of an hackney, and would have been greatly offended had Madam ever offered to order the horses out of the stable on his sole account. True it is, that Johnson

was not lavish of his money when he began to have any to save, but he scorned to be considered as oversaving it; and of this we have a pretty lively proof, p. 38. vol. ii. of his Letters, where he rebukes Mr. Thrale for wishing to have him brought to Brightelmstone by Dr. Burney, that he might not be at the expense of a postchaise or of the stage-coach: "Burney is to bring me?" says Johnson. "Pray why so? Is it not as fit that I should bring Burney? My Master is in his 'old tunes,' and so am I." This asperity of language proves how ticklish Johnson was on the most distant supposition that he grudged expense when necessary.

It is not true, that Dr. Johnson "would often not rise till twelve, and oblige her to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for dinner." It is a constant fact, that, during Johnson's acquaintance with the Thrale family, he got the habit of rising as early as other folks, nor ever made Mr. Thrale stay a single moment for his breakfast, knowing that his business called him away from the breakfast table about ten o'clock every morning, except Sundays; nor had Mr. Thrale quitted the table a moment but the Doctor swallowed his last cup, and Madam was at liberty to go about her hens and turkeys, leaving him to chat with me or any body else that happened to be there, or go up in his room, which was more usual, from whence he did not stir till dinner-time.

Johnson's austere reprimands and unrestrained upbraidings, when face to face with Madam, always delighted Mr. Thrale, and were approved even by her children: and I remember to this purpose a piece of mortification she once underwent by a *trait de naïveté* of poor little Harry, some months before he died. "Harry," said his father to him, on entering the room, "are you listening to what the Doctor and mamma are about?" "Yes, papa," answered the boy. "And," quoth Mr. Thrale, "what are they saying?" "They

are disputing," replied Harry; "but mamma has just such a chance against Dr. Johnson, as Presto would have if he were to fight Dash." Dash was a large dog, and Presto but a little one. The laugh this innocent observation produced was so very loud and hearty, that Madam, unable to stand it, quitted the room in such a mood as was still more laughable than the boy's pertinent remark, though she muttered "it was very impertinent." However, a short turn in the pleasure-ground soon restored her to her usual elasticity, made her come back to give us tea, and the puny powers of Presto were mentioned no more.

528. *Baretti's Rupture with Dr. Johnson.* (1)

My story may be a lesson to eager mortals to mistrust the duration of any worldly enjoyment; as even the best cemented friendship, which I consider as the most precious of earthly blessings, is but a precarious one, and subject, like all the rest, to be blasted away in an unexpected moment, by the capriciousness of chance, and by some one of those trifling weaknesses, unaccountably engrafted even in the noblest minds that ever showed to what a pitch human nature may be elevated. About thirteen months before Dr. Johnson went the way of all flesh, my visits to him grew to be much less frequent than they used to be, on account of my gout and other infirmities, which permitted not my going very often from Edward Street, Cavendish Square, to Bolt Court, Fleet Street, as it had been the case in my better days; yet, once or twice every month, I never failed to go to him, and he was always glad to see "the oldest friend he had in the world;" which, since Garrick's death, was the appellation he honoured me with, and constantly requested me to see him as often as I could. One day — and, alas! it was the last time I saw

(1) [*From* "Tolondson: Speeches to John Bowle, about his edition of Don Quixote," 1786.]

him — I called on him, not without some anxiety, as I had heard that he had been very ill; but found him so well as to be in very high spirits; of which he soon made me aware, because, the conversation happening to turn about Otaheite, he recollected that Omiah had often conquered me at chess; a subject on which, whenever chance brought it about, he never failed to rally me most unmercifully, and made himself mighty merry with. This time, more than he had ever done before, he pushed his banter on at such a rate, that at last he chafed me, and made me so angry, that, not being able to put a stop to it, I snatched up my hat and stick, and quitted him in a most choleric mood. The skilful translator of Tasso (Mr. Hoole), who was a witness to that ridiculous scene, may tell whether the Doctor's obstreperous merriment deserved approbation or blame; but, such was Johnson, that, whatever was the matter in hand, if he was in the humour, he would carry it as far as he could; nor was he much in the habit, even with much higher folks than myself, to refrain from sallies which, not seldom, would carry him further than he intended. Vexed at his having given me cause to be angry, and at my own anger too, I was not in haste to see him again; and he heard, from more than one, that my resentment continued. Finding, at last, or supposing, that I might not call on him any more, he requested a respectable friend to tell me that he would be glad to see me as soon as possible; but this message was delivered me while making ready to go into Sussex, where I staid a month longer; and it was on my leaving Sussex, that the newspapers apprised me my friend was no more, and England had lost possibly the greatest of her literary ornaments. (1)

(1) [The interesting memoir of Baretti, in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1789, drawn up by Dr. Vincent, concludes thus: — "It was not distress that compelled Baretti to take refuge in the hospitality of Mr. Thrale, as has been suggested.

Part XXV.

ANECDOTES AND REMARKS,

BY BISHOP PERCY. (1)

529. *Stourbridge School.*

Sir John Hawkins is not correct in saying that Johnson, in early life, had not been accustomed to the conversation of gentlemen. His genius was so distinguished, that, although little more than a schoolboy, he was admitted to the best company, both at Lichfield and Stourbridge; and, in the latter neighbourhood, had met even with George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton; with whom, having some colloquial disputes, he is supposed to have conceived that prejudice which so improperly influenced him in the Life of that worthy nobleman. But this could scarcely have happened when he was a boy of fifteen; and, therefore, it is probable he occasionally visited Stourbridge, during his residence at Birmingham, before he removed to London.

He had lately received five hundred pounds for his Spanish "Travels," but was induced by Dr. Johnson (contrary to his own determination, of never becoming a teacher of languages) to undertake the instruction of Mr. Thrale's daughters in Italian. He was either nine or eleven years almost entirely in that family, though he still rented a lodging in town; during which period he expended his own five hundred pounds, and received nothing in return for his instruction, but the participation of a good table, and a hundred and fifty pounds by way of presents. Instead of his "Strictures on Signora Piozzi," had he told this plain unvarnished tale, he would have convicted that lady of avarice and ingratitude, without incurring the danger of a reply, or exposing his memory to be insulted by her advocates."]

(1) [From communications made by Bishop Percy, to Dr. Robert Anderson.]

530. *Personal Peculiarities.*

Johnson's countenance, when in a good humour, was not disagreeable. His face clear, his complexion good, and his features not ill formed; many ladies have thought they might not have been unattractive when he was young. Much misrepresentation has prevailed on this subject, among such as did not personally know him.

That he had some whimsical peculiarities of the nature described by Mr. Boswell, is certainly true; but there is no reason to believe they proceeded from any superstitious motives, wherein religion was concerned: they are rather to be ascribed to the "mental distempers" to which Boswell has so repeatedly alluded.

Johnson was so extremely short-sighted, that he had no conception of rural beauties; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered, that he should prefer the conversation of the metropolis to the silent groves and views of Hampstead and Greenwich; which, however delightful, he could not see. In his Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, he has somewhere observed, that one mountain was like another; so utterly unconscious was he of the wonderful variety of sublime and beautiful scenes those mountains exhibited. I was once present when the case of a gentleman was mentioned, who, having, with great taste and skill, formed the lawns and plantations about his house into most beautiful landscapes, to complete one part of the scenery, was obliged to apply for leave to a neighbour with whom he was not upon cordial terms; when Johnson made the following remark, which at once shows what ideas he had of landscape improvement, and how happily he applied the most common incidents to moral instruction. "See how inordinate desires enslave a man! No desire can be more innocent than to have a pretty garden, yet, indulged to excess, it has made this poor man submit to beg a favour of his enemy."

531. *Johnson's Manner of Composing.*

Johnson's manner of composing has not been rightly understood. He was so extremely short-sighted, from the defect in his eyes, that writing was inconvenient to him; for, whenever he wrote, he was obliged to hold the paper close to his face. He, therefore, never composed what we call a foul draft on paper of any thing he published, but used to revolve the subject in his mind, and turn and form every period, till he had brought the whole to the highest correctness and the most perfect arrangement. Then his uncommonly retentive memory enabled him to deliver a whole essay, properly finished, whenever it was called for. I have often heard him humming and forming periods, in low whispers to himself, when shallow observers thought he was muttering prayers, &c. But Johnson is well known to have represented his own practice, in the following passage in his Life of Pope: "Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention; and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them.'

532. *Dislike of Swift.*

The extraordinary prejudice and dislike of Swift, manifested on all occasions by Johnson, whose political opinions coincided exactly with his, has been difficult to account for; and is therefore attributed to his failing in getting a degree, which Swift might not choose to solicit, for a reason given below. The real cause is believed to be as follows: The Rev. Dr. Madden (1), who distinguished himself so laudably by giving premiums to the young students of Dublin College, for

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 8. and 73.]

which he had raised a fund, by applying for contributions to the nobility and gentry of Ireland, had solicited the same from Swift, when he was sinking into that morbid idiocy which only terminated with his life, and was saving every shilling to found his hospital for lunatics; but his application was refused with so little delicacy, as left in Dr. Madden a rooted dislike to Swift's character, which he communicated to Johnson, whose friendship he gained on the following occasion: Dr. Madden wished to address some person of high rank, in prose or verse; and, desirous of having his composition examined and corrected by some writer of superior talents, had been recommended to Johnson, who was at that time in extreme indigence; and having finished his task, would probably have thought himself well rewarded with a guinea or two, when, to his great surprise, Dr. Madden generously slipped ten guineas into his hand. This made such an impression on Johnson, as led him to adopt every opinion of Dr. Madden, and to resent, as warmly as himself, Swift's rough refusal of the contribution; after which the latter could not decently request any favour from the University of Dublin.

533. *The Dictionary.*

The account of the manner in which Johnson compiled his Dictionary, as given by Mr. Boswell (1), is confused and erroneous, and, a moment's reflection will convince every person of judgment, could not be correct; for, to write down an alphabetical arrangement of all the words in the English language, and then hunt through the whole compass of English literature for all their different significations, would have taken the whole life of any individual; but Johnson, who, among other peculiarities of his character, excelled most men in con-

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 217.]

triving the best means to accomplish any end, devised the following mode for completing his Dictionary, as he himself expressly described to the writer of this account. He began his task by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper, and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words and their different significations; and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, Junius, and other writers on the subject. In completing his alphabetical arrangement, he, no doubt, would recur to former dictionaries, to see if any words had escaped him; but this, which Mr. Boswell makes the first step in the business, was in reality the last; and it was doubtless to this happy arrangement that Johnson effected in a few years, what employed the foreign academies nearly half a century.

534. *Miss Williams.* (1)

During the summer of 1764, Johnson paid a visit to me, at my vicarage-house in Easton-Mauduit, near Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, and spent parts of the months of June, July, and August with me, accompanied by his friend Miss Williams, whom Mrs. Percy found a very agreeable companion. As poor Miss Williams, whose history is so connected with that of Johnson, has not had common justice done her by his biographers, it may be proper to mention, that, so far from being a constant source of disquiet and vexation to him, although she had been totally blind for the

(1) [See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 274.]

last thirty years of her life, her mind was so well cultivated, and her conversation so agreeable, that she very much enlivened and diverted his solitary hours; and, though there may have happened some slight disagreements between her and Mrs. Desmoulins, which, at the moment, disquieted him, the friendship of Miss Williams contributed very much to his comfort and happiness. For, having been the intimate friend of his wife, who had invited her to his house, she continued to reside with him, and in her he had always a conversable companion; who, whether at his dinners or at his tea-table, entertained his friends with her sensible conversation. Being extremely clean and neat in her person and habits, she never gave the least disgust by her manner of eating; and when she made tea for Johnson and his friends, conducted it with so much delicacy, by gently touching the outside of the cup, to feel, by the heat, the tea as it ascended within, that it was rather matter of admiration than of dislike to every attentive observer.

535. *Truth.*

Johnson was fond of disputation, and willing to see what could be said on each side of the question, when a subject was argued. At all other times, no man had a more scrupulous regard for truth; from which, I verily believe, he would not have deviated to save his life.

536. *Robert Levett.*

Mr. Boswell describes Levett as a man of a strange, grotesque appearance, stiff and formal in his manner.(1) This is misrepresented. He was a modest, reserved man; humble and unaffected; ready to execute any commission for Johnson; and grateful for his patronage.

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 290.]

537. *Mr. Thrale.*

Of Mr. Thrale, Johnson has given a true character in a Latin epitaph, inscribed on his monument in Streatham church. This most amiable and worthy gentleman certainly deserved every tribute of gratitude from the Doctor and his literary friends; who were always welcome at his hospitable table. It must therefore give us great concern to see his origin degraded by any of them, in a manner that might be extremely injurious to his elegant and accomplished daughters, if it could not be contradicted; for his father is represented to have been a common drayman; whereas, he was well known to have been a respectable citizen, who increased a fortune, originally not contemptible, and proved his mind had been always liberal, by giving a superior education to his son.

538. "*The Rambler.*"

Mr. Boswell objects to the title of "Rambler," which he says, was ill-suited to a series of grave and moral discourses, and is translated into Italian, "Il Vagabondo," as also because the same title was afterwards given to a licentious magazine. These are curious reasons. But, in the first place, Mr. Boswell assumes, that Johnson intended only to write a series of papers on "grave and moral" subjects; whereas, on the contrary, he meant this periodical paper should be open for the reception of every subject, serious or sprightly, solemn or familiar, moral or amusing; and therefore endeavoured to find a title as general and unconfined as possible. He acknowledged, that "The Spectator" was the most happily chosen of all others, and "The Tatler" the next to it: and after long consideration how to fix a third title, equally capacious and suited to his purpose, he suddenly thought upon "The Ram-

bler" (1); and it would be difficult to find any other that so exactly coincided with the motto he has adopted in the title-page —

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes."

539. *Fear of Death.*

Mr. Boswell states, that "Dr. Johnson's conduct, after he had associated with Savage and others, was not so strictly virtuous, in one respect, as when he was a younger man. (2) This seems to have been suggested by Mr. Boswell, to account for Johnson's religious terrors on the approach of death; as if they proceeded from his having been led by Savage to vicious indulgences with the women of the town, in his nocturnal rambles. This, if true, Johnson was not likely to have confessed to Mr. Boswell, and therefore must be received as a pure invention of his own. But if Johnson ever conversed with those unfortunate females, it is believed to have been in order to reclaim them from their dissolute life, by moral and religious impressions; for to one of his friends he once related a conversation of that sort which he had with a young female in the street, and that, asking her what she thought she was made for, her reply was, "she supposed to please the gentlemen." His friend intimating his surprise, that he should have had communications with street-walkers, implying a suspicion that they were not of a moral tendency, Johnson expressed the highest indignation that any other motive could ever be suspected.

(1) [A paper, entitled "The Rambler," appeared in 1712. Only one number of it seems to have escaped the ravages of time: this is in the British Museum.]

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 395.]

Part XXVI.

ANECDOTES AND REMARKS, BY LADY KNIGHT. (1)

540. *Mrs. Johnson.*

Mrs. Williams's account of Johnson's wife was, that she had a good understanding and great sensibility but inclined to be satirical. Her first husband died insolvent: her sons were much disgusted with her for her second marriage; perhaps because they, being struggling to get advanced in life, were mortified to think she had allied herself to a man who had not any visible means of being useful to them. However, she always retained her affection for them. While they resided in Gough Court, her son, the officer, knocked at the door, and asked the maid if her mistress was at home? She answered, "Yes, Sir; but she is sick in bed." "O!" says he, "if it is so, tell her that her son Jervas called to know how she did;" and was going away. The maid begged she might run up to tell her mistress, and, without attending his answer, left him. Mrs. Johnson, enraptured to hear her son was below, desired the maid to tell him she longed to embrace him. When the maid descended, the gentleman was gone, and poor Mrs. Johnson was much agitated by the adventure: it was the only time he ever made an effort to see her. Dr.

(1) [From a paper transmitted by Lady Knight, at Rome, to Mr. Hoole. Lady Knight was the mother of Miss Cornelia Knight, the accomplished author of "Dinarbas," "Marcus Flaminius," and other ingenious works. See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 275., and Vol. III. p. 9.]

Johnson did all he could to console his wife; but told Mrs. Williams, "Her son is uniformly undutiful; so I conclude, like many other sober men, he might once in his life be drunk, and in that fit nature got the better of his pride."

541. *Mrs. Williams.*

Mrs. Williams was never otherwise dependent on Dr. Johnson, than in that sort of association, which is little known in the great world. They both had much to struggle through; and I verily believe, that whichever held the purse, the other partook what want required. She was, in respect to morals, more rigid than modern politeness admits; for she abhorred vice, and was not sparing of anger against those who threw young folks into temptation. Her ideas were very just in respect to the improvement of the mind, and her own was well stored. I have several of her letters: they are all written with great good sense and simplicity, and with a tenderness and affection, that far excel all that is called politeness and elegance. I have been favoured with her company some weeks at different times, and always found her temper equal, and her conversation lively. I never passed hours with more pleasure than when I heard her and Dr. Johnson talk of the persons they valued, or upon subjects in which they were much interested. One night I remember Mrs. Williams was giving an account of the Wilkinsons being at Paris, and having had consigned to their care the letters of Lady Wortley Montagu, on which they had bestowed great praise. The Doctor said, "Why, Madam, there might be great charms to them in being intrusted with honourable letters; but those who know better of the world, would have rather possessed two pages of true history." One day that he came to my house to meet many others, we told him that we had arranged our party to go to Westminster Abbey, would not he go with us? "No," he replied; "not while I

can keep out." Upon our saying, that the friends of a lady had been in great fear lest she should make a certain match for herself, he said, "We that are *his* friends have had great fears for him." I talked to Mrs. Thrale much of dear Mrs. Williams. She said she was highly born; that she was very nearly related to a Welsh peer; but that, though Dr. Johnson had always pressed her to be acquainted with her, yet she could not; she was afraid of her. I named her virtues; she seemed to hear me as if I had spoken of a newly discovered country.

542. *Johnson's Character.*

I think the character of Dr. Johnson can never be better summed up than in his own words in "Rasselas," chapter 42. He was master of an infinite deal of wit, which proceeded from depth of thought, and of a humour which he used sometimes to take off from the asperity of reproof. Though he did frequently utter very sportive things, which might be said to be playing upon the folly of some of his companions, and though he never said one that could disgrace him, yet I think, now that he is no more, the care should be to prove his steady uniformity in wisdom, virtue, and religion. His political principles ran high, both in church and state: he wished power to the king and to the heads of the church, as the laws of England have established; but I know he disliked absolute power, and I am very sure of his disapprobation of the doctrines of the church of Rome; because, about three weeks before we came abroad, he said to my Cornelia, "You are going where the ostentatious pomp of church ceremonies attracts the imagination; but, if they want to persuade you to change your religion, you must remember, that, by increasing your faith, you may be persuaded to become a Turk." If these were not the words, I have kept up to the express meaning.

PART XXVII.

ANECDOTES,

BY MR. STOCKDALE. (1)

543. *Swift — The Tale of a Tub.*

ABOUT the year 1770, I was invited by the lively and hospitable Tom Davies to dine with him, to meet some interesting characters. Dr. Johnson was of the party, and this was my first introduction to him: there were others, with whom every intelligent mind would have wished to converse, — Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Meyer, the elegant miniature painter. Swift was one of our convivial subjects; of whom it was Dr. Johnson's invariable custom to speak in a disparaging manner. We gave our sentiments, and undoubtedly of high panegyric, on the Tale of a Tub; of which Dr. Johnson insisted, in his usual positive manner, that it was impossible that Swift should have been the author, it was so eminently superior to all his other works. I expressed my own conviction, that it was written by Swift, and that, in many of his productions, he showed a genius not unequal to the composition of the Tale of a Tub. The Doctor desired me to name one. I re-

(1) [From "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Percival Stockdale," 2 vols. 8vo. 1809. To this gentleman, the "Belfield" of Miss Burney's "Cecilia," Johnson was, upon several occasions, a kind protector. He was, for some years, the Doctor's neighbour, both in Johnson's Court and Bolt Court. For Miss Jane Porter's character of him, see *ante*, Vol. III. p. 122. n.]

plied, that I thought Gulliver's Travels not unworthy of the performance he so exclusively admired. He would not admit the instance; but said, that "if Swift was really the author of the Tale of a Tub, as the best of his other performances were of a very inferior merit, he should have hanged himself after he had written it."

544. *The Journal to Stella.*

Johnson said on the same day, "Swift corresponded minutely with Stella and Mrs. Dingley, on his importance with the ministry, from excessive vanity — that the women might exclaim, 'What a great man Dr. Swift is!'"

545. *Warburton.*

Among other topics, Warburton claimed our attention. Goldsmith took a part against Warburton whom Johnson strenuously defended, and, indeed, with many strong arguments, and with bright sallies of eloquence. Goldsmith ridiculously asserted, that Warburton was a weak writer. This misapplied characteristic Dr. Johnson refuted. I shall never forget one of the happy metaphors with which he strengthened and illustrated his refutation. "Warburton," said he, "may be absurd, but he will never be weak: he *flounders* well."

546. *Johnson's Cat.*

If I wanted the precedents, examples, and authority of celebrated men, to warrant my humble regard and affection for a cat, either in my boyish or maturer years (that useful, and indeed amiable, but infamously harassed and persecuted creature), those precedents I might easily produce. Montaigne has recorded his cat, in his usual facetiousness, but in an affectionate manner. And as the insolence of Achilles, and the sternness of Telamonian Ajax, were subdued by a Briseis and a

Tecmessa, I have frequently seen the ruggedness of Dr. Johnson softened to smiles and caresses, by the inarticulate, yet pathetic, expressions of his favourite *Hodge.*

547. *Charles the Twelfth.*

Charles the Twelfth was guilty of a deed which will eternally shade the glory of one of the most splendid periods that are presented to us in history — the murder of Patkal. Dr. Johnson remarked to me, when we were conversing on this tragical subject, that Charles had nine years of good and nine of bad fortune; that his adverse events began soon after the execution of Patkal, and continued to his death. Johnson may be pronounced to have been superstitious; but I own that I was sensibly struck with the force of the observation.

548. *Pope's Homer.*

Lord Lyttelton told me, that on a visit to Mr. Pope, while he was translating the Iliad, he took the liberty to express to that great poet his surprise, that he had not determined to translate Homer's poem into blank verse; as it was an epic poem, and as he had before him the illustrious example of Milton, in the Paradise Lost. Mr. Pope's answer to Lord Lyttelton was, that "he could translate it more easily into rhyme." I communicated this anecdote to Dr. Johnson; his remark to me was, I think, very erroneous in criticism, —" Sir, when Pope said that, he knew that he lied."

549. *Garrick.*

When Dr. Johnson and I were talking of Garrick, I observed, that he was a very moderate, fair, and pleasing companion; when we considered what a constant influx had flowed upon him, both of fortune and fame, to throw him off his bias of moral and social self-government. "Sir," replied Johnson, in his usual emphatical and glowing manner, "you are very right

in your remark; Garrick has undoubtedly the merit of a temperate and unassuming behaviour in society; for more pains have been taken to spoil that fellow, than if he had been heir apparent to the empire of India!"

When Garrick was one day mentioning to me Dr. Johnson's illiberal treatment of him, on different occasions; "I question," said he, "whether, in his calmest and most dispassionate moments, he would allow me the high theatrical merit which the public have been so generous as to attribute to me." I told him, that I would take an early opportunity to make the trial, and that I would not fail to inform him of the result of my experiment. As I had rather an active curiosity to put Johnson's disinterested generosity fairly to the test, on this apposite subject, I took an early opportunity of waiting on him, to hear his verdict on Garrick's pretensions to his great and universal fame. I found him in very good and social humour; and I began a conversation which naturally led to the mention of Garrick. I said something particular on his excellence as an actor; and I added, "But pray, Dr. Johnson, do you really think that he deserves that illustrious theatrical character, and that prodigious fame, which he has acquired?" "Oh, Sir," said he, "he deserves every thing that he has acquired, for having seized the very soul of Shakspeare; for having embodied it in himself; and for having extended its glory over the world." I was not slow in communicating to Garrick the answer of the Delphic oracle. The tear started in his eye — "Oh! Stockdale," said he, "such a praise from such a man! — *this* atones for all that has passed."

550. *Intoxication.*

I called on Dr. Johnson one morning, when Mrs. Williams, the blind lady, was conversing with him. She was telling him where she had dined the day before. "There were several gentlemen there," said she, "and

when some of them came to the tea-table, I found that there had been a good deal of hard drinking." She closed this observation with a common and trite moral reflection; which, indeed, is very ill-founded, and does great injustice to animals — "I wonder what pleasure men can take in making beasts of themselves!" "I wonder, Madam," replied the Doctor, "that you have not penetration enough to see the strong inducement to this excess; for he who makes a *beast* of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man."

551. *Mrs. Bruce.*

Mrs. Bruce, an old Scotch lady, the widow of Captain Bruce, who had been for many years an officer in the Russian service, drank tea with me one afternoon at my lodgings in Bolt Court, when Johnson was one of the company. She spoke very broad Scotch; and this alarmed me for her present social situation. "Dr. Johnson," said she, "you tell us, in your Dictionary, that in England oats are given to horses; but that in Scotland they support the people. Now, Sir, I can assure you, that in Scotland we give oats to our horses, as well as you do to yours in England." I almost trembled for the widow of the Russian hero; I never saw a more contemptuous leer than that which Johnson threw at Mrs. Bruce: however, he deigned her an answer, — "I am very glad, Madam, to find that you treat your horses as well as you treat yourselves." I was delivered from my panic, and I wondered that she was so gently set down.

Part XXVIII.

ANECDOTES,

BY MISS HAWKINS. (1)

552. *Johnson's Person and Dress.*

When first I remember Johnson, I used to see him sometimes at a little distance from the house, coming to call on my father; his look directed downwards, or rather in such abstraction as to have *no* direction. His walk was heavy, but he got on at a great rate, his left arm always placed across his breast, so as to bring the hand under his chin; and he walked wide, as if to support his weight. Got out of a hackney coach, which had set him down in Fleet Street, my brother Henry says, he made his way up Bolt Court in the zig-zag direction of a blast of lightning; submitting his course only to the deflections imposed by the impossibility of going further to right or left.

His clothes hung loose, and the pocket on the right hand swung violently, the lining of his coat being always visible. I can now call to mind his brown hand, his metal sleeve-buttons, and my surprise at seeing him with plain wristbands, when all gentlemen wore ruffles; his coat-sleeve being very wide, showed his linen almost to his elbow. His wig in common was cut and bushy; if by chance he had one that had been dressed in separate

(1) [From the Memoirs of Letitia Hawkins (daughter o Sir John), 2 vols. 8vo. 1827.]

curls, it gave him a disagreeable look, not suited to his years or character.

In his colloquial intercourse, Johnson's compliments were studied, and therefore lost their effect: his head dipped lower; the semicircle in which it revolved was of greater extent; and his roar was deeper in its tone when he meant to be civil. His movement in reading, which he did with great rapidity, was humorously described after his death, by a lady, who said, that "his head swung seconds."

The usual initial sentences of his conversation led some to imagine that to resemble him was as easy as to mimic him, and that, if they began with "Why, Sir," or "I know no reason," or "If any man chooses to think," or "If you mean to say," they must, of course, "talk Johnson." That his style might be imitated, is true; and that its strong features made it easier to lay hold on it than on a milder style, no one will dispute.

553. *The Economy of Bolt Court.*

What the economy of Dr. Johnson's house may have been under his wife's administration, I cannot tell; but under Miss Williams's management, and, indeed, afterwards, when he was overcome at the misery of those around him, it always exceeded my expectation, as far as the condition of the apartment into which I was admitted could enable me to judge. It was not, indeed, his study: amongst his books he probably might bring Magliabecchi to recollection; but I saw him only in the decent drawing-room of a house, not inferior to others on the same local situation, and with stout old-fashioned mahogany table and chairs. He was a liberal customer to his tailor, and I can remember that his linen was often a strong contrast to the colour of his hands.

554. *Bennet Langton.*

On one occasion, I remember Johnson's departing

from his gentleness towards Mr. Langton, and in his irritation showing some inconsistency of ideas. I went with my father to call in Bolt Court one Sunday after church. There were many persons in the Doctor's drawing-room, and among them Mr. Langton, who stood leaning against the post of an open door, undergoing what I suppose the giver of it would have called an "objurgation." Johnson, on my father's entrance, went back to explain the cause of this, which was no less than that Mr. Langton, in his opinion, ought then to have been far on his road into Lincolnshire, where he was informed his mother was very ill. Mr. Langton's pious affection for his mother could not be doubted, — she was a parent of whom any son might have been proud; but this was a feeling which never could have been brought into the question by her son: the inert spirit, backed, perhaps, by hope, and previous knowledge of the extent of similar attacks, prevailed; and Johnson's arguments seemed hitherto rather to have riveted Mr. Langton's feet to the place where he was, than to have spurred him to quit it. My father, thus referred to, took up the subject, and a few half-whispered sentences from him made Mr. Langton take his leave; but, as he was quitting the room, Johnson, with one of his bowls, and his indescribable but really pathetic slow* semi-circuits of his head, said most energetically, "Do, Hawkins, teach Langton a little of the world."

555. *Mrs. Thrale.*

On the death of Mr. Thrale, it was concluded by some, that Johnson would marry the widow; by others, that he would entirely take up his residence in her house; which, resembling the situation of many other learned men, would have been nothing extraordinary or censurable. The path he would pursue was not evident; when, on a sudden, he came out again, and sought my father with kind eagerness. Calls were exchanged: he

would now take his tea with us; and in one of those evening visits, which were the pleasantest periods of my knowledge of him, saying, when taking leave, that he was leaving London, Lady Hawkins said, "I suppose you are going to Bath?" "Why should you suppose so?" said he. "Because," said my mother, "I hear Mrs. Thrale is gone there." "I know nothing of Mrs. Thrale," he roared out; "good evening to you." The state of affairs was soon made known.

556. *Warburton.*

To Warburton's great powers he did full justice. He did not always, my brother says, agree with him in his notions; "but," said he, "with all his errors, *si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.*" Speaking of Warburton's contemptuous treatment of some one who presumed to differ from him, I heard him repeat with much glee the coarse expressions in which he had vented this feeling, that there could be no doubt of his hearty approbation.

557. *Sex.*

He said, he doubted whether there ever was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women.

558. *Reading and Study.*

Speaking of reading and study, my younger brother heard him say, that he would not ask a man to give up his important interests for them, because it would not be fair; but that, if any man would employ in reading that time which he would otherwise waste, he would answer for it, if he were a man of ordinary endowment, that he would make a sensible man. "He might not," said he, "make a Bentley; but he would be a sensible man."

559. *Thurlow.* — *Burke.* — *Boswell.*

It may be said of Johnson, that he had a peculiar individual feeling of regard towards his many and various friends, and that he was to each what I might call the indenture or counterpart of what they were to him. My brother says, that any memoirs of his conversations with Lord Thurlow or Burke would be invaluable: to the former he acknowledged that he always "talked his best;" and the latter would, by the force of his own powers, have tried those of Johnson to the utmost. But still the inquisitive world, that world whose inquisitiveness has tempted almost to sacrilege, would not have been satisfied without the minor communications of Boswell, though he sometimes sorely punctured his friend to get at what he wanted.

560. *Complainers.*

It is greatly to the honour of Johnson, that he never accustomed himself to descant on the ingratitude of mankind, or to comment on the many causes he had to think harshly of the world. He said once to my youngest brother, "I hate a complainer." This hatred might preserve him from the habit.

561. *Envy.* — *Dr. Taylor.*

Johnson was, with all his infirmities, bodily and mental, less of the thorough-bred *irritabile genus* of authors, than most of his compeers: he had no petty feelings of animosity, to be traced only to mean causes. He said of some one, indeed, that he was "a good hater," as if he approved the feeling; but I understand by the expression, that it was at least a justifiable, an honest and avowed aversion, that obtained this character for its possessor. But still more to his honour is it, that his irritability was not excited by the most common cause of mortification. He saw the companion of his studies and the witness of his poverty, Taylor, raised

by the tide of human affairs to bloating affluence, and, I should presume, with pretensions of every kind, far, very far inferior to his: yet I do not recollect having ever heard of a sigh excited by his disparity of lot. That he envied Garrick, while he loved and admired him, is true; but it was under the pardonable feeling of jealousy, in seeing histrionic excellence so much more highly prized, than that which he knew himself to possess.

562. *Reynolds's "Discourses."*

On Johnson's death, Mr. Langton said to Sir John Hawkins, "We shall now know whether he has or has not assisted Sir Joshua in his 'Discourses;'" but Johnson had assured Sir John, that his assistance had never exceeded the substitution of a word or two, in preference to what Sir Joshua had written.

563. *"Mr. James Boswell."*

My father and Boswell grew a little acquainted; and when the Life of their friend came out, Boswell showed himself very uneasy under an injury, which he was much embarrassed in defining. He called on my father, and being admitted, complained of the manner in which he was enrolled amongst Johnson's friends, which was as "Mr. James Boswell of Auchinleck." Where was the offence? It was one of those which a complainant hardly dares to embody in words: he would only repeat, "Well, but *Mr. James Boswell!* surely, surely, *Mr. James Boswell!!*" "I know," said my father, "Mr. Boswell, what you mean; you would have had me say that Johnson undertook this tour with THE Boswell." He could not indeed absolutely covet this mode of proclamation; he would perhaps have been content with "the celebrated," or "the well-known," but he could not confess quite so much; he therefore acquiesced in the amendment proposed, but he was forced to depart without any promise of correction in a subsequent edition.

Part XXIX.

ANECDOTES,

BY JOHN NICHOLS, ESQ. (1)

564. "*Literary Anecdotes.*"— *Thirlby.*

My intimate acquaintance with that bright luminary of literature, Johnson, did not commence till he was advanced in years; but it happens to have fallen to my lot (and I confess that I am proud of it) to have been present at many interesting conversations in the latest periods of the life of this illustrious pattern of true piety. In the progress of his "Lives of the Poets," I had the good fortune to conciliate his esteem, by several little services. Many of his short notes during the progress of that work are printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, and in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale he says, "I have finished the life of Prior — and now a fig for Mr. Nichols!" Our friendship, however, did not cease with the termination of those volumes.

565. *Lichfield.*

Of his birth-place, Lichfield, Dr. Johnson always spoke with a laudable enthusiasm. "Its inhabitants," he said, "were more orthodox in their religion, more pure in their language, and more polite in their manners, than any other town in the kingdom;" and he often lamented, that "no city of equal antiquity and worth had been so destitute of a native to record its fame, and transmit its history to posterity."

(1) [From "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," in 9 vols. 8vo. 1812—15. For a character of Mr. Nichols and of this work, see *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 374.]

566. *Roxana and Statira.*

Mr. Cradock informs me, that he once accompanied Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens to Marylebone Gardens, to see "La Serva Padrona" performed. Mr. Steevens, being quite weary of the burletta, exclaimed, "There is no plot; it is merely an old fellow cheated, and deluded by his servant; it is quite foolish and unnatural." Johnson instantly replied, "Sir, it is not *unnatural*. It is a scene that is acted in my family every day in my life." This did not allude to the maid servant, however, so much as to two distressed ladies, whom he generously supported in his house, who were always quarrelling. These ladies presided at Johnson's table by turns when there was company; which, of course, would produce disputes. I ventured one day to say, "Surely, Dr. Johnson, Roxana for this time should take place of Statira." "Yes, Sir," replied the Doctor; but, in my family, it has never been decided which is Roxana, and which is Statira."

567. *Joseph Reed's Tragedy.*

It happened that I was in Bolt Court on the day when Mr. Henderson, the justly celebrated actor, was first introduced to Dr. Johnson; and the conversation turning on dramatic subjects, Henderson asked the Doctor's opinion of "Dido" and its author. "Sir," said Johnson, "I never did the man an injury; yet he would read his tragedy to me."

568. *Samuel Boyse.* (1)

The following particulars of the unfortunate Samuel Boyse I had from Dr. Johnson's own mouth:—"By addressing himself to low vices, among which were gluttony and extravagance, Boyse rendered himself so contemptible and wretched, that he frequently was without the least subsistence for days together. After

(1) See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 182.

squandering away in a dirty manner any money which he acquired, he has been known to pawn all his apparel" Dr. Johnson once collected a sum of money to redeem his clothes, which in two days after were pawned again. "This," said the Doctor, "was when my acquaintances were few, and most of them as poor as myself. The money was collected by shillings."

569. *Lauder's Forgery.*

On my showing Dr. Johnson Archdeacon Blackburne's "Remarks on the Life of Milton," which were published in 1780, he wrote on the margin of p. 14., "In the business of Lauder I was deceived; partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent."

570. *Dr. Heberden.*

Dr. Johnson being asked in his last illness, what physician he had sent for — "Dr. Heberden," replied he, "*ultimum Romanorum*, the last of our learned physicians."

571. *Parliamentary Debates.*

On the morning of Dec. 7. 1784, only six days before his death, Dr. Johnson requested to see the editor of these anecdotes, from whom he had borrowed some of the early volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, with a professed intention to point out the pieces which he had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, particularly those which contained his share in the Parliamentary Debates; and such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that he solemnly declared, that "the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction, was his account of the debates in the Magazine; but that at the time he wrote them he did not think he was imposing on the world. The mode," he said, "was to fix upon a speaker's name, then to conjure up an answer. He

wrote these debates with more velocity than any other of his productions; often three columns of the magazine within the hour. He once wrote ten pages in one day.

572. *Mr. Faden.*

Dr. Johnson said to me, I may possibly live, or rather breathe, three days, or perhaps three weeks; but I find myself daily and gradually worse. Before I quitted him, he asked, whether any of the family of Faden, the printer, were alive. Being told that the geographer near Charing Cross was Faden's son, he said, after a short pause, "I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago; be so good as to take this, and pay it for me."

573. *Last Interview.*

During the whole time of my intimacy with him, he rarely permitted me to depart without some sententious advice. At the latest of these affecting interviews, his words at parting were, "Take care of your eternal salvation. Remember to observe the sabbath. Let it never be a day of business, nor wholly a day of dissipation." He concluded his solemn farewell with, "Let my words have their due weight. They are the words of a dying man." I never saw him more. In the last five or six days of his life but few even of his most intimate friends were admitted. Every hour that could be abstracted from his bodily pains and infirmities, was spent in prayer and the warmest ejaculations; and in that pious, praiseworthy, and exemplary manner, he closed a life begun, continued, and ended in virtue.

Part XXX.

ANECDOTES AND REMARKS

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ. (1)

574. *Introductory.*

I ENJOYED the conversation and friendship of that excellent man more than thirty years. I thought it an honour to be so connected, and to this hour I reflect on his loss with regret: but regret, I know, has secret bribes, by which the judgment may be influenced, and partial affection may be carried beyond the bounds of truth. In the present case, however, nothing needs to be disguised, and exaggerated praise is unnecessary.

575. *First Interview.*

It was in the summer 1754, that I became acquainted with Dr. Johnson. The cause of his first visit is related by Mrs. Piozzi nearly in the following manner:— "Mr. Murphy being engaged in a periodical paper, the 'Gray's Inn Journal,' was at a friend's house in the country, and, not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, wished to content his bookseller by some unstudied essay. He therefore took up a French *Journal Littéraire*, and, translating something he liked, sent it away to town. Time, however, discovered that he translated from the French a 'Rambler,' which had been taken from the English without acknowledgment.

(1) [From "An Essay on the Life and Genius of Samuel Johnson, LL. D." prefixed to his Works; and first published in 1792.]

Upon this discovery, Mr. Murphy thought it right to make his excuses to Dr. Johnson. He went next day, and found him covered with soot, like a chimney-sweeper, in a little room, as if he had been acting 'Lungs' in the Alchymist, making ether. This being told by Mr. Murphy in company, 'Come, come,' said Dr. Johnson, 'the story is black enough; but it was a happy day that brought you first to my house.'" After this first visit, I by degrees grew intimate with Dr. Johnson.

576. *Lord Bolingbroke.*

The first striking sentence that I heard from Dr. Johnson was in a few days after the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works. Mr. Garrick asked him, "If he had seen them?" "Yes, I have seen them." "What do you think of them?" "Think of them!" He made a long pause, and then replied: "Think of them! A scoundrel and a coward! A scoundrel, who spent his life in charging a gun against Christianity; and a coward, who was afraid of hearing the report of his own gun; but left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."

577. *Picture of Himself.*

Johnson's reflections on his own life and conduct were always severe; and, wishing to be immaculate, he destroyed his own peace by unnecessary scruples. He tells us, that, when he surveyed his past life, he discovered nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of mind very near to madness. His life, he says, from his earliest youth, was wasted in a morning bed; and his reigning sin was a general sluggishness, to which he was always inclined, and, in part of his life, almost compelled, by morbid melancholy and weariness of mind. This was

his constitutional malady, derived, perhaps from his father, who was, at times, overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity.

In a Latin poem, to which he has prefixed as a title ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, he has left a picture of himself, drawn with as much truth, and as firm a hand, as can be seen in the portraits of Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds. The learned reader will find the original poem in the first volume of his Works; and it is hoped that a translation, or rather imitation, of so curious a piece will not be improper in this place: —

"KNOW YOURSELF.

'AFTER REVISING AND ENLARGING THE ENGLISH LEXICON, OR DICTIONARY.

"When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words piled on words a fabric rise,
He cursed the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long,
And if, enraged he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write Lexicons in endless woe. (1)

"Yes, you had cause, great Genius, to repent;
'You lost good days, that might be better spent;'
You well might grudge the hours of ling'ring pain,
And view your learned labours with disdain.
To you were given the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius, and the taste refined.
'Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to soar,
And amidst rolling worlds the Great First Cause explore;

(1) See Scaliger's epigram on this subject, communicated without doubt by Dr. Johnson, Gent. Mag. 1748. — M.

To fix the æras of recorded time,
And live in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime;
Record the chiefs, who propt their country's cause;
Who founded empires, and establish'd laws;
To learn whate'er the sage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the Muse of moral wisdom taught.
These were your quarry; these to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.

"Yet warn'd by me, ye pigmy Wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example strike my view,
Oh! not for me his footsteps to pursue.
Whether first Nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the slow current, loit'ring at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart;
Whate'er the cause, from me no numbers flow,
No visions warm me, and no raptures glow.

"A mind like Scaliger's, superior still,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill.
Though for the maze of words his native skies
He seem'd to quit, 't was but again to rise;
To mount once more to the bright source of day,
And view the wonders of th' etherial way.
The love of fame his gen'rous bosom fired;
Each Science hail'd him, and each Muse inspired.
For him the Sons of Learning trimm'd the bays,
And nations grew harmonious in his praise.

"My task perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has Fortune now in store?
The listless will succeeds, that worst disease,
The rack of indolence, the sluggish ease.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black Melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I seek, at midnight clubs, the social band;
But midnight clubs, where wit with noise conspires,
Where Comus revels, and where wine inspires,

Delight no more: I seek my lonely bed,
And call on Sleep to sooth my languid head
But sleep from these sad lids flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhausted, tired, I throw my eyes around,
To find some vacant spot on classic ground:
And soon, vain hope! I form a grand design;
Langour succeeds, and all my powers decline.
If Science open not her richest vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged stone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies;
With nature then no breathing statue vies.

"Whate'er I plan, I feel my powers confin'd
By Fortune's frown and penury of mind.
I boast no knowledge glean'd with toil and strife,
That bright reward of a well-acted life.
I view myself, while Reason's feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While passions, errors, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions, fill the dark domain;
A dreary void, where fears with grief combined
Waste all within, and desolate the mind.

"What then remains? Must I in slow decline
To mute inglorious ease old age resign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task? Or, were it best
Brooding o'er Lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away?" (1)

Such is the picture for which Dr. Johnson sat to himself. He gives the prominent features of his character; his lassitude, his morbid melancholy, his love of fame, his dejection, his tavern parties, and his wandering reveries, *Vacua mala somnia mentis*, about

(1) [This spirited translation, or rather imitation, is by Mr. Murphy.]

which so much has been written; all are painted in miniature, but in vivid colours, by his own hand. His idea of writing more dictionaries was not merely said in verse. Mr. Hamilton, who was at that time an eminent printer, and well acquainted with Dr. Johnson, remembers that he engaged in a Commercial Dictionary, and, as appears by the receipts in his possession, was paid his price for several sheets; but he soon relinquished the undertaking.

578. *Boswell's Introduction to Johnson.*

Upon one occasion, I went with Dr. Johnson into the shop of Davies, the bookseller, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Davies came running to him almost out of breath with joy: "The Scots gentleman is come, Sir; his principal wish is to see you; he is now in the back parlour." "Well, well, I'll see the gentleman," said Johnson. He walked towards the room. Mr. Boswell was the person. I followed with no small curiosity. "I find," said Mr. Boswell, "that I am come to London at a bad time, when great popular prejudice has gone forth against us North Britons; but, when I am talking to you, I am talking to a large and liberal mind, and you know that I cannot *help coming from Scotland.*" "Sir," said Johnson, "no more can the rest of your countrymen." (1)

579. *Dread of Death.*

For many years, when he was not disposed to enter into the conversation going forward, whoever sat near his chair might hear him repeating, from Shakspeare,—

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;

(1) [Mr. Boswell's account of this introduction is very different from the above. See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 163.]

> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods." ——

And from Milton,—

> "Who would lose,
> For fear of pain, this intellectual being!"

580. *Essex-Head Club.*

Johnson, being in December 1783 eased of his dropsy, began to entertain hopes that the vigour of his constitution was not entirely broken. For the sake of conversing with his friends, he established a conversation-club, to meet on every Wednesday evening; and, to serve a man whom he had known in Mr. Thrale's household for many years, the place was fixed at his house in Essex Street near the Temple. To answer the malignant remarks of Sir John Hawkins, on this subject (1), were a wretched waste of time. Professing to be Johnson's friend, that biographer has raised more objections to his character than all the enemies to that excellent man. Sir John had a root of bitterness that "put rancours in the vessel of his peace." "Fielding," he says, "was the inventor of a cant phrase, *Goodness of heart*, which means little more than the virtue of a horse or a dog." He should have known that kind affections are the essence of virtue; they are the will of God implanted in our nature, to aid and strengthen moral obligation; they incite to action; a sense of benevolence is no less necessary than a sense of duty. Good affections are an ornament not only to an author but to his writings. He who shows himself upon a cold scent for opportunities to bark and snarl throughout a volume of six hundred pages, may, if he will, pretend to moralise; but "goodness of heart," or, to

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 250.]

use the politer phrase, the "virtue of a horse or a dog" would redound more to his honour.

581. *Character of Johnson.*

If we now look back, as from an eminence, to view the scenes of life and the literary labours in which Dr. Johnson was engaged, we may be able to delineate the features of the man, and to form an estimate of his genius. As a man, Dr. Johnson stands displayed in open daylight. Nothing remains undiscovered. Whatever he said is known; and, without allowing him the usual privilege of hazarding sentiments, and advancing positions, for mere amusement, or the pleasure of discussion, criticism has endeavoured to make him answerable for what, perhaps, he never seriously thought. His Diary, which has been printed, discovers still more. We have before us the very heart of the man, with all his inward consciousness. And yet, neither in the open paths of life, nor in his secret recesses, has any one vice been discovered. We see him reviewing every year of his life, and severely censuring himself, for not keeping resolutions, which morbid melancholy and other bodily infirmities rendered impracticable. We see him for every little defect imposing on himself voluntary penance, and to the last, amidst paroxysms and remissions of illness, forming plans of study and resolutions to amend his life. (1) Many of his scruples may be called weaknesses; but they are the weaknesses of a good, a pious, and most excellent man.

Johnson was born a logician; one of those to whom only books of logic are said to be of use. In consequence of his skill in that art, he loved argumentation. No man thought more profoundly, nor with such acute discernment. A fallacy could not stand before him:

(1) On the subject of voluntary penance; see the Rambler No. 110.

it was sure to be refuted by strength of reasoning, and a precision both in idea and expression almost unequalled. When he chose by apt illustration to place the argument of his adversary in a ludicrous light, one was almost inclined to think *ridicule the test of truth.* He was surprised to be told, but it is certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his shining talents. That he often argued for the sake of triumph over his adversary, cannot be dissembled. Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, has been heard to tell a friend of his, who thanked him for introducing him to Dr. Johnson, as he had been convinced, in the course of a long dispute, that an opinion, which he had embraced as a settled truth, was no better than a vulgar error. This being reported to Johnson, "Nay," said he, "do not let him be thankful; for he was right, and I was wrong." Like his uncle Andrew, in the ring at Smithfield, Johnson, in a circle of disputants, was determined neither to be thrown nor conquered. Notwithstanding all his piety, self-government, or the command of his passions in conversation, does not seem to have been among his attainments. Whenever he thought the contention was for superiority, he has been known to break out with violence, and even ferocity. When the fray was over, he generally softened into repentance, and, by conciliating measures, took care that no animosity should be left rankling in the breast of his antagonist.

It is observed by the younger Pliny, that in the confines of virtue and great qualities there are generally vices of an opposite nature. In Dr. Johnson not one ingredient can take the name of vice. From his attainments in literature grew the pride of knowledge; and, from his powers of reasoning, the love of disputation and the vainglory of superior vigour. His piety, in some instances, bordered on superstition. He was willing to believe in preternatural agency, and thought it

not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men. Even the question about second sight held him in suspense.

Since virtue, or moral goodness, consists in a just conformity of our actions to the relations in which we stand to the Supreme Being and to our fellow-creatures, where shall we find a man who has been, or endeavoured to be, more diligent in the discharge of those essential duties? His first *Prayer* was composed in 1738; he continued those fervent ejaculations of piety to the end of his life. In his *Meditations* we see him scrutinising himself with severity, and aiming at perfection unattainable by man. His duty to his neighbour consisted in universal benevolence, and a constant aim at the production of happiness. Who was more sincere and steady in his friendships?

His humanity and generosity, in proportion to his slender income, were unbounded. It has been truly said, that the lame, the blind, and the sorrowful, found in his house a sure retreat. A strict adherence to truth he considered as a sacred obligation, insomuch that, in relating the most minute anecdote, he would not allow himself the smallest addition to embellish his story. The late Mr. Tyers, who knew Dr. Johnson intimately, observed, that "he always talked as if he was talking upon oath." After a long acquaintance with this excellent man, and an attentive retrospect to his whole conduct, such is the light in which he appears to the writer of this essay. The following lines of Horace may be deemed his picture in miniature: —

"Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret; at est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus at ingenium ingens;
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

"Your friend is passionate, perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit
His hair ill-cut, his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes to raillery expose

The man you love; yet is he not possess'd
Of virtues with which very few are blest?
While underneath this rude, uncouth disguise
A genius of extensive knowledge lies."

Part XXXI.

CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY NATHAN DRAKE, M.D. (1)

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582. "*London.*"

As this spirited imitation of Juvenal forms an epoch in our author's literary life, and is one of his best poetical productions, I shall consider it as introductory to an uninterrupted consideration of his compositions in this branch, and to a discussion of his general character as a poet; and this plan I shall pursue with regard to the other numerous departments of literature in which he excelled, and according to the order in which the first in merit of a class shall in succession rise to view; persuaded that, by this mode, the monotony arising from

(1) [From "Essays, critical and historical, illustrative of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler:" Part II. "The Literary Life of Dr. Johnson." 2 vols. 1806

a stricter chronological detail of his various writings the arrangement hitherto adopted by his biographers may, in a great measure, be obviated.

Of the three imitators of the third satire of the Roman poet, Boileau, Oldham, and Johnson, the latter is, by many degrees, the most vigorous and poetical. No man, indeed, was better calculated to transfuse the stern invective, the sublime philosophy, and nervous painting of Juvenal, than our author; and his "London," whilst it rivals the original in these respects, is, at the same time, greatly superior to it in purity of illustration, and harmony of versification. The felicity with which he has adapted the imagery and allusions of the Latin poem to modern manners, vices, and events; and the richness and depth of thought which he exhibits when the hint is merely taken from the Roman bard, or when he chooses altogether to desert him, are such as to render this satire the noblest moral poem in our language.

At the period when Johnson wrote his "London," he must, from his peculiar circumstances, have been prone to imbibe all the warmth and indignation of the ancient satirist, who depicts in the boldest colours the unmerited treatment to which indigence is subjected, and the multiform oppressions arising from tyranny and ill-acquired wealth. He was, indeed, at this time, "steeped up to the lips in poverty," and was likewise a zealous opponent of what he deemed a corrupt administration. It is impossible to read the following passage, one of the finest in the poem, and especially its concluding line, which the author distinguished by capitals, without deeply entering into, and severely sympathising with, the feelings and sufferings of the writer: —

"By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.

The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

" Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
That when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

" Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main!
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd."

Of the energy and compression which characterise the sentiment and diction of " London," this last line is a striking example; for the original, though strong in its expression, is less terse and happy: —

" Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi."

583. " *Vanity of Human Wishes.*"

The " Vanity of Human Wishes," the subject of which is in a great degree founded on the Alcibiades of Plato, possesses not the point and fire which animates the " London." It breathes, however, a strain of calm and dignified philosophy, much more pleasing to the mind, and certainly much more consonant to truth, than the party exaggeration of the prior satire. The poet's choice of modern examples, in place of those brought forward by the ancient bard, is happy and judicious; and he has every where availed himself, and in a style the most impressive, of the solemnity, the pathos, and sublime morality of the Christian code.

To enter into competition with the tenth satire of

Juvenal, which is, without doubt, the most perfect composition of its author, was a daring and a hazardous attempt. Dryden had led the way, and, though occasionally successful, has failed to equal the general merit of the Latin poem. The imitation of Johnson, on the contrary, may be said to vie with the Roman in every line, and in some instances to surpass the original; particularly in the sketch of Charles, and in the conclusion of the satire, which, though nobly moral as it is in the page of Juvenal, is greatly heightened by the pen of Johnson, and forms one of the finest lessons of piety and resignation discoverable in the works of any uninspired writer. After reprobating the too frequent folly of our wishes and our prayers, it is inquired of the poet, whether we shall upon no occasion implore the mercy of the skies? He replies: —

> "Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
> Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
> Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
> But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
> Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
> The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
> Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
> Secure whate'er he gives he gives the best.
> Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
> And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
> *Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,*
> *Obedient passions, and a will resign'd,*
> *For love, which scarce collective man can fill;*
> *For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;*
> *For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,*
> *Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:*
> These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
> These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
> With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
> And makes the happiness she does not find."

584. "*Irene.*"

"Irene" can boast of a strict adherence to the unities; of harmonious versification; of diction vigorous and splendid; of sentiment morally correct and philosophically beautiful: but its fable is without interest, its characters without discrimination, and neither terror nor pity is excited. If it fail, however, as a drama, in delineating the ebullitions of passion, it will, as a series of ethic dialogues, replete with striking observations on human conduct, and rich in poetic expression, be long studied and admired in the closet. No one of the productions of Johnson, indeed, was more carefully elaborated than his "Irene;" and, though commenced at an early period of life, no one more evidently discovers his exclusive love of moral philosophy, and his ample store of nervous and emphatic language. Of the numerous passages which illustrate this remark, and which, for their moral excellence, should dwell upon the memory, I shall adduce two, in conception and in execution alike happy. Demetrius, addressing the aged Visier Cali on the danger of protracting the blow which he intended until the morrow, exclaims,—

"To-morrow's action! can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's."

Aspasia, reprobating the ambition and meditated apostacy of Irene, endeavours to reconcile her mind to the loss of life, rather than of virtue and religion, and bids her

> "Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds!
> Are only varied modes of endless being;
> Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
> Derives its value from its use alone;
> Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
> Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
> When inconsistent with a greater good,
> Reason commands to cast the less away;
> Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserved,
> And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life."

In act the first, scene the second, is a passage which has been frequently and justly admired; it is put into the mouth of the Visier Cali, who, execrating the miseries of arbitrary power, alludes to a report which he had received, of the nicely balanced structure of the British Constitution:—

> "If there be any land, as fame reports,
> Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
> A happy land, where circulating power
> Flows through each member of th' embodied state;
> Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
> Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
> Untainted with the lust of innovation,
> Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
> Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
> That links the jarring elements in peace."

"These are British sentiments," remarks Mr. Murphy (writing in 1792): "above forty years ago, they found an echo in the breast of applauding audiences; and to this hour they are the voice of the people, in defiance of the metaphysics and the new lights of certain politicians, who would gladly find their private

advantage in the disasters of their country; a race of men, *quibus nulla ex honesto spes.*"

585. *Robert Levett.*

The stanzas on the death of this man of great but humble utility are beyond all praise. The wonderful powers of Johnson were never shown to greater advantage than on this occasion, where the subject, from its obscurity and mediocrity, seemed to bid defiance to poetical efforts; it is, in fact, warm from the heart, and is the only poem from the pen of Johnson that has been bathed with tears. Would to God, that on every medical man who attends the poor, the following encomiums could be justly passed!

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

"When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepared the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

"*In Mis'ry's darkest cavern known,*
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die."

How boldly painted, how exquisitely pathetic, as a description of the sufferings of human life, is this last stanza! I am acquainted with nothing superior to it in the productions of the moral muse.

586. "*Medea*" *of Euripides.*

To the English poetry of Johnson, may now be added a very beautiful translation of some noble lines from the "Medea" of Euripides. It has escaped all the

editors of his works, and was very lately introduced to the world in a volume of considerable merit, entitled "Translations from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and Miscellaneous Poems."(1) A parody, indeed, by our author upon this passage of the Grecian poet was published by Mrs. Piozzi (2), but it is of little value, while the following version has preserved all the elegance and pathos of the original: —

"The rites derived from ancient days,
With thoughtless reverence we praise;
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of music and of wine;
That bade the feast, the song, the bowl,
O'erfill the saturated soul;
But ne'er the lute nor lyre applied,
To soothe Despair or soften Pride,
Nor call'd them to the gloomy cells
Where Madness raves and Vengeance swells,
Where Hate sits musing to betray,
And Murder meditates his prey.
To dens of guilt and shades of care,
Ye sons of melody, repair,
Nor deign the festive hour to cloy
With superfluity of joy;
The board with varied plenty crown'd
May spare the luxury of sound."

587. *Rambler and Adventurer.*

As specimens of the style of Johnson, we shall adduce three quotations, taken from the "Rambler" and "Adventurer;" the first on a *didactic*, the second on a *moral*, and the third on a *religious* subject; passages, which will place in a very striking light the prominent peculiarities and excellencies of the most splendid and powerful moralist of which this country can boast. Ani-

(1) [By Bland and Merivale, 8vo. 1806.]

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. IX. p. 22.]

animadverting on the necessity of accommodating knowledge to the purposes of life, the "Rambler" thus proceeds: —

"To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful in great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove, but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

"No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

"By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less." (1)

The following passage on the iniquity of revenge, and on the meanness of regulating our conduct by the opinions of men, is alike eminent for its style and for

(1) Rambler, No. 137

its sentiments: the purest morality is here clothed in diction powerfully impressive: —

" A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage, whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

" Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

" From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

" It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

"Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

"The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

"He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

"Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain." (1)

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(1) Rambler, No. 185.

Admirably, however, as these noble precepts are expressed, the specimen that we have next to quote will, it is probable, be deemed still superior both in diction and imagery. The close is, indeed, one of the most exquisite and sublime passages in the works of its eloquent author. Speaking of those who retire from the world that "they may employ more time in the duties of religion; that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation," he adds, —

"To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears 'to pass through things temporal,' with no other care than 'not to lose finally the things eternal,' I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while Vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, Virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. *Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give us fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.* (1)

The publication of the "Rambler" produced a very rapid revolution in the tone of English composition: an elevation and dignity, an harmony and energy, a precision and force of style, previously unknown in the history of our literature, speedily became objects of daily emulation; and the school of Johnson increased with such celerity, that it soon embraced the greater part of the rising literary characters of the day, and

(1) Adventurer, No. 126.

was consequently founded on such a basis as will not easily be shaken by succeeding modes.

588. *Johnson sketched by Himself.*

The character of Sober in the "Idler," No. 31., was intended by the author as a delineation of himself. Johnson was constitutionally idle, nor was he roused to any great effort, but by the imperious call of necessity: his exertions, indeed, when sufficiently stimulated, were gigantic, but they were infrequent and uncertain. He was destined to complain of the miseries of idleness, and to mitigate his remorse by repeated but too often ineffectual resolutions of industry. The portrait which he has drawn is faithful and divested of flattery — a result not common in autobiography:—

"Sober is a man of strong desires and quick imagination, so exactly balanced by the love of ease, that they can seldom stimulate him to any difficult undertaking; they have, however, so much power, that they will not suffer him to lie quite at rest, and though they do not make him sufficiently useful to others, they make him at least weary of himself.

"Mr. Sober's chief pleasure is conversation; there is no end of his talk or his attention; to speak or to hear is equally pleasing; for he still fancies that he is teaching or learning something, and is free for the time from his own reproaches.

"But there is one time at night when he must go home, that his friends may sleep; and another time in the morning, when all the world agrees to shut out interruption. These are the moments of which poor Sober trembles at the thought. But the misery of these tiresome intervals, he has many means of alleviating. He has persuaded himself that the manual arts are undeservedly overlooked; he has observed in many trades the effects of close thought, and just ratiocination. From speculation he proceeded to practice, and supplied himself with the tools of a carpenter, with which he mended his coal-box very successfully, and which he still continues to employ as he finds occasion.

"He has attempted at other times the crafts of the shoemaker,

tinman, plumber, and potter; in all these arts he has failed, and resolves to qualify himself for them by better information. But his daily amusement is chemistry. He has a small furnace, which he employs in distillation, and which has long been the solace of his life. He draws oils, and waters, and essences, and spirits, which he knows to be of no use; sits and counts the drops as they come from his retort; and forgets that whilst a drop is falling, a moment flies away.

"Poor Sober! I have often teazed him with reproof, and he has often promised reformation; for no man is so much open to conviction as the idler, but there is none on whom it operates so little. What will be the effect of this paper I know not; perhaps he will read it, and laugh, and light the fire in his furnace; but my hope is, that he will quit his trifles, and betake himself to rational and useful diligence."

589. *Horror of Death.*

One of the best written and most impressive of the essays of the "Rambler" is No. 78., on the Power of Novelty, in which he appears to have exerted the full force of his genius. It is in this paper that the horror of Death, which embittered so many of the hours of Johnson, is depicted in more vivid colours, than in any other part of his periodical writings: —

"Surely," he remarks, "nothing can so much disturb the passions or perplex the intellects of man, as the disruption of his union with visible nature; a separation from all that has hitherto delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner, of his being; an entrance into a state not simply which he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know; an immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Béing, and, what is above all distressful and alarming, the final sentence, and unalterable allotment:" —

a passage which, in its sentiment and tendency, strongly reminds us of the admirable description of Claudio in the "Measure for Measure" of Shakspeare: —

> "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
> To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
> Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
> Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
> The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death."

Our author seems likewise to have remembered a couplet in the "Aureng-Zebe" of Dryden: —

> "Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
> To be we know not what, we know not where."

It is in this paper, also, that one of the few pathetic paragraphs which are scattered through the pages of Johnson may be found. Whether considered with regard to its diction or its tender appeal to the heart, it is alike exquisite: —

"It is not possible," observes the moralist, "to be regarded with tenderness except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day. They impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments. Thus it often happens, that those who in

their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them."

590. *Anningait and Ajut.*

Never was the passion of love, or the assiduities of affection, placed in a more entertaining or pleasing light, than in the Greenland story of Anningait and Ajut (1); which, owing to its wild and savage imagery, and the felicity with which it is adapted to the circumstances of the narrative, possesses the attractions of no ordinary share of originality. Mr. Campbell, in his truly sublime poem on the Pleasures of Hope, has thus beautifully alluded to this story: —

> "Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
> That 'suasive Hope hath but a syren tongue!
> True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
> Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
> The guileless heart, her happy mansion spurn,
> And part like Ajut — never to return."

591. *Rasselas.*

Many of the topics which are eagerly discussed in the History of Rasselas are known to have greatly interested, and even agitated, the mind of Johnson. Of these the most remarkable are, on the Efficacy of Pilgrimage, on the State of Departed Souls, on the Probability of the Reappearance of the Dead, and on the Danger of Insanity. The apprehension of mental derangement seems to have haunted the mind of Johnson during the greater part of his life; and he has therefore very emphatically declared, that "of the uncertainties in our present state, the most dreadful and

(1) Rambler, Nos. 186, 187.

alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason." (1) It is highly probable, that his fears and feelings on this head gave rise to the character of the Mad Astronomer in Rasselas, who declared to Imlac, that he had possessed for five years the regulation of the weather, and the distribution of the seasons; that the sun had listened to his dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by his direction; that the clouds at his call had poured their waters, and the Nile had overflowed at his command. This tremendous visitation he has ascribed principally to the indulgence of imagination in the shades of solitude: —

"Disorders of intellect," he remarks, "happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannise, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences speech or action.

"To indulge the power of fiction, and send imagination out upon the wing, is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone we are not always busy; the labour of excogitation is too violent to last long; the ardour of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external that can divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what he is? He then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire,

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(1) Rasselas, chap. 42.

amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot bestow.

"In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood, whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish.

"This, Sir, is one of the dangers of solitude." (1)

In the paragraphs which we have just quoted, there is much reason to suppose, that Johnson was describing what he had himself repeatedly experienced; and to this circumstance Sir John Hawkins has attributed his uncommon attachment to society.

592. *Preface to Shakspeare.*

This Preface is perhaps the most eloquent and acute piece of dramatic criticism of which our language can boast. The characteristic excellencies of Shakspeare, his beauties and defects, are delineated with powers of discrimination not easily paralleled; and though the panegyric on his genius be high and uncommonly splendid, his faults are laid open with an impartial and unsparing hand. To the prose encomia of Dryden and Addison on our unrivalled bard may be added, as worthy of juxtaposition, the following admirable paragraph; the conclusion of which is alike excellent for its imagery and sublimity: —

(1) Rasselas, chap 43

"As the personages of Shakspeare act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; and the discrimination of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance that combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. *The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.*"

593. "*Lives of the Poets.*"

The effect of the critical biography of Johnson on the literary world, and on the public at large, has been very considerable, and, in many respects, beneficial. It has excited a laudable attention to preserve the memory of those, who have, by intellectual exertions, contributed to our instruction and amusement; whereas, previous to the appearance of our author's "Lives," biography, with few exceptions, had been confined to military and political characters: it has given rise, also, to much discussion and research into the merits and defects of our national poets; and the edition to which it was annexed, has led the way to several subsequent collection on an improved and more extended scale.

594. *Johnson's* "*Letters.*"

The Letters of Johnson place him before us stripped of all disguise; they teach us to love as well as to admire the man and are frequently written with a pathos and

an ardour of affection, which impress us with a much more amiable idea of the writer, than can be drawn from any portion of his more elaborated works.

595. *Johnson's Sermons.*

The Sermons of Johnson, twenty-five in number, were part of the stock which his friend Dr. Taylor carried with him to the pulpit. As compositions, they are little inferior to any of his best works; and they inculcate, without enthusiasm or dogmatism, the purest precepts and doctrines of religion and morality.

596. *"Prayers and Meditations."*

It is in the Prayers and Meditations of Johnson that we become acquainted with the inward heart of the man. He had left them for publication, under the idea that they were calculated to do good; and depraved, indeed, must be that individual who rises unbenefited from their perusal. The contrast between the language of this little volume, and the style of the Rambler, is striking in the extreme, and a strong proof of the judgment, the humility, and the piety of the author. With a deep sense of human frailty and individual error, he addresses the throne of mercy in a strain remarkable for its simplicity and plainness; but which, though totally stripped of the decorations of art, possesses a native dignity, approaching to that which we receive from our most excellent liturgy

Part XXXII.

ANECDOTES, OPINIONS, AND REMARKS.

BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

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597. *Osborne knocked down with a Folio.* (1)

Tom Osborne, the bookseller, was one of "that mercantile rugged race to which the delicacy of the poet is sometimes exposed" (2); as the following anecdote will more fully evince. Mr. Johnson being engaged by him to translate a work of some consequence, he thought it a respect which he owed his own talents, as well as the credit of his employer, to be as circumspect in the performance of it as possible. In consequence of which, the work went on, according to Osborne's ideas, rather slowly: in consequence, he frequently spoke to Johnson of this circumstance; and, being a man of a coarse mind, sometimes by his expressions made him feel the situation of dependence. Johnson, however, seemed to take no notice of him, but went on according to the plan which he had prescribed to himself. Osborne, irritated by what he thought an unnecessary delay, went one day into the room where Johnson was sitting, and abused him in the most illiberal manner: amongst other things, he told Johnson, "he had been much mistaken in his man; that he was recommended to him as a good scholar, and

(1) [Nos. 596—607. are from the "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D." 8vo., published by G. Kearsley, in 1785. For Boswell's favourable notice of this little work see *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 44.]

(2) Johnson's Life of Dryden.

a ready hand: but he doubted both; for that Tom such-a-one would have turned out the work much sooner; and that being the case, the probability was, that by this *here* time the first edition would have moved off." Johnson heard him for some time unmoved; but, at last, losing all patience, he seized a huge folio, which he was at that time consulting, and, aiming a blow at the bookseller's head, succeeded so forcibly, as to send him sprawling to the floor. Osborne alarmed the family with his cries; but Johnson, clapping his foot on his breast, would not let him stir till he had exposed him in that situation; and then left him, with this triumphant expression: "Lie there, thou son of dulness, ignorance, and obscurity!" (1)

598. *Savage.*

Johnson was not unacquainted with Savage's frailties; but, as he, a short time before his death, said to a friend, on this subject, "he knew his heart, and that was never intentionally abandoned; for, though he generally mistook the *love* for the *practice* of virtue, he was at all times a true and sincere believer."

599. *Trotter's Portrait of Johnson.*

The head at the front of this book is esteemed a good likeness of Johnson; indeed, so much so, that when the Doctor saw the drawing, he exclaimed, "Well, thou art an ugly fellow; but still, I believe thou art like the original." The Doctor sat for this picture to Mr. Trotter, in February, 1782, at the request of Mr. Kearsley, who had just furnished him with a list of all

(1) ["The identical book with which Johnson knocked down Osborne (*Biblia Græca Septuaginta*, fol. 1594. Frankfort; the note written by the Rev. —— Mills) I saw in February, 1812, at Cambridge, in the possession of J. Thorpe, bookseller; whose catalogue, since published, contains particulars authenticating this assertion." — *Nichols: Lit. Anec.* viii. p. 446.

his works; for he confessed he had forgot more than half what he had written. His face, however, was capable of great expression, both in respect to intelligence and mildness; as all those can witness who have seen him in the flow of conversation, or under the influence of grateful feelings.

600. *Hawkesworth's "Ode on Life."*

Sometime previous to Hawkesworth's publication of his beautiful "Ode on Life," he carried it down with him to a friend's house in the country to retouch. Johnson was of this party; and, as Hawkesworth and the Doctor lived upon the most intimate terms, the former read it to him for his opinion. "Why, Sir," says Johnson, "I can't well determine on a first hearing; read it again, second thoughts are best." Hawkesworth did so; after which Johnson read it himself, and approved of it very highly. Next morning at breakfast, the subject of the poem being renewed, Johnson, after again expressing his approbation of it, said he had but one objection to make to it, which was, that he doubted its originality. Hawkesworth, alarmed at this, challenged him to the proof, when the Doctor repeated the whole of the poem, with only the omission of a few lines. "What do you say to that, Hawkey?" said the Doctor. "Only this," replied the other, "that I shall never repeat any thing I write before you again; for you have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world." I have now the poem before me, and I find it contains no less than sixty-eight lines.

601. *Projected Dictionary of Commerce.*

Soon after the publication of the English Dictionary, Johnson made a proposal to a number of booksellers, convened for that purpose, of writing a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. This proposal went round the

room without any answer, when a well-known son of the trade, remarkable for the abruptness of his manners, replied, "Why, Doctor, what the devil do you know of trade and commerce?" The Doctor very modestly answered, "Why, Sir, not much, I must confess, in the practical line; but I believe I could glean, from different authors of authority on the subject, such materials as would answer the purpose very well."

602. *Johnson's powerful Memory.*

It is not the readiness with which Johnson applied to different authors, that proves so much the greatness of his memory, as the extent to which he could carry his recollection upon occasions. I remember one day, in a conversation upon the miseries of old age, a gentleman in company observed, he always thought Juvenal's description of them to be rather too highly coloured. Upon which the Doctor replied, "No, Sir, I believe not; they may not all belong to an individual, but they are collectively true of old age." Then rolling about his head, as if snuffing up his recollection, he suddenly broke out —

"Ille humero, hic lumbis," &c.

down to

"Et nigrâ veste senescant."

603. *Emigration from Scotland.*

The emigration of the Scotch to London being a conversation between the Doctor and Foote, the latter said he believed the number of Scotch in London were as great in the former as the present reign. "No, Sir!" said the Doctor, "you are certainly wrong in your belief: but I see how you're deceived; you can't distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come here *breeched* of late years."

604. *Mr. Thrale.*

"Pray, Doctor," said a gentleman to him, "is Mr. Thrale a man of conversation, or is he only wise and silent?" "Why, Sir, his conversation does not show the *minute* hand; but he strikes the hour very correctly."

605. *Scotch Gooseberries.*

On Johnson's return from Scotland, a particular friend of his was saying, that now he had had a view of the country, he was in hopes it would cure him of many prejudices against that nation, particularly in respect to the fruits. "Why, yes, Sir," said the Doctor; "I have found out that gooseberries will grow there against a south wall; but the skins are so tough, that it is death to the man who swallows one of them."

606. *Hunting.*

Being asked his opinion of hunting, he said, "It was the labour of the savages of North America, but the amusement of the gentlemen of England."

607. *Mrs. Thrale's Marriage with Piozzi.*

When Johnson was told of Mrs. Thrale's marriage with Piozzi, the Italian singer, he was dumb with surprise for some moments; at last, recovering himself, he exclaimed with great emotion, "Varium et mutabile semper fœmina!"

608. *Johnson's Dying Advice.*

Johnson was, in every sense of the word, a true and sincere believer of the Christian religion. Nor did he content himself with a silent belief of those great mysteries by which our salvation is principally effected, but by a pious and punctual discharge of all its duties and cere-

monies. His last advice to his friends was upon this subject, and, like a second Socrates, though under sentence of death from his infirmities, their eternal welfare was his principal theme. To some he enjoined it with tears in his eyes, reminding them, "it was the dying request of a friend, who had no other way of paying the large obligations he owed them but by this advice." Others he pressed with arguments, setting before them, from the example of all religions, that sacrifices for sins were practised in all ages, and hence enforcing the belief of the Son of God sacrificing himself "to be a propitiation, not only for our sins, but also for the sins of the whole world."

609. *Johnson's Colloquial Eloquence.* (1)

Johnson spoke as he wrote. He would take up a topic, and utter upon it a number of the "Rambler." On a question, one day, at Miss Porter's, concerning the authority of a newspaper for some fact, he related, that a lady of his acquaintance implicitly believed every thing she read in the papers; and that, by way of curing her credulity, he fabricated a story of a battle between the Russians and Turks, then at war; and "that it might," he said, "bear internal evidence of its futility, I laid the scene in an island at the conflux of the Boristhenes and the Danube; rivers which run at the distance of a hundred leagues from each other. The lady, however, believed the story, and never forgave the deception; the consequence of which was, that I lost an agreeable companion, and she was deprived of an innocent amusement." And he added, as an extraordinary circumstance, that the Russian ambassador sent in great haste to the printer to know from

(1) [Communicated to Dr. Robert Anderson by Sir Brooke Boothby; who frequently enjoyed the company of Johnson at Lichfield and Ashbourne.]

whence he had received the intelligence. Another time, at Dr. Taylor's, a few days after the death of the wife of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Bradley, a woman of extraordinary sense, he described the eccentricities of the man and the woman, with a nicety of discrimination, and a force of language, equal to the best of his periodical essays.

610. *Assertion and Argument.*(1)

In Boswell's Life of Johnson (2) mention is made of an observation of his respecting the manner in which argument ought to be rated. As Mr. Boswell has not recorded this with his usual precision, and as I was present at Mr. Hoole's at the time mentioned by Mr. Boswell, I shall here insert what passed, of which I have a perfect recollection. Mention having been made that counsel were to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons, one of the company at Mr. Hoole's asked Sir James Johnston if he intended to be present. He answered, that he believed he should not, because he paid little regard to the arguments of counsel at the bar of the House of Commons. "Wherefore do you pay little regard to their arguments, Sir?" said Dr. Johnson. "Because," replied Sir James, "they argue for their fee." "What is it to you, Sir," rejoined Dr. Johnson, "what they argue for? you have nothing to do with their motive, but you ought to weigh their argument. Sir, you seem to confound argument with assertion, but there is an essential distinction between them. Assertion is like an arrow shot from a long bow; the force with which it strikes depends on the strength of the arm that draws it. But argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force whether shot by a boy or a giant."

(1) [From Dr. John Moore's Life of Smollett.]
(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 281.]

The whole company was struck with the aptness and beauty of this illustration; and one of them said, "That is, indeed, one of the most just and admirable illustrations that I ever heard in my life." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the illustration is none of mine — you will find it in Bacon."

611. *Uttoxeter.* — *Expiatory Penance.* (1)

During the last visit which the Doctor made to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast-table. On inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper-hour, the door opened, and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner: "Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, Madam,

(1) [From Warner's "Tour through the Northern Counties of England," published in 1802. See *ante*, Vol. VIII. p. 378.]

my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a postchaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy toward my father."

612. *Nollekens's Bust of Johnson.* (1)

When Dr. Johnson sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair; which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favourable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street door, a vulgarity he was addicted to, peevishly whined, "Now, Doctor, you did say you would give my bust half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time." To which the Doctor's reply was, "Bow, wow, wow." The bust is a wonderfully fine one, and very like; but certainly the sort of hair is objectionable; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavier, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling; stating, that he could have made more by begging.

613. *Johnson and Mrs. Thrale in Nollekens's Studio.*

Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens's studio, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, to see the bust of Lord

(1) [This and the two following are from "Nollekens and his Times, by John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum." 8vo, 1828.]

Mansfield, when the sculptor vociferated, "I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it 's for Thrale, a brewer over the water: his wife 's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stocking people." "Nolly, Nolly," observed the Doctor, "I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue-bag." At which Mrs. Thrale smiled, and whispered to the Doctor, "My dear Sir, you 'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block."

614. *Johnson's Silver Tea-pot.*

I was one morning agreeably surprised by a letter which Mrs. Maria Cosway put into my hand, written by W. Hoper, Esq., giving me permission to make a drawing of Dr. Johnson's silver tea-pot in his possession. Upon the side of this tea-pot the following inscription is engraven: "We are told by Lucian, that the earthen lamp, which had administered to the lucubrations of Epictetus, was at his death purchased for the enormous sum of three thousand drachmas: why, then, may not imagination equally amplify the value of this unadorned vessel, long employed for the infusion of that favourite herb, whose enlivening virtues are said to have so often protracted the elegant and edifying lucubrations of Samuel Johnson; the zealous advocate of that innocent beverage, against its declared enemy, Jonas Hanway? It was weighed out for sale, under the inspection of Sir John Hawkins, at the very minute when they were in the next room closing the incision through which Mr. Cruickshank had explored the ruined machinery of its dead master's thorax. So Bray (the silversmith, conveyed there in Sir John's carriage, thus hastily to buy the plate,) informed its present possessor, Henry Constantine Nowell; by whom it was, for its celebrated services, on the 1st of November, 1788, rescued from the indiscriminating obliterations of the furnace."

615. *Johnson's Watch, and Punch-bowl.*

The ensuing is an answer to one of my interrogatory epistles. It is from my friend, the Rev. Hugh Pailye, canon of Lichfield: — "I certainly am in possession of Dr. Johnson's watch, which I purchased from his black servant, Francis Barber. His punch-bowl is likewise in my possession, and was purchased by the Rev. Thomas Harwood, the historian of Lichfield. It was bought at Mrs. Harwood's sale, by John Barker Scott Esq., who afterwards presented it to me."

616. *Dialogue at Dilly's, between Mrs. Knowles and Dr. Johnson.*(1)

Mrs. K. Thy friend, Jenny Harry, desires her kind respects to thee, Doctor.

Dr. J. To *me!* Tell me not of her! I hate the odious wench for her apostacy: and it is you, Madam, who have seduced her from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge, indeed. I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Dr. J. (*much disturbed at this unexpected challenge*) *said,* You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and, in the present cause, I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself. — ("Bravo!" *was repeated by the company, and silence ensued.*)

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 142. and 144.; and p. 15. of this volume. "The narrative of Boswell," says Mr. Nichols (*Lit. Illust.*, vol. iv. p. 831.), not proving satisfactory to *Molly Knowles* (as she was familiarly styled), she gave the Dialogue between herself and the sturdy moralist, in her own manner, in the Gent. Mag. vol. lxi. p. 500." In 1805, Mrs. Knowles had it reprinted in a small pamphlet. She died in 1807, at the age of eighty.]

Dr. J. Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss Harry from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had an undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets, whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her *duty* so to do.

Dr. J. Pshaw! pshaw! — An accountable creature! — Girls accountable creatures! It was her duty to remain with the church wherein she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What! not for that which she apprehended to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, hadst thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian *evidence* might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction! and, if so, then let me ask, how would thy *conscience* have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My conscience would not have been answerable.

Mrs. K. Whose, then, would?

Dr. J. Why the *state*, to be sure. In adhering to the religion of the state as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our *duty*.

Mrs. K. A nation, or state, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government, or state, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a nonentity. Now, gentlemen, *can* your imagination body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a state, composed of millions of people? Can you behold it stalking forth

into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct, of its constituent *machines* called men? Surely the teeming brain of Poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage! (*When the laugh occasioned by the personification was subsided, the Doctor very angrily replied,*)

Dr. J. I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, *as* thou seemest to imply, a wench of twenty years be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn Quakers.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of infidels or deists.

Dr. J. Certainly, I do think you little better than deists.

Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research, has not thought it at least *expedient* to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular!

Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason — I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the language of the rabbis of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning

truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology, is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank; a teacher, from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, inquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself, for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every court and university in Christendom! — (*Here the Doctor grew very angry, still more so at the space of time the gentlemen allowed his antagonist wherein to make her defence; and his impatience excited Mr. Boswell himself in a whisper to say,* "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before!")

The Doctor again repeated, that he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave, then, to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee, and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors. — (*To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor grumbled out his assent.*)

Mrs. K. Well, then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called Quakers do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts as recorded in the New Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called the Apostle's Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into hell, and the resurrection of the body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the holy text; there being, from that

ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up in the Creed. And now, Doctor, canst thou still deny to us the honourable title of Christians?

DR. J. Well! I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

MRS. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where pride and prejudice can never enter!

DR. J. Meet *her!* I never desire to meet fools any where. — (*This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh: his spleen was dissipated; he took his coffee, and became, for the remainder of the evening, very cheerful and entertaining.*)

617. *Rebuke to a talkative Lady.* (1)

He was one day in conversation with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take very little notice. "Why, Doctor, I believe you prefer the company of men to that of the ladies." "Madam," replied he, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their *silence.*"

618. *Building without a Scaffold.*

Johnson was much pleased with a French expression made use of by a lady towards a person whose head was confused with a multitude of knowledge, at which he had not arrived in a regular and principled way, — "*Il a bâti sans échafaud,*" — "he has built without his scaffold."

(1) [Anecdotes 617. to 629. were communicated by William Seward, Esq., author of "Biographiana," to Isaac Reed, Esq., for insertion in the European Magazine.]

619. *Love of Literature.*

Dr. Johnson was of opinion that the happiest, as well as the most virtuous, persons were to be found amongst those who united with a business or profession a love of literature.

620. *Marriage — Choice of a Wife.*

He was constantly earnest with his friends, when they had thoughts of marriage, to look out for a religious wife. "A principle of honour or fear of the world," added he, "will many times keep a man in decent order; but when a woman loses her religion, she, in general, loses the only tie that will restrain her actions: Plautus, in his Amphytrio, makes Alcmena say beautifully to her husband, —

"Non ego illam mihi dotem duco esse, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam, et pudorem, et sedatum cupidinem,
Deûm metum, parentûm amorum, et cognatûm concordiam;
Tibi morigera, atque ut munifica sim bonis, prosim probis."

621. "*Tired of London.*"

He was once told that a friend of his, who had long lived in the metropolis, was about to quit it, to retire into the country, as being tired of London: "Say rather, Sir," said Johnson, "that he is tired of life."

622. *Grammar, Writing, and Arithmetic.*

Dr. Johnson was extremely adverse to the present foppish mode of educating children, so as to make them what foolish mothers call "elegant young men." He said to some lady who asked him what she should teach her son in early life, "Madam, to read, to write, to count; grammar, writing, and arithmetic; three things which, if not taught in very early life, are seldom or ever

taught to any purpose, and without the knowledge of which no superstructure of learning or of knowledge can be built."

623. *Hartley on Man.*

Dr. Johnson one day observing a friend of his packing up the two volumes of "Observations on Man," written by this great and good man, to take into the country, said, "Sir, you do right to take Dr. Hartley with you." Dr. Priestley said of him, "that he had learned more from Hartley, than from any book he had ever read, except the Bible."

624. *Love of Change.*

The Doctor used to say that he once knew a man of so vagabond a disposition, that he even wished, for the sake of change of place, to go to the West Indies. He set off on this expedition, and the Doctor saw him in town four months afterwards. Upon asking him, why he had not put his plan in execution, he replied, "I have returned these ten days from the West Indies. The sight of slavery was so horrid to me, that I could only stay two days in one of the islands." This man, who had once been a man of literature, and a private tutor to some young men of consequence, became so extremely torpid and careless in point of further information, that the Doctor, when he called upon him one day, and asked him to lend him a book, was told by him, that he had not one in the house.

625. *Secrecy.*

An ancient had long ago said, "All secrecy is an evil." Johnson, in his strong manner, said, "Nothing ends more fatally than mysteriousness in trifles: indeed, it commonly ends in guilt; for those who begin by concealment of innocent things will soon have something to hide which they dare not bring to light."

626. *Rochefoucault.*

Johnson used to say of the Duc de Rochefoucault, that he was one of the few *gentlemen* writers, of whom authors by *profession* had occasion to be afraid.

627. *Investment of Money.*

A friend of Johnson, an indolent man, succeeding to a moderate sum of money on the death of his father, asked the Doctor how he should lay it out. "Half on mortgage," said he, "and half in the funds: you, have then," continued he, "the two best securities for it that your country can afford. Take care, however. of the character of the person to whom you lend it on mortgage; see that he is a man of exactness and regularity, and lives within his income. The money in the funds you are sure of at every emergency; it is always at hand, and may be resorted to on every occasion."

628. *Book and Author.*

The opinion which Johnson one day expressed to Miss Cotterell, that "the best part of every author is generally to be found in his book," he has thus dilated, and illustrated by one of the most appropriate similes in the English language: — "A transition from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city after a distant prospect: remotely, we see nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but when we have passed the gates we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke."

629. *The Eucharist.*

The learned and excellent Charles Cole having once mentioned to him a book lately published on the Sacrament, he replied "Sir, I look upon the sacrament

as the palladium of our religion: I hope that no profane hands will venture to touch it."

630. *"Life of Lord Lyttelton."* — *Mr. Pepys.* (1)

I have within these few days received the following paragraph in a letter from a friend of mine in Ireland: — "Johnson's Characters of some Poets breathe such inconsistency, such absurdity, and such want of taste and feeling, that it is the opinion of the *Count of Narbonne* (2), Sir N. Barry, and myself, that Mrs. Montagu should expose him in a short publication. He deserves it almost as much as Voltaire — if not, *Lytteltoni gratiâ*, do it yourself." I met him some time ago at Streatham (3), and such a day did we pass in disputation upon the life of our dear friend Lord Lyttelton, as I trust it will never be my fate to pass again! The moment the cloth was removed he challenged me to *come out* (as he called it), and say what I had to object to his Life of Lord Lyttelton. This, you see, was a call which, however, disagreeable to myself and the rest of the company, I could not but obey, and so *to it we went* for three or four hours without ceasing. He once observed, that it was the *duty* of a biographer to state all the *failings* of a respectable character. I never

(1) From a Letter from Mr. Pepys to Mrs. Montagu, in the Montagu MSS., dated August 4. 1781. It shows how very violently, and on what slight grounds, the friends of Lord Lyttelton resisted Johnson's treatment of him. Now that personal feelings have subsided, the readers of the Life will wonder at Mr. Pepys's extravagant indignation; and we have already seen (*antè*, Vol. VII. p. 334. and Vol. VIII. p. 28.), that Johnson cared so little about the matter, that he was willing that the Life should have been written for him, by one of Lord Lyttelton's friends. — C.

(2) Robert Jephson, Esq., author of "*Braganza*," and the "*Count de Narbonne.*" — see *antè*, Vol. III. p. 90., where there seems reason to believe that Johnson and Mr. Jephson were no great friends. He died in 1803. — C.

(3) [See *antè*, Vol. IX. p. 49.]

longed to do any thing so much as to assume his own principle, and go into a *detail* which I could suppose *his* biographer might, in some future time, think necessary; but I contented myself with *generals*. He took great credit for not having mentioned the *coarseness of Lord Lyttelton's manners*. I told him, that if he would insert *that* (1) in the next edition, I would excuse him all the rest. We shook hands, however, at parting; which put me much in mind of the parting between Jaques and Orlando — 'God be with you; let us meet as *seldom* as we can.' 'Fare you well; I hope we shall be better strangers.' (2) We have not met again till last Tuesday, and then I must do him the justice to say, that he did all in his power to show me that he was sorry for the former attack. But what hurts me all this while is, not that Johnson should go unpunished, but that our dear and respectable friend should go down to posterity with that artful and studied contempt thrown upon his character which he so little deserved, and that a man who (notwithstanding the little foibles he might have) was in my opinion one of the most exalted patterns of virtue, liberality, and benevolence, not to mention the high rank which he held in literature, should be handed down to succeeding generations under the appellation of *poor Lyttelton!* This, I must own, vexes and disquiets me whenever I

(1) On the principle —

"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes" —

Pepys thought, justly enough, that a charge of *coarseness of manners* made by Johnson against Lord Lyttelton would be so ridiculous as to defeat all the rest of his censure. — C.

(2) ["Now," says Dr. Johnson, the moment he was gone, "is Pepys gone home hating me, who love him better than I did before: he spoke in defence of his dead friend; but though I hope *I* spoke better who spoke against him, yet all my eloquence will gain me nothing but an honest man for my enemy." — Piozzi, see *antè*, Vol. IX. p. 49.]

think of it; and had I the command of half your powers, tempered as they are with that true moderation and justice, he should not sleep within his silent grave, I do not say unrevenged (because that is not what I wish) but unvindicated, and unrescued from that contempt which has been so industriously and so injuriously thrown upon him."

631. *Blue Stocking Parties.*(1)

Nothing could be more agreeable, nor indeed more instructive, than these parties. Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle, to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one to his own distress, and the stupefying of his audience; no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groups, perpetually varying and changing. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. There was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety: and while perhaps Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another, two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the Opera; and in a third, Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation. Now and then perhaps Mrs. Vesey might call the attention of the company in general to some circumstance of news, politics, or literature, of peculiar importance; or perhaps to an anecdote, or interesting account of some person known to the company in general. Of this last kind a laughable circumstance occurred about the

(1) [This and the following are from Pennington's "Memoirs of Mrs. Carter."]

year 1778, when Mrs. Carter was confined to her bed with a fever, which was thought to be dangerous. She was attended by her brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas, then a physician in Town, and he was in the habit of sending bulletins of the state of her health to her most intimate friends, with many of whom he was well acquainted himself. At one of Mrs. Vesey's parties a note was brought to her, which she immediately saw was from Dr. Douglas. "Oh!" said she, before she opened it, "this contains an account of our dear Mrs. Carter. We are all interested in her health: Dr. Johnson, pray read it out for the information of the company." There was a profound silence; and the Doctor, with the utmost gravity, read aloud the physician's report of the happy effect which Mrs. Carter's medicines had produced, with a full and complete account of the circumstances attending them.

632. *Mrs. Carter on Johnson's Death.*

I see by the papers (says Mrs. Carter, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu), that Dr. Johnson is dead. In extent of learning, and exquisite purity of moral writing, he has left no superior, and I fear very few equals. His virtues and his piety were founded on the steadiest of Christian principles and faith. His faults, I firmly believe, arose from the irritations of a most suffering state of nervous constitution, which scarcely ever allowed him a moment's ease. You wonder "that an undoubted believer and a man of piety should be afraid of death;" but it is such characters who have ever the deepest sense of their imperfections and deviations from the rule of duty, of which the very best must be conscious; and such a temper of mind as is struck with awe and humility at the prospect of the last solemn sentence appears much better suited to the wretched deficiencies of the best human performances than the thoughtless security that rushes undisturbed into eternity. — To

this passage the editor of Mrs. Carter's Letters subjoins: — "Mrs. Carter informed the editor, that in one of the last conversations which she had with this eminent moralist, she told him that she had never known him say any thing contrary to the principles of the Christian religion. He seized her hand with great emotion, exclaiming, 'You know this, and bear witness to it when I am gone!'"

633. *Johnson and Coxe.* (1)

When I was last (says Lord Chedworth) in town I dined in company with the eminent Mr. C. (2), of whom I did not form a high opinion. He asserted, that Dr. Johnson originally intended to abuse "Paradise Lost," but being informed that the nation would not bear it, he produced the critique which now stands in the "Life of Milton," and which he admitted to be excellent. I contended that Dr. Johnson had there expressed his real opinion, which no man was less afraid of delivering than Dr. Johnson; that the critique was written *con amore;* and that the work was praised with such a glow of fondness, and the grounds of that praise were so fully and satisfactorily unfolded, that it was impossible Dr. Johnson should not have felt the value of the work, which he had so liberally and rationally commended. It came out afterwards that Dr. Johnson had disgusted Mr. C. He had supped at Thrale's one night, when he sat near the upper end of the table, and Dr. Johnson near the lower end; and having related a long story which had very much delighted the company, in the pleasure resulting from which relation Dr. Johnson had not (from

(1) [From Lord Chedworth's Letters to the Rev. Mr. Crompton.]

(2) Mr. Crompton informs me, that this was the Rev. William Coxe, who had recently published his travels. — C.

his deafness and the distance at which he sat) participated, Mrs. Thrale desired him to retell it to the Doctor. C. complied, and going down to the bottom of the table, bawled it over again in Dr. Johnson's ear: when he had finished, Johnson replied, "So, Sir, and this you relate as a good thing:" at which C. fired. He added to us, "Now, it was a good thing, *because* it was about the King of Poland." Of the value of the story, as he did not relate it, I cannot judge; but I am sure you will concur with me that it was not therefore necessarily a good thing because it was about a king. I think Johnson's behaviour was indefeasibly rude; but, from the sample I had of C.'s conversation, I am led to suspect that Johnson's censure was not unfounded.

634. *Biography.* (1)

Mr. Fowke's (2) conversation was sprightly and entertaining, highly seasoned with anecdotes, many of which related to his great and venerable friend Dr. Johnson; among these, he was accustomed to relate the following: — Mr. Fowke once observed to Dr. Johnson, that, in his opinion, the Doctor's strength lay in writing biography, in which line of composition he infinitely exceeded all his competitors. "Sir," said Johnson, "I believe that is true. The dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity."

635. *Colley Cibber.*

Speaking of the difficulty of getting information for the "Lives of the Poets," he said, that when he was young, and wanted to write the "Life of Dryden," he desired to be introduced to Colley Cibber, from whom

(1) [Nos. 634. and 635. are from "Original Letters; edited by R. Warner, of Bath, 1803."]

(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VI. pp. 136. and 140., and *post*, p. 254.]

he expected to procure many valuable materials for his purpose. "So, Sir," said Johnson to Cibber, "I find you know Mr. Dryden?" "Know him? O Lord! I was as well acquainted with him as if he had been my own brother." "Then you can tell me some anecdotes of him?" "O yes, a thousand! Why, we used to meet him continually at a club at Button's. I remember as well as if it were but yesterday, that when he came into the room in winter time, he used to go and sit close by the fire in one corner; and that in summer time he would always go and sit in the window." "Thus, Sir," said Johnson, "what with the corner of the fire in winter, and the window in summer, you see that I got *much* information from Cibber, of the manners and habits of Dryden." (1)

636. *Family Prayers.* (2)

During Dr. Johnson's visit to Oxford in June, 1784, his friend Dr. Adams expressed an earnest wish that he would compose some family prayers; upon which Johnson replied: "I will not compose prayers for you, Sir, because you can do it for yourself; but I have thought of getting together all the books of prayers which I could, selecting those which should appear to me the best, putting out some, inserting others, adding some prayers of my own, and prefixing a discourse on Prayer." (3) By the following MS., Dr. Johnson appears to have put to paper some preparatory notes on this subject: —

"PRECES

—— Against the incursion of evil thoughts.
—— Repentance and pardon. — *Laud.*

(1) [For Boswell's version of this story, see *antè*, Vol. VI. p. 293.]
(2) [From the Anderdon MSS.]
(3) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 296.]

—— In disease.

—— On the loss of friends — by death; by his own fault or friend's.

—— On the unexpected notice of the death of others.

Prayer generally recommendatory;

To understand their prayers;

Under dread of death;

Prayer commonly considered as a stated and temporary duty — performed and forgotten — without any effect on the following day.

Prayer — a vow. — *Taylor.*

SCEPTICISM CAUSED BY

1. Indifference about opinions.
2. Supposition that things disputed are disputable.
3. Demand of unsuitable evidence.
4. False judgment of evidence.
5. Complaint of the obscurity of Scripture.
6. Contempt of fathers and of authority.
7. Absurd method of learning objections first.
8. Study not for truth but vanity.
9. Sensuality and a vicious life.
10. False honour, false shame.
11. Omission of prayer and religious exercises. — *Oct.* 31. 1784."

637. *Burke and Johnson.* (1)

In the vicissitudes of twenty-seven years, no estrangement occurred to interrupt their mutual admiration and regard. Burke followed Johnson to the grave as a mourner; and in contemplating his character, applied to it a fine passage from Cicero, which might equally suit his own: — *Intentum enim animum quasi arcum habebat, nec languescens succumbebat senectuti.* When some one censured Johnson's general rudeness in society, he replied with equal consideration and truth, "It is well, when a man comes to die, if he has nothing worse to accuse himself of than some harshness in conversation."

(1) [From "Prior's Life of Burke."]

638. *Savage.—Boswell.* (1)

"Savage," said Dr. Adam Smith, "was but a worthless fellow; his pension of fifty pounds never lasted him above a few days. As a sample of his economy, you may take a circumstance that Johnson himself told me. It was, at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks trimmed with gold lace: the Doctor met him one day, just after he had received his pension, with one of these cloaks upon his back, while, at the same time, his naked toes were peeping through his shoes."—"Boswell was my relative by his mother, who was a daughter of Colonel Erskine, of the Alva family, descended from our common ancestor, John Earl of Marr, governor to Henry Prince of Wales, and Lord Treasurer of Scotland. In consequence of a letter he wrote me I desired him to call at Mr. Pitt's, and took care to be with him when he was introduced. Mr. Pitt was then in the Duke of Grafton's house in Great Bond Street. Boswell came in the Corsican dress and presented a letter from Paoli. Lord Chatham smiled, but received him very graciously in his pompous manner. Boswell had genius, but wanted ballast to counteract his whim. He preferred being a showman to keeping a shop of his own." (Endorsed on a letter from Boswell to Lord Buchan, dated Jan. 5. 1767.)

639. *"A respectable Man."* (2)

Mr. Barclay, from his connection with Mr. Thrale, had several opportunities of meeting and conversing with Dr. Johnson. On his becoming a partner in the

(1) [From the Buchan MSS., in the possession of Mr. Upcott.]

(2) [This and the two following were communicated to Mr. Markland, by Robert Barclay, Esq., of Bury Hill, Dorking. This excellent man died in 1831.]

brewery, Johnson advised him not to allow his commercial pursuits to divert his attention from his studies. "A mere literary man," said the Doctor, "is a *dull* man; a man who is solely a man of business is a *selfish* man; but when literature and commerce are united, they make a *respectable* man." (1)

640. *Johnson at Mr. Thrale's.*

Mr. Barclay had never observed any rudeness or violence on the part of Johnson. He has seen Boswell lay down his knife and fork, and take out his tablets, in order to register a good anecdote. When Johnson proceeded to the dining-room, one of Mr. Thrale's servants handed him a wig of a smarter description than the one he wore in the morning; the exchange took place in the hall, or passage. Johnson, like many other men, was always in much better humour *after* dinner than *before*.

641. "*An old Man's Blessing.*"

Mr. Barclay saw Johnson ten days before he died, when the latter observed, "That they should never meet more. Have you any objection to receive an old man's blessing?" Mr. Barclay knelt down, and Johnson gave him his blessing with great fervency.

642. "*Honest Whigs.*"

The following scrap is picked out of Cole's voluminous collections in the British Museum. It appears in the shape of a note to his transcript of a Tour through England, in 1735, written by John Whaley, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Mr. Whaley says: "October 3., being the day of swearing in the

(1) [This advice will be found to accord pretty closely with Johnson's epitaph on Mr. Thrale: — "Domi inter mille mercaturæ negotia, literarum elegantiam minime neglexit." — MARKLAND.]

mayor of Shrewsbury, we were invited by Sir Richard Corbet, the new mayor, to dinner; which we did with much pleasure, as finding a large collection of *honest Whigs* met together in Shropshire." Cole writes on this: — "A very extraordinary meeting truly! I was told by Mr. Farmer, the present master of Emanuel College, that he, being in London last year [1774] with Mr. Arnold, tutor in St. John's College, was desired to introduce the latter, who had been bred a Whig, to the acquaintance of the very learned and sensible Dr. Samuel Johnson. They had not been long together, before (the conversation leading to it) the Doctor, addressing himself to Mr. Arnold, said, "Sir! you are a young man, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and take it upon my word and experience, that where you see a Whig, you see a rascal!" Mr. Farmer said, he was startled, and rather uneasy, that the Doctor had expressed himself so bluntly, and was apprehensive that Mr. Arnold might be shocked and take it ill. But they laughed it off, and were very good company. I have lived all my life among this faction, and am in general much disposed to subscribe to the Doctor's opinion. Whatever this honest collection of Salopian Whigs may have been on the whole, I am as well satisfied, as of any thing I know, that there was one *rascal, duly and truly,* in the company.— *W. Cole,* June 26. 1775."

643. *Johnson and Foote.* (1)

Johnson and Foote, though both men of wit and strong sense, showed these qualities in different ways. The first was grave and sarcastical; the other was the meteor of the moment, who possessed every species of wit and humour, and could command them at will. Johnson never condescended to be the buffoon, and was

(1) [This and the two following are from Cooke's "Life of Foote," 3 vols. 12mo. 1805.]

not always ready at retort. Foote never failed; and rather than be *out of laugh*, could put on the motley coat with pleasure, and strut in it with as much pride as in his most refined sallies of conversation. This contrariety of talent and inclinations kept these two geniuses from a personal acquaintance for a long time, though they perfectly understood each other's character, and associated occasionally with the common friends of both.

644. *Johnson's Recitation of Poetry.*

Dr. Johnson read serious and sublime poetry with great gravity and feeling. In the recital of prayers and religious poems he was awfully impressive, and his memory served him upon those occasions with great readiness. One night at the club, a person quoting the nineteenth psalm, the Doctor caught fire; and, instantly taking off his hat, began with great solemnity,—

"The spacious firmament on high," &c.

and went through that beautiful hymn. Those who were acquainted with the Doctor, knew how harsh his features in general were; but, upon this occasion, tc use the language of Scripture, "his face was almost as if it had been the face of an angel."

645. *Johnson in Garrick's Library.*

On Garrick's showing Johnson a magnificent library full of books in most elegant bindings, the Doctor began running over the volumes in his usual rough and negligent manner; which was, by opening the book so wide as almost to break the back of it, and then flung them down one by one on the floor with contempt. "Zounds," said Garrick, "why, what are you about? you'll spoil all my books." "No, Sir," replied Johnson, "I have done nothing but treat a pack of *silly plays* in fops' dresses just as they deserve; but I see no *books*."

646. *Johnson at Langton in* 1764. (1)

In early life (says Mr. Best) I knew Bennet Langton, *of that ilk*, as the Scotch say. With great personal claims to the respect of the public, he is known to that public chiefly as a friend of Johnson. He was a very tall, meagre, long-visaged man, much resembling a stork standing on one leg, near the shore, in Raphael's cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes. His manners were in the highest degree polished; his conversation mild, equable, and always pleasing. I formed an intimacy with his son, and went to pay him a visit at Langton. After breakfast we walked to the top of a very steep hill behind the house. When we arrived at the summit, Mr. Langton said, "Poor, dear Dr. Johnson, when he came to this spot, turned to look down the hill, and said he was determined 'to take a roll down.' When we understood what he meant to do, we endeavoured to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying, 'he had not had a roll for a long time;' and taking out of his lesser pockets whatever might be in them — keys, pencil, purse, or pen-knife, and laying himself parallel with the edge of the hill, he actually descended, turning himself over and over till he came to the bottom." The story was told with such gravity, and with an air of such affectionate remembrance of a departed friend, that it was impossible to suppose this extraordinary freak of the great lexicographer to have been a fiction or invention of Mr. Langton. (2)

647. *Dr. Dodd.* (3)

Miss Seward, her father (the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, &c.), the Rev. R. G. Robinson of Lichfield

(1) [From "Personal and Literary Memorials," 8vo. 1829.]

(2) [Johnson at the time of his visit to Langton was in his fifty-fifth year.]

(3) [This and the following have been communicated by the Rev. Hastings Robinson, Rector of Great Worley, Essex.]

and Dr. Johnson, were passing the day at the palace at Lichfield, of which Mr. Seward was the occupier. The conversation turned upon Dr. Dodd, who had been recently executed for forgery. (1) It proceeded as follows. MISS SEWARD. "I think, Dr. Johnson, you applied to see Mr. Jenkinson in his behalf." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Madam; I knew it was a man having no interest, writing to a man who had no interest; but I thought with myself, when Dr. Dodd comes to the place of execution, he may say, 'Had Dr. Johnson written in my behalf, I had not been here, and (*with great emphasis*) I could not bear the thought!" (2) MISS SEWARD. "But, Dr. Johnson, would *you* have pardoned Dr. Dodd?" JOHNSON. "Madam, had I been placed at the head of the legislature, I should certainly have signed his death-warrant; though no law, either human or divine, forbids our deprecating punishment, either from ourselves or others."

648. "*Heerd or Hard?*"

In one of his visits to Lichfield, Dr. Johnson called upon Mrs. Gastrell of Stowe, near that city. She opened the Prayer-book, and pointed out a passage, with the wish that he would read it. He began, "We have heard (*hĕĕrd*) with our ears"— she stopped him, saying, "Thank you, Doctor! you have read all I wish. I merely wanted to know whether you pronounced that word heerd or hard." "Madam," he replied, "heard" is nonsense; there is but one word of that sound (*hard*) in the language."

(1) [Dr. Dodd was executed June 27. 1777; and Dr. Johnson left town for Lichfield on the latter end of the following month.]

(2) [For Dr. Johnson's letter to the Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, see *antè*, Vol. VI. p. 282.]

649. *Johnson's Willow.* (1)

This remarkable tree has been long distinguished as a favourite object of Dr. Johnson, and which he never failed to examine, whenever, after his settlement in the metropolis, he revisited his native city. The great size it had attained at that period, and its delightful situation between the cathedral and the beautiful vale of Stowe, rendered it likely to attract notice; and, from the attachment shown to it by the Doctor, it has ever since been regarded as little inferior in celebrity to Shakspeare's Mulberry, or the Boscobel Oak, and specimens of its wood have been worked into vases and other ornaments. In 1815, a great portion of the tree gave way, and since then several very large boughs have fallen. The Doctor once took an admeasurement of the tree with a piece of string, assisted by a little boy, to whom he gave half a crown for his trouble. The dimensions of the willow in 1781, when in its most flourishing condition, taken by Dr. Trevor Jones, and communicated in a letter to Dr. Johnson, are as follows: —"The trunk rises to the height of twelve feet eight inches, and is then divided into fifteen large ascending branches, which, in very numerous and crowded subdivisions, spread at the top in a circular form, not unlike the appearance of a shady oak, inclining a little towards the east. The circumference of the trunk at the bottom is sixteen feet, in the middle eleven feet, and at the top, immediately below the branches, thirteen feet. The entire height of the tree is forty-nine feet, overshadowing a plain not far short of four thousand feet." (2)

(1) [Nos. 649—655, are from the Gentleman's Magazine.]

(2) [For a drawing of this willow, see Shaw's Staffordshire, and Gent. Mag. Vol. LV.]

650. *Citations from Garrick.*

Boswell relates (says a correspondent), that Garrick being asked by Johnson what people said of his Dictionary, told him, that among other animadversions, it was objected that he cited the authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work, and mentioned Richardson. "Nay," said Johnson, "I have done worse than that; I have cited thee, David." This anecdote induced me to turn over the leaves of his Dictionary, that I might note the citations from each writer. Two only I found from Garrick, viz.

> "Our bard's a *fabulist*, and deals in fiction.
>
> "I know you all expect, from seeing me,
> Some formal lecture, spoke with *prudish* face."

The quotations from Richardson are at least eighty in number; almost all from his Clarissa.

651. *Johnsonian Words.*

In Kett's "Elements of General Knowledge," I read (says another correspondent) as follows:—"Our literature, indeed, dates a new era from the publication of Johnson's Works: many of his words are rarely to be met with in former writers, and some are purely of his own fabrication. Note,—'Resuscitation, orbity, volant, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, narcotic, vulnirary, empireumatic, obtund, disruption, sensory, cremation, horticulture, germination, decussation, eximious,' &c. If these words be not peculiarly Johnson's, I know not where they are to be found!" Now, upon turning over Johnson's Dictionary, I find all the above words occur in Pope, Bacon, Wilkins, Milton, Arbuthnot, Grew, Quincy, Wiseman, Harvey, Woodward, Newton, Glanville, and Ray; except *horticulture*, which may be found in Tusser's Husbandry; *eximious*, in Lodge's Letters; and *cremation*, for which, at present, I have no authority. So much for the research of Mr. Kett!

652. "*Prayers and Meditations.*"

The brightest feature in Johnson's character was the perfect consciousness of his failings. This the Doctor seems to have had in the nicest degree: it always accompanied him, and, joined to his irresolution, embittered many of his days and nights. If the publication of his Prayers and Meditations still wants to be justified, let it be on this score, that they prove Johnson to have been a man whose inward struggles were always directed to overcome habits of which he was painfully conscious; that he did not seek to excuse those failings by the delusions of scepticism or sophistry, but that he prayed, resolved, and earnestly contended against them. What more have the greatest and best men in all ages done, though, perhaps, with better success? ( )

(1) This and the following prayer are not in Mr. Strahan's collection: —

"Easter-day, 15th April, 1759

"Almighty and most merciful Father, look down with pity upon my sins. I am a sinner, good Lord; but let not my sins burthen me for ever. Give me thy grace to break the chain of evil custom. Enable me to shake off idleness and sloth: to will and to do what thou hast commanded, grant me chaste in thoughts, words, and actions; to love and frequent thy worship, to study and understand thy word; to be diligent in my calling, that I may support myself and relieve others.

"Forgive me, O Lord, whatever my mother has suffered by my fault, whatever I have done amiss, and whatever duty I have neglected. Let me not sink into useless dejection; but so sanctify my affliction, O Lord, that I may be converted, and healed; and that, by the help of thy Holy Spirit, I may obtain everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful, I commend unto thy fatherly goodness my father, brother, wife, and mother, beseeching thee to make them happy for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"SCRUPLES.

"O Lord, who wouldst that all men should be saved, and who knowest that without thy grace we can do nothing acceptable to thee, have mercy upon me. Enable me to break the chain of my sins, to reject sensuality in thought, and to overcome and suppress vain scruples; and to use such diligence in lawful employment as may enable me to support myself and do good to others. O Lord, forgive me the time lost in idleness; pardon the sins which I have committed, and grant that I may redeem the time misspent, and be reconciled to thee by true repentance, that I may live and die in peace, and be received to everlasting happiness. Take not from me, O Lord, thy Holy Spirit, but let me have support and comfort for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"Transc. June 26. 1768. Of this prayer there is no date, nor can I conjecture when it was composed."

653. "*Ocean.*"

A gentleman once told Dr. Johnson, that a friend of his, looking into the Dictionary which the Doctor had lately published, could not find the word *ocean*. "Not find ocean!" exclaimed our Lexicographer; "Sir, I doubt the veracity of your information!" He instantly stalked into his library; and, opening the work in question with the utmost impatience, at last triumphantly put his finger upon the subject of research, adding, "There, Sir; there is *ocean!*" The gentleman was preparing to apologise for the mistake; but Dr. Johnson good-naturedly dismissed the subject, with "Never mind it, Sir; perhaps your friend spells *ocean* with an *s*."

654. *Johnson's "Limæ labor."*

[From Alexander Chalmers' Historical and Biographical Preface to The Rambler: British Essayists, vol. xvii.]

The general opinion entertained by Dr. Johnson's friends was, that he wrote as correctly and elegantly in haste, and under various obstructions of person and situation, as other men can, who have health, and ease, and leisure for the *limæ labor*. Mr. Boswell says, with great truth, that "posterity will be astonished when they are told, upon the authority of Johnson himself, that many of these discourses, which we should suppose had been laboured with all the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste as the moment pressed, without even being read over by him before they were printed." And Sir John Hawkins informs us, that these essays hardly ever underwent a revision before they were sent to the press; and adds, "the original manuscripts of the 'Rambler' have passed through my hands, and by the perusal of them I am warranted to say, as was said of Shakspeare by the players of his time, that he *never blotted a line*, and I believe without

the risk of that retort which Ben Jonson made to them, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand!'"

Such are the opinions of those friends of Dr. Johnson who had long lived in his society, had studied his writings, and were eager to give to the public every information by which its curiosity to know the history of so eminent a character might be gratified. But by what fatality it has happened, that they were ignorant of the vast labour Dr. Johnson employed in correcting this work after it came from the first press, it is not easy to determine. This circumstance indeed might not fall within the scope of Mr. Murphy's elegant essay; but had it been known to Sir John Hawkins or to Mr. Boswell, they would undoubtedly have been eager to bring it forward as a prominent part of Dr. Johnson's literary history. Mr. Boswell has given us some various readings of the "Lives of the Poets;" and the reader will probably agree with him, that although the author's "amendments in that work are for the better, there is nothing of the *pannus assutus*: the texture is uniform, and indeed what had been there at first is very seldom unfit to have remained." (1) At the conclusion of these various readings he offers an apology, of which I may be permitted to avail myself: "Should it be objected, that many of my various readings are inconsiderable, those who make the objection will be pleased to consider that such small particulars are intended for those who are nicely critical in composition, to whom they will be an acceptable collection."

Is it not surprising, that this friend and companion

(1) These were the alterations made by the author in the manuscript, or in the proof before publication for the *second* edition. Mr. Boswell does not seem to have known that Dr. Johnson made so many alterations for the *third edition*, as to induce Mr. Nichols to collect them in an octavo pamphlet of three sheets closely printed, which was given to the purchasers of the second *octavo* edition. — CHALMERS.

of our illustrious author, who has obliged the public with the most perfect delineation ever exhibited of any human being, and who declared so often that he was determined

> "To lose no drop of that immortal man;"

that one so inquisitive after the most trifling circumstance connected with Dr. Johnson's character or history, should have never heard or discovered, that Dr. Johnson almost re-wrote the "Rambler" after the first folio edition? Yet the fact was, that he employed the *limæ laborem* not only on the second, but on the third edition, to an extent, I presume, never known in the annals of literature, and may be said to have carried Horace's rule far beyond either its letter or spirit:

> "Vos O
> ———— carmen reprehendite, quod non
> Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
> Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

> "Never the verse approve, and hold as good,
> Till many a day and many a blot has wrought
> The polish'd work, and chasten'd ev'ry thought,
> By tenfold labour to perfection brought." *

The alterations made by Dr. Johnson in the second and third editions of the "Rambler" far exceed *six thousand;* a number which may perhaps justify the use of the word *re-wrote,* although it must not be taken in its literal acceptation. If it be asked, of what nature are these alterations, or why that was altered which the world thought perfect, the author may be allowed to answer for himself. Notwithstanding its fame while printing in single numbers, the encomiums of the learned, and the applause of friends, he knew its imperfections, and determined to remove them. He foresaw that upon this foundation his future fame would rest, and he determined that the superstructure thrown

up, in haste should be strengthened and perfected at leisure. A few passages from No. 169. will explain his sentiments on this subject: —

"Men have sometimes appeared, of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia." — "Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except Statius, who ventures to mention the speedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or as a proof of his facility. Nor did Statius, when he considered himself as a candidate for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary; but amidst all his pride and indigence, the two great hasteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the Thebaid, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labour." — "To him whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials, as well as regulates their disposition, and nothing depends upon search or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the subject dismissed for a time appears with a new train of dependent images, the accidents of reading or conversation supply new ornaments or allusions, or mere intermission of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force and make new excursions."

With such sentiments it must appear at least *probable*, that our author would, in his own case, endeavour to repair the mischiefs of haste or negligence; but as these were not very obvious to his friends, they made no inquiry after them, nor entertained any suspicion of the labour he endured to render his writings more worthy of their praise; and when his contemporaries had departed, he might not think it necessary to tell a new generation that he had not reached perfection at once.

— On one occasion Mr. Boswell came so near the question, that if Dr. Johnson had thought it worth entering upon, he had a very fair opportunity. Being asked by a lady, whether he thought he could make his Rambler better, he answered that he certainly could. Boswell. "I'll lay you a bet, Sir, you cannot." Johnson. "But I will, Sir, if I choose. I shall make the best of them you shall pick out, better." Boswell. "But you may add to them; I will not allow of that." Johnson. "Nay, Sir, there are three ways of making them better, — *putting out, adding,* or *correcting.*" (1)

655. *Donne v. Pope.* (2)

The late Mr. Crauford, of Hyde Park Corner, being engaged to dinner, where Dr. Johnson was to be, resolved to pay his court to him; and, having heard that he preferred Donne's Satires to Pope's version of them, said, "Do you know, Dr. Johnson, that I like Dr. Donne's original Satires better than Pope's." Johnson said, "Well, Sir, I can't help that."

656. *Music. — King David.*

Miss Johnson, one of Sir Joshua's nieces (afterwards Mrs. Deane), was dining one day at her uncle's with Dr. Johnson and a large party: the conversation happening to turn on music, Johnson spoke very contemptuously of that art, and added, "that no man of talent, or whose mind was capable of better things, ever would or could devote his time and attention to so idle and frivolous a pursuit." The young lady, who was very fond of music, whispered her next neighbour, "I wonder what Dr. Johnson thinks of King David." Johnson

(1) In corroboration of his assertions, Mr. Chalmers has transcribed No. 180. of the original folio Rambler, marking the variations by *italics.*

(2) This and the six following scraps were communicated to Mr. Croker.

overheard her, and, with great good humour and complacency, said, "Madam, I thank you; I stand rebuked before you, and promise that, on one subject at least, you shall never hear me talk nonsense again."

657. *Pleasure of Hunting.*

The honours of the University of Cambridge were once performed to Dr. Johnson, by Dr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, and then Professor of Chemistry, &c. (1) After having spent the morning in seeing all that was worthy of notice, the sage dined at his conductor's table, which was surrounded by various persons, all anxious to see so remarkable a character, but the moment was not favourable; he had been wearied by his previous exertions, and would not talk. After the party had dispersed, he said, "I was tired, and would not take the trouble, or I could have set them right upon several subjects, Sir; for instance, the gentleman who said he could not imagine how any pleasure could be derived from hunting, — the reason is, because man feels his own vacuity less in action than when at rest."

658. *Johnson in a Stage Coach.*

Mr. Williams, the rector of Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire, mentioned having once, when a young man, performed a stage-coach journey with Dr. Johnson, who took his place in the vehicle, provided with a little book, which his companion soon discovered to be Lucian: he occasionally threw it aside, if struck by any remark made by his fellow-travellers, and poured forth his knowledge and eloquence in a full stream, to the delight and astonishment of his auditors. Accidentally, the first subject which attracted him was the digestive

(1) Dr. Watson was a fellow of Trinity. See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 284. and p. 330., an account of this visit to Cambridge, which occurred in Feb. 1765. — C.

faculties of dogs, from whence he branched off as to the powers of digestion in various species of animals, discovering such stores of information, that this particular point might have been supposed to have formed his especial study, and so it was with every other subject started. The strength of his memory was not less astonishing than his eloquence; he quoted from various authors, either in support of his own argument or to confute those of his companions, as readily, and apparently as accurately, as if the works had been in his hands. The coach halted, as usual, for dinner, which seemed to be a deeply interesting business to Johnson, who vehemently attacked a dish of stewed carp, using his fingers only in feeding himself. (1)

659. "*Pilgrim's Progress.*"

Bishop Percy was at one time on a very intimate footing with Dr. Johnson, and the Doctor one day took Percy's little daughter (2) upon his knee, and asked her what she thought of "Pilgrim's Progress?" The child answered, that she had not read it. "No!" replied the Doctor; "then I would not give one farthing for you;" and he set her down and took no further notice of her.

660. *Dinner at University.*

My venerable friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse, now in his eighty-fifth year, informs me (says Mr. Croker) that he was one of the party who dined with Dr. Johnson at University College, Oxford, in March, 1776. (3) There were present, he says, Dr. Wetherell, Johnson, Boswell, Coulson, Scott, Gwynn,

(1) Mr. Boswell, *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 284., mentions another instance, in which Dr. Johnson surprised his accidental companions in a stage-coach with the force of his conversation and the goodness of his appetite. — C.

(2) Afterwards Mrs. Isted, of Ecton, Northamptonshire. — C.

(3) [See *antè*, Vol. VI. p. 75.]

Dr. Chandler the traveller, and Fisher, then a young Fellow of the College. He recollects one passage of the conversation at dinner:—Boswell quoted "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,*" and asked where it was After a pause Dr. Chandler said in Horace,—another pause; then Fisher remarked, that he knew no metre in Horace to which the words could be reduced; upon which Johnson said dictatorially "The young man is right." Dr. Fisher recollects another conversation during this visit to Oxford, when there was a Mr. Mortimer, a shallow, vulgar man, who had no sense of Johnson's superiority, and talked a great deal of flippant nonsense. At last he said, that "metaphysics were all *stuff* — nothing but vague words." "Sir," said Johnson, "do you know the meaning of the word *metaphysics?*" "To be sure," said the other. "Then, Sir, you must know that two and two make four, is a metaphysical proposition."—"I deny it," rejoined Mortimer, "'t is an arithmetical one; I deny it utterly." "Why, then Sir," said Johnson, "if you deny that we arrive at that conclusion by a metaphysical process, I can only say, that *plus in unâ horâ unus asinus negabit, quam centum philosophi in centum annis probaverint.*"

661. *Langton on Johnson's Death.*

The following letter was written with an agitated hand, from the very chamber of death, by the amiable Bennet Langton, and obviously interrupted by his feelings. It is not addressed, but Mr. Langton's family believe it was intended for Mr. Boswell:

"My dear Sir,— After many conflicting hopes and fears respecting the event of this heavy return of illness which has assailed our honoured friend, Dr. Johnson, since his arrival from Lichfield, about four days ago the appearances grew more and more awful, and this afternoon at eight o'clock, when I arrived at his house to see how he should be going on, I was acquainted at the door, that about three quarters of an hour

before, he had breathed his last. I am now writing in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear Sir, whose own sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most super fluous to attempt to ——."

662. *Johnson and Burke compared.* (1)

The distinguishing excellence of Johnson's *manner*, both in speaking and writing, consists in the apt and lively illustrations by example, with which, in his vigorous sallies, he enforces his just and acute remarks on human life and manners, in all their modes and representations; the character and charm of his style, is a happy choice of dignified and appropriate expressions, and that masterly *involution* of phrase, by which he contrives to bolt the prominent idea strongly on the mind. Burke's felicity is in a different sphere: it lies in the diversified allusions to all arts and to all sciences, by which, as he pours along his redundant tide of eloquence and reason, he reflects a light and interest on every topic which he treats; in a promptitude to catch the language and transpose the feelings of passion; and in the unrestrained and ready use of a style, the most flexible and the most accommodating to all topics, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," that perhaps any writer, in any language, ever attained. "Ipsæ res verba rapiunt." As opposed to each other, condensation might perhaps be regarded as the distinguishing characteristic of the former, and expansion of the latter.

663. *Preface to Shakspeare.*

It would be difficult to find in the English language, of equal variety and length, four such compositions as

(1) [This and the nine following are from "The Diary of a Lover of Literature," by T. Green of Ipswich, 4to, 1810; and since continued in the Gentleman's Magazine.]

Burke's Speech to the Electors of Bristol, Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare, Parr's Dedication to Hurd, and Lowth's Letter to Warburton.

664. *" Panting Time."*

Johnson, perhaps, caught his "panting Time toiled after him in vain," from Young's "And leave praise panting in the distant vale."

665. *" The Happy Valley."*

Looked over Rennell's Memoir of his Map of Hindostan. The secluded valley of Cashmere, — forming, between the parallels of 34° and 35°, an oval hollow eighty miles by fifty; blooming with perennial spring, refreshed with cascades and streams and lakes, and enriched with mountainous ridges towering into the regions of eternal snow, —was perhaps Johnson's prototype for the Happy Valley of Amhara in " Rasselas."

666. *Gray.*

It is curious to hear Gray, in his tenth letter to Horace Walpole, say, " The same man's verses" (Johnson's, at the opening of Garrick's theatre) " *are not bad*"— of one who was destined afterwards to sit in imperial judgment on him and all his tribe.

667. *Johnson's Conversation.*

Had a long and interesting conversation with [Sir James] Mackintosh. Spoke highly of Johnson's prompt and vigorous powers in conversation, and, on this ground, of Boswell's Life of him: Burke, he said, agreed with him; and affirmed, that this work was a greater monument to Johnson's fame, than all his writings put together.

668. *" Pleasures of Hope."*

Read Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. The beautiful allusion with which this poem opens, is borrowed

from one in Johnson's collections for the "Rambler;" which, I believe, he never employed, but which was certainly too good to be lost. (1)

669. *Dr. Bernard.*

Mr. Monney told me he had often met Johnson, and imitated his manner very happily. Johnson came on a visit to the president of his college (Jesus) at Oxford, Dr. Bernard. Dr. Bernard ventured to put a joke upon Johnson; but being terrified by a tremendous snarl, "Indeed, indeed, Doctor, believe me," said he, "I meant nothing." "Sir," said Johnson, "if you *mean* nothing, *say* nothing!" and was quiet for the rest of the evening.

670. *Johnson's "Letters."*

Johnson's Letters to Mrs. Thrale raise him, if possible, still higher than ever in my esteem and veneration. His wonderful insight into the real springs of human actions is often apparent where he trifles most; and when he summons his powers, he pours new and unexpected light, even on the clearest and most obvious topics. His fertility of logical invention is probably unrivalled.

671. *Boswell.*

Boswell, from his open, communicative, good-humoured vanity, which leads him to display events and feelings that other men, of more sound judgment, though slighter pretensions, would have studiously concealed, has depressed himself below his just level in public estimation. His information is extensive; his talents far from despicable; and he seems so exactly *adapted*, even by his very foibles, that we might almost suppose him purposely *created* to be the chronicler of

(1) [See *anté*, Vol. I. p. 238.]

Johnson. A pleasing and instructive pocket-companion might be formed by a judicious selection from his copious repertory of Johnson's talk.

672. "*Vesuvius Cæsar.*"

I have (says Mr. W. E. Surtees) heard my grandmother, a daughter, by his first wife, of the Dean of Ossory (who married secondly Miss Charlotte Cotterell, see Vol. II. p. 152.), speak of Dr. Johnson, as having frequently seen him in her youth. On one occasion, probably about 1762–3, he spent a day or two in the country with her father, and went with the family to see the house of a rich merchant. The owner — all bows and smiles — seemed to exult in the opportunity of displaying his costly articles of *virtù* to his visitor, and, in going through their catalogue, observed, "And this, Dr. Johnson, is *Vesuvius* Cæsar." My grandmother, then but a girl, could not suppress a titter, when the Doctor turned round, and thus, alike to the discomfiture of the merchant and herself, sternly rebuked her aloud, "What is the child laughing at? Ignorance is a subject for pity — not for laughter."

673. *Story-telling.* (1)

Dr. Johnson, having had a general invitation from Lord Lansdowne to see Bow-wood, his Lordship's seat in Wiltshire, he accordingly made him a visit, in company with Cumming, the Quaker, a character at that time well known as the projector of the conquest of Senegal. They arrived about dinner-time, and were received with such respect and good-breeding, that the Doctor joined in the conversation with much pleasantry and good-humour. He told several stories of his acquaintance with literary characters, and in particular repeated the last part of his celebrated letter to Lord Ches-

(1) [This and the eight following are from the European Magazine, edited at the time by Isaac Reed, Esq.]

terfield, desiring to be dismissed from all further patronage. Whilst "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was thus enjoying, a gentleman of Lord Lansdowne's acquaintance from London happened to arrive; but being too late for dinner, his Lordship was making his apologies, and added, "But you have lost a better thing than dinner, in not being here time enough to hear Dr. Johnson repeat his charming letter to Lord Chesterfield, though I dare say the Doctor will be kind enough to give it to us again." "Indeed, my Lord," says the Doctor (who began to growl the moment the subject was mentioned), "I will not: I told the story just for my own amusement, but I will not be dragged in as story-teller to a company."

674. *Pomponius Gauricus.*

Dr. Johnson had planned a book on the model of Robinson Crusoe. Pomponius Gauricus, a learned Neapolitan, who had dabbled in alchemy, &c., suddenly disappeared in the year 1530, and was heard of no more. The supposed life of this man the Doctor had resolved to write. "I will not," said he, "shipwreck my hero on an uninhabited island, but will carry him up to the summit of San Pelegrini, the highest of the Apennines; where he shall be made his own biographer, passing his time among the goat-herds," &c.

675. *Character of Boswell.*

Boswell was a man of excellent natural parts, on which he had engrafted a great deal of general knowledge. His talents as a man of company were much heightened by his extreme cheerfulness and good nature. Mr. Burke said of him, that he had no merit in possessing that agreeable faculty, and that a man might as well assume to himself merit in possessing an excellent constitution. Mr. Boswell professed the Scotch

and the English law; but had never taken very great pains on the subject. His father, Lord Auchinleck, told him one day, that it would cost him more trouble to hide his ignorance in these professions, than to show his knowledge. This Mr. Boswell owned he had found to be true. Society was his idol; to that he sacrificed every thing: his eye glistened, and his countenance brightened up, when he saw the human face divine; and that person must have been very fastidious indeed, who did not return him the same compliment when he came into a room. Of his Life of Johnson, who can say too much, or praise it too highly? What is Plutarch's biography to his? so minute, so appropriate, so dramatic. "How happy would the learned world have been," said the present acute and elegantly minded Bishop of Hereford (1), "had Pericles, Plato, or Socrates possessed such a friend and companion as Mr. Boswell was to Doctor Johnson!"

676. *Johnson's Agility.*

A gentleman of Lichfield meeting the Doctor returning from a walk, inquired how far he had been? The Doctor replied, he had gone round Mr. Levet's field (the place where the scholars play) in search of a rail that he used to jump over when a boy, "and," says the Doctor in a transport of joy, "I have been so fortunate as to find it: I stood," said he, "gazing upon it some time with a degree of rapture, for it brought to my mind all my juvenile sports and pastimes, and at length I determined to try my skill and dexterity; I laid aside my hat and wig, pulled of my coat, and leapt over it twice." Thus the great Dr. Johnson, only three years before his death, was, without hat, wig, or coat, jumping over a rail that he had used to fly over when a school-boy.

Amongst those who were so intimate with Dr. Johnson

(1) [The Rev. Dr. John Butler.]

as to have him occasionally an intimate in their families, it is a well known fact that he would frequently descend from the contemplation of subjects the most profound imaginable to the most childish playfulness. It was no uncommon thing to see him hop, step, and jump, he would often seat himself on the back of his chair, and more than once has been known to propose a race on some grassplat adapted to the purpose. He was very intimate and much attached to Mr John Payne, once a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and afterwards Chief Accountant of the Bank. Mr Payne was of a very diminutive appearance, and once when they were together on a visit with a friend at some distance from town, Johnson in a gaiety of humour proposed to run a race with Mr. Payne — the proposal was accepted, but, before they had proceeded more than half of the intended distance, Johnson caught his little adversary up in his arms, and without any ceremony placed him upon the arm of a tree which was near, and then continued running as if he had met with a hard match. He afterwards returned with much exultation to release his friend from the no very pleasant situation in which he had left him.

677. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*

Cowper, the poet, speaking of Boswell's Life of Johnson, observed, that though it was so much abused, it presented the best portrait that had ever been given of the great English moralist, adding, that mankind would be gratified indeed, if some contemporary of Shakspeare and Milton had given the world such a history of those unrivalled poets.

678. *Party Heat.*

Doctor, afterwards Dean Maxwell, sitting in company with Johnson, they were talking of the violence of parties, and what unwarrantable and insolent lengths

mobs will sometimes run into. "Why, yes, Sir," says Johnson, "they'll do any thing, no matter how odd, or desperate, to gain their point; they'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker, sooner than not get possession of it."

679. *Rights of Hospitality.*

Dr. Johnson, in his tour through North Wales, passed two days at the seat of Colonel Middleton of Gwynagag. While he remained there, the gardener caught a hare amidst some potatoe plants, and brought it to his master, then engaged in conversation with the Doctor. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as Johnson heard this sentence, he begged to have the animal placed in his arms; which was no sooner done, than approaching the window then half open, he restored the hare to her liberty, shouting after her to accelerate her speed. "What have you done?" cried the Colonel; "why, Doctor, you have robbed my table of a delicacy, perhaps deprived us of a dinner." "So much the better, Sir," replied the humane champion of a condemned hare; for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats it. This, Sir, is not a hare *feræ naturæ*, but one which had placed itself under your protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."

680. *Count de Holcke.* (1)

In the year 1768, the king of Denmark visited England, and amongst the gentlemen of his suite was Count de Holcke, grand master of the wardrobe, a gentleman of considerable celebrity for polite learning and classical erudition; this gentleman had heard much of Dr. Johnson's literary fame, and was therefore anxious to see

(1) [This and the two following are from the Monthly Magazine.]

him. Through the interest of Dr. Brocklesby, he was enabled to pay Johnson a morning visit. They had a long conversation. Next day Count de Holcke dined with Lord Temple in Pall Mall, where he met Mr. William Gerard Hamilton (commonly called Single-speech Hamilton), who, knowing of his visit to Johnson, asked him what he thought of the Doctor? Holcke replied, that of all the literary impostors and pedants he had ever met with he thought Johnson the greatest — "so shallow a fellow,' he said, "he had never seen!"

681. *A German Traveller's Interview with Johnson in* 1768. (1)

I am just returned from a visit to Samuel Johnson, the colossus of English literature, who combines profound knowledge with wit, and humour with serious wisdom, and whose exterior announces nothing of these qualities; for in the proportions of his form are exactly those of the sturdy drayman. To this he alludes in his delineation of the Idler: "The diligence of an Idler is rapid and impetuous; as ponderous bodies, forced into velocity, move with violence proportionate to their weight."

His manners are boorish; and his eye cold as his raillery; never is it animated with a glance that betrays archness or acuteness; he constantly seems to be, and not seldom he really is, absent and distracted. — He had invited Colman and me by letter, and forgot it. We surprised him, in the strictest sense of the word, at the country seat of Mr. Thrale, whose lady, a genteel agreeable Welshwoman, by way of amusement reads and translates Greek authors. Here Johnson lives and reigns (for he is fond of acting the dominator) as if he were in the midst of his own family. He received us in a friendly manner, though a certain air of solemness and pomposity never left him, which is interwoven with

(1) [*See ante*, Vol. IX. p. 17.]

his manners as well as with his style. In conversation he rounds his periods, and speaks with a tone almost theatrical; but whatever he says becomes interesting by a certain peculiar character with which it is stamped. We spoke of the English language; and I remarked "that it passed through its different epochs quicker than other languages: there is a greater difference," said I, "between your present writers and the celebrated club of authors in the reign of Queen Ann than between the French of the present and the last century. They make incursions into foreign ground, and lavishly squander the easily acquired plunder; for they follow not the counsel of Swift, to adopt, indeed, new words, but never after to reject them." "We conquer," interrupted me one of the guests, "new words in a fit of enthusiasm, and give them back again in cold blood, as we do our conquests on the making of peace." "But are you not," asked I, "thus losers with regard to posterity? For your writings will be scarcely intelligible to the third succeeding generation." "New words," replied Johnson, "are well-earned riches. When a nation enlarges its stock of knowledge and acquires new ideas, it must necessarily have a suitable vesture for them. Foreign idioms, on the contrary, have been decried as dangerous; and the critics daily object to me my Latinisms, which, they say, alter the character of our language: but it is seriously my opinion, that every language must be servilely formed after the model of some one of the ancient, if we wish to give durability to our works." Do you not think that there is some truth in this sophistry? A dead language, no longer subject to change, may well serve as a fit standard for a living one. It is an old sterling weight, according to which the value of the current coin is estimated.—"The greatest confusion in languages," continued I, addressing myself to Johnson, "is caused by a kind of original geniuses, who invent their own Sanscrit, that they may

clothe their ideas in holy obscurity; and yet we willingly listen to their oracular sayings, and at length are ourselves infected with the disease." "Singularity," exclaimed one of the guests, "is often a mark of genius." "Then," answered Johnson, "there exist few greater geniuses than Wilton in Chelsea. (1) His manner of writing is the most singular in the world; for, since the last war, he writes with his feet."

Colman spoke of the "Rehearsal," which was formerly so much admired as a masterpiece; but which nobody had patience now to read through. "There was too little salt in it to keep it sweet," said Johnson. Hume was mentioned. "Priestley," said I, "objects to this historian the frequent use of Gallicisms." "And I," said Johnson, "that his whole history is a Gallicism." Johnson eagerly seizes every opportunity of giving vent to his hatred against the Scots. Even in his Dictionary we find the following article: "OATS, a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

Not recollecting his edition of Shakspeare, which was so far from answering the expectations of the critics I unthinkingly and precipitately enough asked him, "which edition of that poet he most esteemed?" "Eh!" replied he with a smile; "'t is what we call an unlucky question."

I inquired after Boswell. Johnson seems to love him much; he is sensible of, but forgives him, his enthusiasm. Boswell is a fiery young man, who firmly believes in heroic virtue; and who, in the intoxication of his heart, would have flown with equal ardour to Iceland as to Corsica, in pursuit of a demigod.

You are acquainted with Johnson's works. The Rambler, the Idler; London, a Satire; and the excellent Biography of Savage, are well known in Ger-

(1) An old soldier, whose arms had been shot off.

many. But we hear less in our country of Prince Rasselas, a masterly, cold, political romance, as all of the kind are; for a teacher of the art of government, who, remote from, and unpractised in, affairs, writes for kings, can spin out of his brain a texture only of general principles. Irene, a tragedy by Johnson, full of the finest speeches, was hissed, and is forgotten.

This celebrated man had long to contend with poverty; for you must not imagine, that England always rewards her authors in proportion to the general admiration they excite. Often was he obliged to hide himself in a cellar near Moorfields, to avoid being lodged in a room with an iron grate. In those days of adversity he wrote speeches worthy of a Demosthenes, for and against the most important questions agitated in Parliament, which were published under the names of the real members. These speeches for a long time passed for genuine in the country; and it is not generally known, that among them is the celebrated speech of Pitt, which he is said to have pronounced, when his youth was objected to him, and which never so flowed from the mouth of Pitt. Johnson has now conducted the Pactolus into his garden. He enjoys a pension of three hundred pounds sterling, not to make speeches; but, as the Opposition asserts, to induce him to remain silent

I forgot to tell you, that Johnson denies the antiquity of Ossian. Macpherson is a native of Scotland; and Johnson would rather suffer him to pass for a great poet than allow him to be an honest man. I am convinced of their authenticity. Macpherson showed me, in the presence of Alexander Dow, at least twelve parcels of the manuscript of the Earse original. Some of these manuscripts seemed to be very old. Literati of my acquaintance, who understand the language, have compared them with the translation; and we must either believe the absurdity, that Macpherson had like-

wise fabricated the Earse text, or no longer contend against evidence. Macpherson declaimed a few passages to me. The language sounded melodious enough, but solemnly plaintive and guttural, like the languages of all rude, uncultivated nations.

682. *Johnson in the Salisbury Stage.* ( )

In the year 1783 (says a correspondent), I went in the stage-coach from London to Salisbury. Upon entering it, I perceived three gentlemen, one of whom strongly attracted my notice. He was a corpulent man, with a book in his hand, placed very near to his eyes. He had a large wig, which did not appear to have been combed for an age: his clothes were threadbare. On seating myself in the coach, he lifted up his eyes, and directed them towards me; but in an instant they resumed their former employment. I was immediately struck with his resemblance to the print of Dr. Johnson, given as a frontispiece to the "Lives of the Poets;" but how to gratify my curiosity I was at a loss. I thought, from all I had heard of Dr. Johnson, that I should discover him if, by any means, I could engage him in conversation. The gentleman by the side of him remarked, "I wonder, Sir, that you can read in a coach which travels so swiftly: it would make my head ache." "Ay, Sir," replied he, "books make some people's head ache." This appeared to me Johnsonian. I knew several persons with whom Dr. Johnson was well acquainted: this was another mode of trying how far my conjecture was right. "Do you know Miss Hannah More, Sir?" "Well, Sir: the best of all the female versifiers." This phraseology confirmed my former opinion. We now reached Hounslow, and were

(1) [In August 1783, Johnson paid a visit to Mr. Bowles of Heale, near Salisbury. See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 288.]

served with our breakfast. Having found that none of my travelling companions knew this gentleman, I plainly put the question, "May I take the liberty, Sir, to enquire whether you be not Dr. Johnson?" "The same, Sir." "I am happy," replied I, "to congratulate the learned world, that Dr. Johnson, whom the papers lately announced to be dangerously indisposed, is re-established in his health." "The civilest young man I ever met with in my life," was his answer. From that moment he became very gracious towards *me*. I was then preparing to go abroad; and imagined that I could derive some useful information from a character so eminent for learning. "What book of travels, Sir, would you advise me to read, previously to my setting off upon a tour to France and Italy?" "Why, Sir, as to France, I know no book worth a groat: and as to Italy, Baretti paints the fair side, and Sharp the foul; the truth, perhaps, lies between the two." Every step which brought us nearer to Salisbury increased my pain, at the thought of leaving so interesting a fellow-traveller. I observed that, at dinner, he contented himself with water, as his beverage. I asked him, "Whether he had ever tasted *bumbo*?" a West-Indian potation, which is neither more nor less than very strong punch. "No, Sir," said he. I made some. He tasted; and declared, that if ever he drank any thing else than water, it should be *bumbo*. When the sad moment of separation, at Salisbury, arrived, "Sir," said he, "let me see you in London, upon your return to your native country. I am sorry that we must part. I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder, just as they become happy in each other's society."

683. *Knox on the Character of Johnson.*[1]

The illustrious character of Pierre de Corneille induced those who approached him to expect something in his manners, address, and conversation, above the common level. They were disappointed; and, in a thousand similar instances, a similar disappointment has taken place. The friends of Corneille, as was natural enough, were uneasy at finding people express their disappointment after an interview with him. They wished him to appear as respectable when near as when at a distance; in a personal intimacy, as in the regions of fame. They took the liberty of mentioning to him his defects, his awkward address, his ungentlemanlike behaviour. Corneille heard the enumeration of his faults with great patience; and, when it was concluded, said with a smile, and with a just confidence in himself, "All this may be very true, but, notwithstanding all this, I am still Pierre de Corneille."

The numberless defects, infirmities, and faults which the friends of Dr. Johnson have brought to public light, were chiefly what, in less conspicuous men, would be passed over as foibles, or excused as mere peccadilloes; and, however his enemies may triumph in the exposure, I think he might, if he were alive, imitate Corneille, and say, "Notwithstanding all this, I am still Samuel Johnson."

Few men could stand so fierce a trial as he has done. His gold has been put into the furnace, and, considering the violence of the fire and the frequent repetition of the process, the quantity of dross and alloy is inconsiderable. Let him be considered not absolutely, but comparatively; and let those who are disgusted with him ask themselves, whether their own characters, or those they most admire, would not exhibit some de-

(1) [This and the following are from "Winter Evenings; or Lucubrations," by Dr. Vicesimus Knox.]

formity, if they were to be analysed with a minute and anxious curiosity. The private conversation of Johnson, the caprice of momentary ill-humour, the weakness of disease, the common infirmities of human nature, have been presented to the public without those alleviating circumstances which probably attended them. And where is the man that has not foibles, weaknesses, follies, and defects of some kind? And where is the man that has greater virtues, greater abilities, more useful labours, to put into the opposite scale against his defects than Johnson? Time, however, will place him, notwithstanding all his errors and infirmities, high in the ranks of fame. Posterity will forgive his roughness of manner, his apparent superstition, and his prejudices; and will remember his Dictionary, his moral writings, his biography, his manly vigour of thought, his piety, and his charity. They will make allowances for morbid melancholy; for a life, a great part of which was spent in extreme indigence and labour, and the rest, by a sudden transition, in the midst of affluence, flattery obsequiousness, submission, and universal renown.

684. *Knox on "Johnson's Prayers and Meditations."*

Every one had heard that Dr. Johnson was devout; few entertained an adequate idea of his warmth and scrupulous regularity in the offices of devotion, till the publication of his Prayers and Meditations. They exhibit him in a light in which he has seldom appeared to his readers. He usually puts on a garb of dignity and command. His Rambler is written in the style of authority. His Prefaces to the Poets are dictatorial. The reader is easily induced to believe that pride is a striking feature in his character. But he no sooner opens the book of Prayers and Meditations, than he sees him in a state of true humility: no affectation in the style: no words of unusual occurrence: every expression is such as is well adapted to a frail mortal.

however improved by art or favoured by nature, when he approaches the mercy-seat of the Almighty. The reader is thus, in some degree, gratified by observing a man, who had always appeared to him as a superior mortal, and exempt from human infirmities, feeling and acknowledging with all humility the common weaknesses of all human creatures.

685. *Fordyce on the Death and Character of Dr. Johnson.* (1)

It hath pleased thee, Almighty Disposer, to number with the silent dead a man of renown, a master in Israel, who had "the tongue of the learned," and worshipped thee with fervour "in the land of the living." His was "the pen of a ready writer." His was the happy power of communicating truth with clearness, and inculcating virtue with energy; of clothing the gravest counsels in the attractive garb of entertainment, and adding dignity to the most obvious maxims of prudence. To him it was given to expose with just discrimination the follies of a frivolous age, and with honest zeal to reprobate its vices.

This shining light raised up by thee, "the Father of lights," for the honour of thy name, and the benefit of many, thou hast lately seen fit to remove. But blessed be thy Providence for continuing him so long. Blessed be thy Spirit that enriched him with those eminent gifts, and enabled him to render them useful. In his presence the infidel was awed, the profane stood corrected, and the mouth of the swearer was stopped. In his discourse the majesty of genius impressed the attentive and unprejudiced with a reverence for wisdom; the virtuous and the pious were encouraged by the approbation of superior discernment; and truths, that

(1) [From "Addresses to the Deity," by James Fordyce, D.D., 12mo. 1785.]

had lost the allurement of novelty, recovered their influence, from the native but peculiar force with which they were proposed.

But "what is man," O Lord? or who among the sons of men can plead innocence before the Thrice Holy? When trouble and anguish came upon thy aged servant, when "his sleep went from him," when in solemn recollection he "communed with his own heart upon his bed," and examined himself in the view of his last and great account, he saw wherein he had offended. Then it was, that I heard him condemn, with holy self-abasement, the pride of understanding by which he had often trespassed against the laws of courteous demeanour, and forgotten the fallible condition of his nature. Then it was, that I heard him, with ingenuous freedom, commend the virtues of forbearance and moderation in matters of belief, as more conformable to reason, and to the Gospel of thy Son, than he had long conceived. How deep was the contrition which then penetrated his soul, in the remembrance of his sins, and caused him to feel more strongly, what indeed he had ever acknowledged, that no extent of intellect, and no eminence of fame, can arm an awakened and reflecting mind against the fear of thy displeasure! Let it be known that this man, after considering the uncertainty of life, after studying the sanctity of thy law, after discovering more clearly the utter insufficiency of human attainments, and contemplating with ardent solicitude the stupendous and unspeakable importance of salvation, did with all the humility of faith cast himself on thine infinite mercy through Jesus Christ. But for the confirmation of the true believer, and to overthrow the delusive pretences and vain expectations of hypocrisy, let it be known also, that while he rested only on this foundation, he was unalterably assured it would support none but the penitent and upright, the devout and benevolent.

Whatever esteem or gratitude he deserved from his countrymen, for his diligence and skill in furthering the knowledge of their native tongue, in which they may study the Revelation of thy Will, and find withal so many treasures of useful truth and solid learning; little, alas! would that, or his other labours and abilities, have availed him in the dread concluding hour, if in his lifetime he had abused them to thy dishonour, or neglected to secure thine acceptance by what is better than all knowledge, sagacity, or eloquence; by veneration for thee, and charity to mankind.

Father of spirits! if men without principle or feeling should exult, and say that his anxiety in the prospect of his latter end arose from the weakness and depression of disease; I record it to the honour of thy service, that never were his faculties more vigorous or animated, never were his views more raised, or his words more emphatical, than in those moments when the consideration of thine immaculate purity, and of the all-deciding trial, had full possession of his soul. Nor didst thou leave him to hopeless despondence. He knew in whom he trusted; and thou gavest him to enjoy the recollection of having long cherished an habitual reverence for thy Divine Majesty, and improved the talents he received at thy hand for the interests of truth, and the enforcement of duty, "in the midst of an evil and crooked generation." To thy goodness, O God, did he thankfully ascribe it, that he had never sought the praise of the rich by flattery, or of the licentious by imitating their manners, and prostituting his faculties to embolden vice or varnish profaneness.

But if this man boasted not that he was righteous, if he relied not on any virtue which he had practised, if he earnestly supplicated forgiveness through the merits of his Saviour alone, and left behind him in his latest deed an open testimony of his repentance and his faith; where shall the ungodly and the presumptuous appear?

Will they lift up their heads with joy in the day of judgment? Will they challenge a reward at thy just tribunal? Merciful Creator! deliver them from their pride and impenitence. Show them the greatness of their error, and lead them from themselves to the Redeemer of the world for the remission of their sins.

Let not such as were strangers to the piety and benevolence of thy departed servant, censure too severely the partial or prejudiced opinions that sometimes contracted and unhappily obscured a mind otherwise comprehensive and enlightened. Teach them, O Lord, more charitable allowance for mistakes hastily imbibed in the days of youth, and afterwards from the power of early prepossession, without consciousness of evil, fondly retained and vehemently defended. It may be that in him they were permitted by thy unerring Providence, to manifest more clearly the frailty of the wisest men, and to raise our minds from the defective patterns of excellence here below, to thyself, the only standard of perfection.

Whatever gifts adorned him were alone to be regarded as emanations from thee, "from whom cometh down every good gift," every rational endowment, and exalted conception. But, O thou great sun of souls! can I believe, that those emanations are extinguished in the dust? Can I believe, that he whose writings I have perused with delight and improvement, is himself perished in the gulf of annihilation? Abhorred be the impious and unnatural thought! When his mortal part, worn with watching and study, broken by suffering and age, yielded at last to the stroke that conquers the young, the prosperous, and the strong; with what ecstasy would his never-dying spirit fly away, and kindle and flame as it approached nearer to thee, the fountain of light and intellectual being! With what friendly transports would the illuminated and holy inhabitants of heaven receive to their sublime society, a mind like his,

purified from every blemish, and beaming with the radiance of wisdom! I weep for joy to think, that good men have from the beginning survived the ruins of corporeal nature; that they will continue to exist when ages are lost in eternity; that they will live for ever blessed in thy presence, for ever dignified with thy friendship, O thou King Eternal!

Wrapt by the exalting contemplation, I rejoice more particularly in the permanent effulgence of those splendid luminaries that have shone in long succession upon earth, darting the rays of knowledge and of virtue through different periods. I rejoice at the recollection, that those rays have not been quenched in the shades of death; and that by thy good Providence we enjoy at this day the accumulated instruction of generations. Look with pity on the ignorant and the slothful; who, having such "a price put into their hands, have not a heart to make use of it." Rouse them, I beseech thee, to a sense of their folly; and give them grace to redeem their past neglect, by their future diligence.

I praise thee, the God of thy late servant, that "being dead he yet speaketh," in those lasting productions which abound with the purest morality: where the conclusions of experience are added to the researches of learning, and to the fruits of meditation; where the secret recesses of the heart are explored, imagination is rendered ministerial to reason, and the reluctant passions compelled to acknowledge the claims of religion; where the conscious reader is turned inward upon himself, and blushes at the sight of his imbecility and guilt laid open before him with resistless evidence. Grant, O Lord, that we may profit by those severe but salutary instructions, and in the spirit of meekness learn from so able a teacher "the things that belong to our peace." Let not the graver dictates of his pen be lost in levity or forgetfulness. Nor yet let us rest with the transitory and ineffectual admiration of

truth, when we behold it embellished by his vivid wit and glowing fancy; but may we follow its guidance with faithfulness and pleasure!

686. *Cowper on Johnson's Life of Dr. Watts.* (1)

I have no objection in the world to your conveying a copy of my poems to Dr. Johnson; though I well know that one of his pointed sarcasms, if he should happen to be displeased, would soon find its way into all companies, and spoil the sale He writes, indeed, like a man that thinks a great deal, and that sometimes thinks religiously: but report informs me, that he has been severe enough in his animadversions upon Dr. Watts; who was, nevertheless, if I am in any degree a judge of verse, a man of truly poetical ability; careless, indeed, for the most part, and inattentive too to those niceties which constitute elegance of expression, but frequently sublime in his conceptions, and masterly in his execution. Pope, I have heard, had placed him once in the "Dunciad;" but, on being advised to read before he judged him, was convinced that he deserved other treatment, and thrust somebody's blockhead into the gap, whose name, consisting of a monosyllable, happened to fit it. Whatever faults, however, I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of negligence; I never suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can; and though my doctrines may offend this king of critics, he will not, I flatter myself, be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy, either in the numbers, rhymes, or language. Let the rest take its chance. It is possible he may be pleased; and if he should, I shall have engaged on my side one of the best trumpeters in the kingdom. Let him only speak as favourably of me as he has spoken of Sir

(1) [This and the three following are from Cowper's "Private Correspondence," 2 vols. 8vo. 1824.]

Richard Blackmore, (who, though he shines in his poem called "Creation," has written more absurdities in verse than any writer of our country,) and my success will be secured. (*Letter to Newton*, Sept. 18, 1781.)

I am glad to be undeceived respecting the opinion I had been erroneously led into on the subject of Johnson's criticism on Watts. Nothing can be more judicious, or more characteristic of a distinguishing taste, than his observations upon that writer; though I think him a little mistaken in his notion, that divine subjects have never been poetically treated with success. A little more Christian knowledge and experience would perhaps enable him to discover excellent poetry, upon spiritual themes, in the aforesaid little Doctor. I perfectly acquiesce in the propriety of sending Johnson a copy of my productions; and I think it would be well to send it in our joint names, accompanied with a handsome card, and such an one as may predispose him to a favourable perusal of the book, by coaxing him into a good temper; for he is a great bear, with all his learning and penetration. (*Letter to Newton*, Oct. 4. 1781.)

687. *Cowper on the "Lives of the Poets."*

Last night I made an end of reading Johnson's Prefaces. I am very much the biographer's humble admirer. His uncommon share of good sense, and his forcible expression, secure to him that tribute from all his readers. He has a penetrating insight into character, and a happy talent of correcting the popular opinion upon all occasions where it is erroneous; and this he does with the boldness of a man who will think for himself, but, at the same time, with a justness of sentiment that convinces us he does not differ from others through affectation, but because he has a sounder judgment. This remark, however, has his narrative for its object, rather than his critical performance. In the

latter, I do not think him always just, when he departs from the general opinion. He finds no beauties in Milton's Lycidas. He pours contempt upon Prior, to such a degree, that were he really as undeserving of notice as he represents him, he ought no longer to be numbered among the poets. These, indeed, are the two capital instances in which he has offended me. There are others less important, in which I am less confident that he is wrong. (*Letter to Unwin*, March 21. 1784.)

688. *Cowper's Epitaph on Dr. Johnson.*

Here Johnson lies — a sage, by all allow'd,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud;
Whose prose was eloquence by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtue's thought;
Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine, and strong,
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from Heaven possess'd,
And faith at last — alone worth all the rest.
Oh! man immortal by a double prize,
On earth by fame, by favour in the skies!

689. *Dr. King on Johnson's English.* (1)

It is a great defect in the education of our youth in both the Universities that they do not sufficiently apply themselves to the study of their mother tongue. By this means it happens, that some very learned men and polite scholars are not able to express themselves with propriety in common conversation, and that when they are discoursing on a subject which they understand perfectly well. I have been acquainted with three persons only who spoke English with that eloquence and propriety, that if all they said had been immediately committed to writing, any judge of the English language

(1) [From Dr. William King's "Anecdotes of his Own Times," 8vo. 1819.]

would have pronounced it an excellent and very beautiful style — Atterbury, the exiled bishop of Rochester; Dr. Gower, provost of Worcester College; and Samuel Johnson.

690. *Gray on "London."*

"London" is one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of the original. The same man's verses at the opening of Garrick's Theatre are far from bad. (*Letter to Walpole.*)

691. *Richardson and Fielding.*

Gray was much pleased with an answer which Dr. Johnson once gave to a person on the different and comparative merits of Fielding and Richardson. "Why, Sir, Fielding could tell you what o'clock it was; but, as for Richardson, he could make a clock or a watch." (*Matthias's Gray.*)

692. *Johnson on Newton.*

One of the most sagacious men in this age, who continues, I hope, to improve and adorn it, Samuel Johnson, remarked in my hearing, that if Newton had flourished in ancient Greece, he would have been worshipped as a divinity. How zealously then would he be adored, if his incomparable writings could be read and comprehended by the Pundits of Cashmere or Benares! (*Sir William Jones*, 1785.)

693. *Dugald Stewart on the "Lives of the Poets."* (1)

It is a melancholy fact with respect to artists of all classes;—painters, poets, orators, and eloquent writers; — that a large proportion of those who have evinced the soundest and the purest taste in their own productions, have yet appeared totally destitute of this power, when they have assumed the office of critics

(1) [From the Philosophical Essays.]

How is this to be accounted for, but by the influence of bad passions (unsuspected, probably, by themselves) in blinding or jaundicing their critical eye? In truth, it is only when the mind is perfectly serene, that the decisions of taste can be relied on. In these nicest of all operations of the intellectual faculties, where the grounds of judgment are often so shadowy and complicated, the latent sources of error are numberless; and to guard against them, it is necessary that no circumstance, however trifling, should occur, either to discompose the feelings, or to mislead the understanding.

Among our English poets, who is more vigorous, correct, and polished, than Dr. Johnson, in the few poetical compositions which he has left? Whatever may be thought of his claims to originality of genius, no person who reads his verses can deny, that he possessed a sound taste in this species of composition; and yet, how wayward and perverse, in many instances, are his decisions, when he sits in judgment on a political adversary, or when he treads on the ashes of a departed rival! To myself, (much as I admire his great and various merits, both as a critic and a writer,) human nature never appears in a more humiliating form, than when I read his "Lives of the Poets;" a performance which exhibits a more faithful, expressive, and curious picture of the author than all the portraits attempted by his biographers; and which, in this point of view, compensates fully by the *moral* lesson it may suggest, for the *critical* errors which it sanctions. The errors, alas! are not such as any one who has perused his imitation of Juvenal can place to the account of a bad taste; but such as had their root in weaknesses which a noble mind would be still more unwilling to acknowledge. If these observations are well founded, they seem to render it somewhat doubtful, whether, in the different arts, the most successful adventurers are likely to prove, in matters of criticism, the safest guides; although Pope

appears to have considered the censorial authority as their exclusive prerogative: —

"Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

694. *Byron on the "Vanity of Human Wishes."*

Read Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes"— all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening. I remember an observation of Sharp's (the Conversationist, as he was called in London, and a very clever man) that the first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope (the best of poets, as *I* think) would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation —

"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

The former line, "Let observation," &c. is certainly heavy and useless. But 't is a grand poem — and *so true!* — true as the tenth of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages changes all things — time — language — the earth — the bounds of the sea — the stars of the sky, and every thing "about, around, and underneath" man, except man himelf, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment. (*Life and Works*, vol. v p. 66.)

695. *Byron on the "Lives of the Poets."*

Johnson strips many a leaf from every laurel. Still, his "Lives of the Poets" is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight. The opinion of that truly great man, whom it is the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all. (*Ibid.* vol. vi. p. 376.)

696. *Sir Walter Scott on Johnson.*

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1784, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all Johnson's wisdom, and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even his kind and devoted admirer, Mrs. Thrale, seems at length to have thought that the honour of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good-breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high

rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should put the necessary constraint upon himself. But, during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint is necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good-breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time, the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, sometimes indeed nodding approbation, but always prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, an over-zeal in politics, which is an ordinary attribute of the British character, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence,

alike unimpeachable. (*Miscellaneous Prose Works* vol. iii. p. 267.)

697. *Sir James Mackintosh on Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson had a great influence on the taste and opinions of his age, not only by the popularity of his writings, but by that colloquial dictatorship which he exercised for thirty years in the literary circles of the capital. He was distinguished by vigorous understanding and inflexible integrity. His imagination was not more lively than was necessary to illustrate his maxims; his attainments in science were inconsiderable, and in learning, far from the first class; they chiefly consisted in that sort of knowledge which a powerful mind collects from miscellaneous reading, and various intercourse with mankind. From the refinements of abstruse speculation he was withheld partly, perhaps, by that repugnance to such subtleties which much experience often inspires, and partly also by a secret dread that they might disturb those prejudices in which his mind had found repose from the agitation of doubt. He was a most sagacious and severely pure judge of the actions and motives of men, and he was tempted by frequent detection of imposture to indulge somewhat of that contemptuous scepticism, respecting the sincerity of delicate and refined sentiments, which affected his whole character as a man and writer.

In early youth he had resisted the most severe tests of probity. Neither the extreme poverty, nor the uncertain income, to which the virtue of so many men of letters has yielded, even in the slightest degree weakened his integrity, or lowered the dignity of his independence. His moral principles (if the language may be allowed) partook of the vigour of his understanding. He was conscientious, sincere, determined; and his pride was no more than a steady consciousness of superiority in the most valuable qualities of human

nature: his friendships were not only firm but generous, and tender beneath a rugged exterior: he wounded none of those feelings which the habits of his life enabled him to estimate; but he had become too hardened by serious distress not to contract some disregard for those minor delicacies, which become so keenly susceptible in a calm and prosperous fortune.

He was a Tory, not without some propensities towards Jacobitism, and high churchman, with more attachment to ecclesiastical authority, and a splendid worship, than is quite consistent with the spirit of Protestantism. On these subjects he never permitted himself to doubt, nor tolerated difference of opinion in others. The vigour of his understanding is no more to be estimated by his opinions on subjects where it was bound by his prejudices, than the strength of a man's body by the effects of a limb in fetters.

His conversation, which was one of the most powerful instruments of his extensive influence, was artificial, dogmatical, sententious, and poignant, adapted with the most admirable versatility to every subject as it arose, and distinguished by an almost unparalleled power of serious repartee. He seems to have considered himself as a sort of colloquial magistrate, who inflicted severe punishment from just policy. His course of life led him to treat those sensibilities, which such severity wounds, as fantastic and effeminate, and he entered society too late to acquire those habits of politeness which are a substitute for natural delicacy.

As a man, then, Johnson had a masculine understanding, clouded on important subjects by prejudice; a conscience pure beyond the ordinary measure of human virtue; a heart full of rugged benevolence, and a disregard only for those feelings in controversy or in conversation, of which he had not learnt the force, or which he thought himself obliged to wound. As a writer, he is memorable as one of those who effect a

change in the general style of a nation, and have vigour enough to leave the stamp of their own peculiarities upon their language.

In the progress of English style, three periods may be easily distinguished. The first period extended from Sir Thomas More to Lord Clarendon. During great part of this period, the style partook of the rudeness and fluctuation of an unformed language, in which use had not yet determined the words that were to be English. Writers had not yet discovered the combination of words which best suits the original structure and immutable constitution of our language. where the terms were English, the arrangement was Latin — the exclusive language of learning, and that in which every truth in science, and every model of elegance was contemplated by youth. For a century and a half, ineffectual attempts were made to bend our vulgar tongue to the genius of the language supposed to be superior, and the whole of this period, though not without a capricious mixture of coarse idiom, may be called the Latin, or pedantic age, of our style.

In the second period, which extended from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, a series of writers appeared, of less genius indeed than their predecessors, but more successful in their experiments to discover the mode of writing most adapted to the genius of the language. About the same period that a similar change was effected in France by Pascal, they began to banish from style learned as well as vulgar phraseology, and to confine themselves to the part of the language naturally used in general conversation by well-educated men. That middle region, which lies between vulgarity and pedantry, remains commonly unchanged, while both extremes are equally condemned to perpetual revolution. Those who select words from that permanent part of a language, and who arrange them according to its natural order, have discovered the

true secret of rendering their writings permanent, and of preserving that rank among the classical writers of their country, which men of greater intellectual power have failed to attain. Of these writers, whose language has not yet been slightly superannuated, Cowley was probably the earliest, as Dryden and Addison were assuredly the greatest.

The third period may be called the Rhetorical, and is distinguished by the prevalence of a school of writers, of which Johnson was the founder. The fundamental character of the Rhetorical style is, that it employs undisguised art, where classical writers appear only to obey the impulse of a cultivated and adorned nature. As declamation is the fire of eloquence without its substance, so rhetoric consists in the forms of eloquence without its spirit. In the schools of the rhetorician, every ornament of composition is made by a rule; where ornaments are natural, the feeling from which they spring, if it be tempered, performs the office of taste, by regulating their number, and adapting them to the occasion; but those who fabricate them by rule without this natural regulator, have no security against unseasonable and undistinguishing profusion. These writers have not the variety of nature, but the uniformity of a Dutch garden.

As the English classical writers had been led by the nature of their subjects as well as the bent of their genius, to cultivate a temperate elegance, rather than to emulate the energy and grandeur of their less polished predecessors, so Johnson and his followers, in their attempt (which was partly successful) to impart more vigour and dignity to the general style, receded so far from vulgarity as to lose all ease and variety, and so exclusively preferred terms of Latin origin as to sacrifice all that part of the English language on which its peculiar character depends. With Latin words they attempted also the renewal of those inversions and invo-

lutions which the syntax of that language allows, but which, after a vain effort of a century, had been banished from ours. All their words were thrown into one mould, and their periods came up in the same shape. As the mind of Johnson was robust, but neither nimble nor graceful, so his style, though sometimes significant, nervous, and even majestic, was void of all grace and ease, and being the most unlike of all styles to the natural effusion of a cultivated mind, had the least pretensions to the praise of eloquence. During the period, now near a close, in which he was a favourite model, a stiff symmetry and tedious monotony succeeded to that various music with which the taste of Addison diversified his periods, and to that natural imagery which the latter's beautiful genius seemed with graceful negligence to scatter over his composition. They who had not fancy enough to be ornamental, sought to distinguish themselves by being artificial; and, though there were some illustrious exceptions, the general style had all those marks of corrupt taste which Johnson himself had so well satirised in his commendation of the prose of Dryden, and of which he has admirably represented the opposite in his excellent criticism on Addison. His earlier writings abound most with examples of these faults of style. Many of his Latin words in an English shape no imitator has ventured to adopt; others have already dropped from the language, and will soon be known only in Dictionaries.

Some heaviness and weariness must be felt by most readers at the perusal of essays on life and manners, written like the "Rambler;" but it ought never to be forgotten, that the two most popular writers of the eighteenth century, Addison and Johnson, were such efficacious teachers of virtue, that their writings may be numbered among the causes which, in an important degree, have contributed to preserve and to improve the morality of the British nation.

His Dictionary, though distinguished neither by the philosophy nor by the erudition which illustrate the origin and history of words, is a noble monument of his powers and his literary knowledge, and even of his industry, though it betrays frequent symptoms of that constitutional indolence which must have so often overpowered him in so immense a labour.

Towards the end of his life, when intercourse with the world had considerably softened his style, he published his "Lives of the English Poets," a work of which the subject insures popularity, and on which his fame probably now depends. He seems to have poured into it the miscellaneous information which he had collected, and the literary opinions which he had formed, during his long reign over the literature of London. The critical part has produced the warmest agitations of literary faction. The time may, perhaps now be arrived for an impartial estimate of its merits. Whenever understanding alone is sufficient for poetical criticism, the decisions of Johnson are generally right. But the beauties of poetry must be felt before their causes are investigated. There is a poetical sensibility which, in the progress of the mind, becomes as distinct a power as a musical ear or a picturesque eye. Without a considerable degree of this sensibility, it is as vain for a man of the greatest understanding to speak of the higher beauties of poetry, as it is for a blind man to speak of colours. To adopt the warmest sentiments of poetry, to realise its boldest imagery, to yield to every impulse of enthusiasm, to submit to the illusions of fancy, to retire with the poet into his ideal worlds, were dispositions wholly foreign from the worldly sagacity and stern shrewdness of Johnson.... If this unpoetical character be considered, if the force of prejudice be estimated, if we bear in mind that in this work of his old age we must expect to find him enamoured of every paradox which he had supported with brilliant success,

and that an old man seldom warmly admires those works which have appeared since his sensibility has become sluggish, and his literary system formed, we shall be able to account for most of the unjust judgments of Johnson, without recourse to any suppositions inconsistent with honesty and integrity.

As in his judgment of life and character, so in his criticism on poetry, he was a sort of Freethinker. He suspected the refined of affectation, he rejected the enthusiastic as absurd, and he took it for granted that the mysterious was unintelligible. He came into the world when the school of Dryden and Pope gave the law to English poetry. In that school he had himself learned to be a lofty and vigorous declaimer in harmonious verse; beyond that school his unforced admiration perhaps scarcely soared; and his highest effort of criticism was accordingly the noble panegyric on Dryden. His criticism owed its popularity as much to its defects as to its excellences. It was on a level with the majority of readers — persons of good sense and information, but of no exquisite sensibility; and to their minds it derived a false appearance of solidity from that very narrowness which excluded those grander efforts of imagination to which Aristotle and Bacon confined the name of poetry.

Among the victories gained by Milton, one of the most signal is that which he obtained over all the prejudices of Johnson, who was compelled to make a most vigorous, though evidently reluctant, effort to do justice to the fame and genius of the greatest of English poets. The alacrity with which he seeks every occasion to escape from this painful duty in observation upon Milton's Life and Minor Poems, sufficiently attest the irresistible power of "Paradise Lost." As he had no feeling of the lively and graceful, we must not wonder at his injustice to Prior. Some accidental impression, concurring with a long habit of indulging and venting

every singularity, seems necessary to account for his having forgotten that Swift was a wit. As the Seasons appeared during the susceptible part of Johnson's life, his admiration of Thompson prevailed over that ludicrous prejudice which he professed against Scotland, perhaps because it was a Presbyterian country. His insensibility to the higher order of poetry, his dislike of a Whig university, and his scorn of a fantastic character, combined to produce that monstrous example of critical injustice which he entitles the Life of Gray.

Such is the character which may be bestowed on Johnson by those who feel a profound reverence for his virtues, and a respect approaching to admiration for his intellectual powers, without adopting his prejudices, or being insensible to his defects. (*Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh*, 1835, vol. ii. p. 166.)

698 *Johnson's Epitaph on Mr. Thrale.*

Of his departed friend (says Dr. Anderson), Johnson has given a true character in a Latin epitaph, inscribed on his monument in Streatham church. Besides the example of affecting gratitude which it records, it is preserved here as an instance of the facility with which the heart of a friend finds topics of praise, to endear a worthy man to posterity, without falsehood or adulation. The morality of the conclusion is striking and instructive: —

"In the same tomb lie interred his father, Ralph Thrale, a man of vigour and activity, and his only son, Henry, who died before his father, aged ten years. Thus a happy and opulent family, raised by the grandfather, and augmented by the father, became extinguished with the grandson. *Go*, reader, and, reflecting on the vicissitudes of all human affairs, meditate on eternity!"

Hic conditur quod reliquum est
HENRICI THRALE,
Qui res seu civiles, seu domesticas, ita egit,
Ut vitam illi longiorem multi optarent;
Ita sacras,
Ut quam brevem esset habiturus præscire videretur,
Simplex, apertus, sibique semper similis.
Nihil ostentavit aut arte fictum aut cura
Elaboratum.
In senatu, regi patriæque
Fideliter studuit;
Vulgi obstrepentis contemptor animosus,
Domi inter mille mercaturæ negotia
Literarum elegantiam minimè neglexit.
Amicis quocunque modo laborantibus
Conciliis, auctoritate, muneribus, adfuit.
Inter familiares, comites, convivas, hospites,
Tam facili fuit morum suavitate
Ut omnium animos ad se alliceret,
Tam felici sermonis libertate
Ut nulli adulatus, omnibus placeret.
Natus 1724. Obiit 1781.
Consortes tumuli habet Rodolphum patrem, strenuum
Fortemque virum, et Henricum filium unicum,
Quem spei parentum mors inopina decennem præripuit
Ita
Domus felix et opulenta, quam erexit
Avus, auxitque pater, cum nepote decidit.
Abi Viator!
Et vicibus rerum humanarum perspectis,
Æternitatem cogita!

699. *Johnson's Epitaph on his Father, Mother, and Brother.*

A few days before his death Johnson composed the following epitaph for his father, mother, and brother; and wrote to Mr. Green, of Lichfield, desiring that it might be "engraved on a stone, deep, massy, and

hard," laid on the exact place of interment, in the middle aisle of St. Michael's church; and hoped "it might be done while he was yet alive." (1)

H. S. E

MICHAEL JOHNSON,

Vir impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientissimus; fiducia christiana fortis, fervidusque, pater-familias apprime strenuus, bibliopola admodum peritus mente et libris et negotiis exculta, animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adversis diu conflictatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit lingua sic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel castas læsisset, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expresserit.

Natus Cubleiæ, in agro Derbiensi, Anno 1656
Obiit 1731

Apposita est SARA, conjux.

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda, quam domi sedulam, foris paucis notam, nulli molestam, mentis acumine et judicii subtilitate præcellentem, aliis multum, sibi parum indulgentem Æternitati semper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro Varvicensi, Anno 1669.
Obiit 1759.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus 1712, cum vires et animi, et corporis multa pollicerentur, Anno 1737, vitam brevem pia morte finivit.

700. *Busts of Johnson and Garrick in Lichfield Cathedral.*

In the Dean's consistory court, adjoining the south transept of the cathedral church of Lichfield, a bust has been erected, with the following inscription. —

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 391.]

The Friends of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.,
A native of Lichfield,
Erected this Monument,
As a tribute of respect to the memory of
A man of extensive learning,
A distinguished moral writer, and a sincere Christian.
He died the 13th of December, 1784, aged 75 years.

Near it is a similar bust of Garrick, erected by his relict, after a design of the same artists, Wyatt, architect, and Westmacott, sculptor, with the following inscription, combining the *desiderium chari conjugis*, with Johnson's emphatic eulogy on the dramatic talents of his deceased friend:—

Eva Maria, relict of David Garrick, Esq.
caused this monument to be erected to the memory
of her beloved husband;
who died the 20th of January, 1779, aged 63 years.
He had not only the amiable qualities of private life,
but such astonishing dramatic talents,
as too well verified the observation of his friend,
"His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations,
and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

701. *Further Anecdotes of Johnson's Parents.*

Of Michael Johnson little is generally known, beyond the fact that he was a tradesman at Lichfield; and no attempt has hitherto been made to bring into one point the few particulars concerning him that lie scattered through various volumes. Yet this would appear to be a mark of respect due, if not to his own merit, to that of his admirable son; and in the hope that it may incite some one to undertake a more finished composition, the subjoined outline of a memoir has been compiled.

He was a native of Derbyshire; but of origin so obscure, that Dr. Johnson once said to Boswell, "I have great merit in being zealous for the honours of birth

for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather." He married, at a somewhat advanced age, one Sarah Ford, by whom he had two sons; but the period of his settling at Lichfield is doubtful, though it certainly was some time prior to the close of the seventeenth century, as I find his name anno 1687, in a list of subscribers to a fund for recasting the bells of the Cathedral, towards which he contributed 10*s*. In 1709 he was sheriff of the city; and in the same year was born his celebrated son, whose baptism is thus recorded in the Register of St. Michael's Church:—

"Sept. 17. 1709, Samuel, son of Michael Johnson, Gent. baptized."

One of his godfathers was Dr. Swinfen, a physician of the city. Three years after, the baptism of his brother is thus entered in the same Register:—

"Oct. 14. 1712, Nathaniel, son of Mr. Michael Johnson, baptized."

The circumstances of Michael Johnson appear to have been for many years extremely narrow; but by untiring industry, he at length acquired some little property, which he lost by speculating in the manufacture of parchment, and became a bankrupt in 1731, while his son Samuel was at Oxford. The generous assistance which on this occasion he received from various quarters, seems to prove that his character was held in great esteem. Dr. Johnson told Sir John Hawkins that, amongst others, Mr. Innys, bookseller of St. Paul's Church-yard, was a material friend; "and this," said he, "I consider as an obligation on me to be grateful to his descendants," to whom he accordingly bequeathed 200*l.* Soon after his insolvency took place, Michael died, and the sum of 20*l.* was all that his son received from the produce of his effects.

It is a fact but little known, and which escaped the

industrious inquiry of Boswell, that during the two years which he passed at home, before proceeding to Oxford, Dr. Johnson was engaged in learning his father's business. The "Short Account of Lichfield," 1819, says that "books of his binding are still extant in that city." It was at this period, I presume, that in a fit of pride he once refused obedience to his father, who desired him to attend the book-stall at Uttoxeter market; in contrition for which, towards the close of his life, (as he told the Rev. H. White,) he repaired to the spot, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, by way of expiatory penance.

Michael Johnson's practice of visiting the market towns of Staffordshire and the adjoining counties, to dispose of his books, has already been mentioned. (1) The house at the corner of Sadler Street, Lichfield, in which Michael Johnson resided, and in which Samuel was born, is still standing. Views of it occur in the Gentleman's Magazine, February, 1785; in the "Short Account of Lichfield," above mentioned; and in various other works. It was built by Michael Johnson on land belonging to the Corporation, in whose records there appears this entry, under date 13th July, 1708:—

"Agreed that Mr. Michael Johnson, bookseller, have a lease of his encroachment of his house in Sadler Street and Women's Cheaping, for forty years, at 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum."

Boswell has preserved the particulars of a proceeding, in which the bailiffs and citizens, to their great honour, on the expiration of a second lease in 1767, resolved that it should be renewed to Dr. Johnson for a further term of ninety years, at the old rent, and without payment of any fine.

After her husband's decease, Johnson's mother continued the business, though of course on a more con-

(1) See Vol. I. p. 314.

tracted scale. Among the names of subscribers to the "Harleian Miscellany," there occurs that of "Sarah Johnson, bookseller, in Lichfield." The humble nature of her establishment may be gathered from a passage in Miss Seward's Correspondence, where she says of Lucy Porter, "from the age of twenty she boarded in Lichfield, with Dr. Johnson's mother, who still kept that bookseller's shop, by which her husband supplied the scanty means of existence. Meantime, Lucy kept the best company of our little city, but would make no engagement on market-days, lest granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. There Lucy Porter took her place, standing behind the counter, nor thought it a disgrace to thank a poor person who purchased from her a penny battledore." One of Lucy's brothers subsequently bequeathed her a handsome property, with part of which she built herself a commodious house in Tamworth Street, Lichfield, where she ended her days, in January 1796, aged 70 years, and lies buried in the Church of St. Chad. (*Gent. Mag.*, Oct. 1829.)

702. *Singular Misquotation.*

There is a curious error in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary which has not hitherto been noticed. It occurs in Definition 13. of the verb "To sit," and pervades every edition that I have yet seen, even Mr. Todd's. "Asses are ye that sit in judgement. Judges, v. 10." The verse is — "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way." Were not Dr. Johnson's reverence for the Scriptures too well known to allow us to imagine that he would wilfully pervert them; we might suppose that he, who gave the definition of Excise and Renegado, had intended, by anticipation, to express his opinion of the censure of his critics.

PART XXXIII.

JEUX D'ESPRIT ON JOHNSON'S BIOGRAPHERS.

No. I.—LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY;

OR, HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF ONE'S FRIEND.

An Extract from the LIFE OF DR. POZZ, *in ten volumes folio, written by* JAMES BOZZ, *Esq., who* FLOURISHED *with him near fifty years.*

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, ESQ. (1)

WE dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books. I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip.* I said it was a great work. POZZ. "Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy: but now, Sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, Sir, if they would call *me* a dog, and *you* a canister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of

(1) Among the numerous parodies and *jeux d'esprit* which Mr. Boswell's work produced, this pleasantry from the pen of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, which appeared in the periodical publications of the day, is worth preserving; for it is not merely a good pleasantry, but a fair criticism of some of the lighter parts of the work. — C.

ours, who was always making comparisons. Pozz. "Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself. I knew him when he kept a shop: he then made money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons. Sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, Sir; and then he would laugh." Bozz. "But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious*?" Pozz. "No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The Whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I showed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches. Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?" Bozz. "Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry." Pozz. "Yes, Sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark: it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displayed in every branch of literature. I asked him if he approved of green spectacles? Pozz. "As to green spectacles, Sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, Sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, Sir, I would dissuade him." A few months after, I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, Vol. VI. p. 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:—

"TO JAMES BOZZ, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR, — My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your 'Tour.'

"Write to me soon, and write to me often. I am, dear Sir, yours, affectionately, SAM. POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day: his wit flashed like lightning: indeed, there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz. "Yes, Sir, when confined, when pent up." I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it. Pozz. "Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it." Bozz. "Livy does not mention it." Pozz. "No, Sir, Livy wrote History. Livy was not writing the Life of a Friend."

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of ours who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint: he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand nor walk, unless supported; his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said, with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I, "Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me." Pozz. "No, Sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly asked why? Pozz. "Sir, you don't know his disorder." Bozz. "Pray what is it?" Pozz. "Sir, the man is — *dead drunk!*" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke;

but he afterwards checked me. Pozz. "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of ours who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company. Pozz. "No, Sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, Sir; his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow; Sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and peas: Sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child; but I would not talk politics." Bozz. "But perhaps, Sir, he would talk of nothing else." Pozz. "Then, Sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly inquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered, "Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach. Pozz. "He is right, Sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach. Now, Sir, a coach is better than a chaise, Sir—it is better than a chariot." Bozz. "Why, Sir?" Pozz. "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. "Dr. Pozz," said I, "*you* ought to keep a coach." Pozz. "Yes, Sir, I ought." Bozz. "But you do not, and that has often surprised me." Bozz. "Surprised you! There, Sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing. A man that has lived half your days ought to be above all surprise. Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprised. It is mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprised. Now, Sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear Sir, you will let me know before I leave town.

Pozz. "Yes, Sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself — Sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear? Pozz. "Yes, Sir; and then, Sir, nobody could bear them. A man who is drunk, Sir, is a very foolish fellow." Bozz. "But, Sir, as the poet says, 'he is devoid of all care.'" Pozz. "Yes, Sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life: he cannot be a merchant, Sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, Sir, for he cannot talk; he cannot be an artist, Sir, for he cannot see; and yet, Sir, there is science in drinking." Bozz. "I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz. "No, Sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the science consists of three parts. Now, Sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend ******* (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance); he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now, Sir, that is the science of drinking, to know when one has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power, and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the "Beggar's Opera." I endeavoured to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind

with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology; but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits. Pozz. "Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned that the spirit once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me:—Pozz. "There, Sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing contemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are not seen at the same time nor in the same place." Bozz. "I think, Sir, that old women in general are used to see ghosts." Pozz. "Yes, Sir, and their conversation is full of the subject: I would have an old woman to record such conversations; their loquacity tends to minuteness."

We talked of a person who had a very bad character. Pozz. "Sir, he is a scoundrel." Bozz. "I hate a scoundrel." Pozz. "There you are wrong: don't hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, Sir, are useful. There are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not choose to keep company with scoundrels, but something may be got from them." Bozz. "Are not scoundrels generally fools?" Pozz. "No, Sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know

many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book might be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*, from the earliest accounts to the present day." I mentioned hanging: I thought it a very awkward situation. Pozz. "No, Sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, Sir, that a man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity should appear perpendicular at last." I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. Pozz. "Yes, Sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged; we can recollect that: but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, Sir, in a mixed company. No, Sir, that is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*."

Our regard for literary property (1) *prevents our making a larger extract from the above important work. We have, however, we hope, given such passages as will tend to impress our readers with a high idea of this vast undertaking.* — Note by the Author.

(1) This alludes to the jealousy about copyright, which Mr. Boswell carried so far that he actually printed separately, and entered at Stationers' Hall, Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield (*antè*, Vol. II. p. 7.), and the Account of Johnson's Conversation with George III. at Buckingham House (Vol. III. p. 19.), to prevent his rivals making use of them. — C.

No. II.—DR. JOHNSON'S GHOST.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. lvi. p. 427.]

'Twas at the solemn hour of night,
When men and spirits meet,
That Johnson, huge majestic sprite,
Repair'd to Boswell's feet.

His face was like the full-orb'd moon
Wrapt in a threatening cloud,
That bodes the tempest bursting soon,
And winds that bluster loud.

Terrific was his angry look,
His pendent eyebrows frown'd;
Thrice in his hand he wav'd a book,
Then dash'd it on the ground.

"Behold," he cry'd, "perfidious man!
This object of my rage:
Bethink thee of the sordid plan
That form'd this venal page.

"Was it to make this base record,
That you my friendship sought;
Thus to retain each vagrant word,
Each undigested thought?

"Dar'st thou pretend that, meaning praise,
Thou seek'st to raise my name;
When all thy babbling pen betrays
But gives me churlish fame?

"Do readers in these annals trace
The man that's wise and good?
No!—rather one of savage race,
Illib'ral, fierce, and rude:

" A traveller, whose discontent
No kindness can appease;
Who finds for spleen perpetual vent
In all he hears and sees:

" One whose ingratitude displays
The most ungracious guest;
Who hospitality repays
With bitter, biting jest.

" Ah! would, as o'er the hills we sped,
And climb'd the sterile rocks,
Some vengeful stone had struck thee dead,
Or steeple, spar'd by Knox!

" Thy adulation now I see,
And all its schemes unfold:
Thy av'rice, Boswell, cherish'd me,
To turn me into gold.

" So keepers guard the beasts they show,
And for their wants provide;
Attend their steps where'er they go,
And travel by their side.

" O! were it not that, deep and low,
Beyond thy reach I'm laid,
Rapacious Boswell had ere now
JOHNSON a mummy made."

He ceas'd, and stalk'd from Boswell's sight
With fierce indignant mien,
Scornful as Ajax' sullen sprite,
By sage Ulysses seen.

Dead paleness Boswell's cheek o'erspread,
His limbs with horror shook:
With trembling haste he left his bed,
And burnt his fatal book.

And thrice he call'd on Johnson's name,
  Forgiveness to implore!
Then thrice repeated—"injured fame!"
  And word — wrote never more.

No. III.—A POSTHUMOUS WORK OF S. JOHNSON.

An Ode. April 15. 1786.

By George Colman, Esq.

St. Paul's deep bell, from stately tow'r,
Had sounded once and twice the hour,
    Blue burnt the midnight taper;
Hags their dark spells o'er cauldron brew'd,
While Sons of Ink their work pursu'd,
    Printing the Morning Paper.

Say, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, or *Post*,
Which then beheld great Johnson's Ghost,
    Grim, horrible, and squalid?
Compositors their letters dropt,
Pressmen their groaning engine stopt,
    And Devils all grew pallid.

Enough! the Spectre cried; Enough!
No more of your fugacious stuff,
    Trite Anecdotes and Stories;
Rude Martyrs of Sam. Johnson's name,
You rob him of his honest fame,
    And tarnish all his glories.

First in the futile tribe is seen
Tom Tyers in the Magazine,
That teazer of Apollo!
With goose-quill he, like desperate knife,
Slices, as Vauxhall beef, my life,
And calls the town to swallow.

The cry once up, the Dogs of News,
Who hunt for paragraphs the stews,
Yelp out Johnsoniana!
Their nauseous praise but moves my bile,
Like Tartar, Carduus, Camomile,
Or Ipecacuanha.

Next Boswell comes (for 't was my lot
To find at last *one* honest Scot)
With constitutional vivacity;
Yet garrulous, he tells too much,
On fancied failings prone to touch,
With sedulous loquacity.

At length — Job's patience it would tire —
Brew'd on my lees, comes Thrale's *Entire*,
Straining to draw my picture;
For She a common-place-book kept,
Johnson at Streatham dined and slept,
And who shall contradict her?

Thrale, lost 'mongst Fidlers and *Sopranos*,
With them play *Fortes* and *Pianos*,
Adagio and *Allegro!*
I lov'd Thrale's widow and Thrale's wife:
But now, believe, to write my life
I'd rather trust my Negro. (1)

1 His black servant.

I gave the Public works of merit,
Written with vigour, fraught with spirit;
  Applause crown'd all my labours:
But thy delusive pages speak
My palsied pow'rs, exhausted, weak,
  The scoff of friends and neighbours.

They speak me insolent and rude,
Light, trivial, puerile, and crude,
  The child of Pride and Vanity;
Poor Tuscan-like Improvisation
Is but of English sense castration,
  And infantine inanity.

Such idle rhymes, like Sybil's leaves,
Kindly the scatt'ring wind receives;
  The gath'rer proves a scorner.
But hold! I see the coming day!
— The Spectre said, and stalk'd away
  To sleep in Poet's Corner.

No. IV.—A POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

On his Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, with the celebrated Doctor Johnson;

By Peter Pindar, Esq. (1)

—Τρώεσσιν ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι. Homer.

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnson forth,
To eat M'Pherson 'midst his native North;

[(1) Dr. Wolcot, published in 1787.]

To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore —
All hail! — At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage,
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page,
Is amply gratified — a thousand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and surprise!
Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wondered — that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king!
Fate shall not shake thee off, with all its power,
Stuck, like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies!
Yes! his broad wing had raised thee (no bad hack)
A tom-tit, twittering on an eagle's back.

Thou, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song,
When death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue;
Even future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of time.

Sweet is thy page, I ween, that doth recite,
How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,
Marched through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian showers,
Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
Those gracious showers, that, fraught with fragrance, flow,
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.
How sweetly grumbled, too, was Sam's remark,
"I smell you, master Bozzy, in the dark!"
Alas! historians are confounded dull,
A dim Bœotia reigns in every skull;

Mere beasts of burden, broken-winded, slow,
Heavy as dromedaries, on they go,
Whilst thou, a Will-o'-wisp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruscations every where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,
What head can nod, o'er thy enlivening prose?
To others' works, the works of *thy* inditing
Are downright diamonds, to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;
For well I know, that flattery would offend.
Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou wouldst not shun,
Born with a stomach to digest a tun!
Who can refuse a smile, that reads thy page,
Where surly Sam, inflamed with Tory rage,
Nassau bescoundrels, and with anger big,
Swears, Whigs are rogues, and every rogue a Whig?
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bless,
That gives posterity the Rambler's dress?
Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig, that graced his crown;
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles;
And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I see the Rambler on a large bay mare,
Just like a Centaur, every danger dare;
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind;
The colt and Bozzy scampering close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy with what glee we read,
Who offer'd Sam, for breakfast, cold sheep's head,
Who, press'd and worried by this dame so civil,
Wished the sheep's head, and woman's at the devil.

I see you sailing both in Buchan's pot —
Now storming an old woman and her cot,
Who, terrified at each tremendous shape,
Deem'd you two demons, ready for a rape:
I see all marvelling at M'Leod's together,
On Sam's remarks on whey, and tanning leather:
At Corrichatachin's the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow,
And begging, with raised eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heaven not to damn thee for the deadly sin.
I see, too, the stern moralist regale,
And pen a Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale.
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight! bald Sam, in the Pretender's bed
I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,
His classic dissertation upon pudding:
Of provost Jopp I mark the marvelling face,
Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace
I see, too, travelling from the *Isle of Egg*,
The humble servant of a horse's leg;
And Snip, the tailor, from the *Isle of Muck*,
Who stitch'd in *Sky* with tolerable luck:
I see the horn, that drunkards must adore;
The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More,
And bloody shields, that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks, the Caledonian dame I see,
Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee,
Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage;
Melting, with sweetest smiles, the frost of age;
Like Sol, who darts, at times, a cheerful ray,
O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.
"Do it again, my dear," I hear Sam cry,
"See, who first tires, (my charmer!) you or I."
I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old dried whiting in thy Johnson's mouth;

And lo! I see withall his might and main,
Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like these,
That bring thee glory, and the million please
On these, shall future times delighted stare,
Thou charming haberdasher of small ware!
Stewart and Robertson from thee shall learn
The simple charms of history to discern:
To thee, fair history's palm shall Livy yield,
And Tacitus, to Bozzy leave the field!
Joe Miller's self, whose page such fun provokes,
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallowed tea;
How, once, to grace this Asiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat!

Pleased, on thy book thy sovereign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a gossip's story from his soul;
Blessed with the memory of the Persian king (1),
He every body knows, and every thing;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl, beguiled,
Hath lost a paramour and found a child;
Which gardener hath most cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath most hives of bees;
Which farmer boasts the most prolific sows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkeys, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows
Which barber best the ladies' locks can curl;
Which house in Windsor sells the finest purl;
Which chimney-sweep best beats in gold array,
His brush and shovel, on the first of May!
Whose dancing dogs in rigadoons excel;
And whose the puppet show, that bears the bell:
Which clever smith, the prettiest man-trap (2) makes
To save from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,

(1) Cyrus.

(2) His Majesty hath planted a number of those trusty guardians around his park at Windsor, for the benefit of the public.

The Guinea hens and peacocks with their eggs,
And catch his loving subjects by the legs.
O! since the prince of gossips reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look!
The sunshine of his smile may soon be thine —
Perchance, in converse thou may'st hear him shine.
Perchance, to stamp thy merit through the nation,
He begs of Johnson's Life, thy dedication;
Asks questions(1) of thee, O thou lucky elf,
And kindly answers every one himself.
Blessed with the classic learning of a college,
Our king is not a miser in his knowledge:
Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty
No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty;
Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,
Free as election beer from tubs it flows!
Yet, ah! superior far! — it boasts the merit
Of never fuddling people with the spirit!
Say, Bozzy, when, to bless our anxious sight,
When shall thy volume (2) burst the gates of light
O! clothed in calf, ambitious brat, be born —
Our kitchens, parlours, libraries adorn!
My fancy's keen anticipating eye
A thousand charming anecdotes can spy:
I read, I read of George (3) the learned display
On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray:
Of George, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge cyclopædia of wit:

(1) Just after Dr Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend, concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect —" His Majesty seems to be possessed of much good-nature, and much curiosity," replied the Doctor; " as for his *wits*, it is far from contemptible. His Majesty, indeed, was *multifarious* in his *questions*; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*."

(2) The Life of Dr Johnson.

(3) His Majesty's commentary on that quarrel, in which the Bishop and the Doctor pelted one the other with dirt so gracefully, will be a treasure to the lovers of literature! Mr. B hath as good as promised it to the public, and, we hope, means to keep his word.

That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
And frightens all his workmen, and his pages!
O Bozzy, still thy tell-tale plan pursue:
The world is wondrous fond of something new:
And, let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
It lives a welcome guest from age to age.
Not only say who breathes an arrant knave,
But who hath sneaked a rascal to his grave:
Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cause) a rout,
And, like a damned good Christian, pull him out.
Without a fear on families harangue,
Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
Thy brilliant brain conjecture can supply,
To charm through every leaf the eager eye.
The blue-stocking (1) society describe,
And give thy comment on each joke and gibe:
Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
And dip them in thy streams of immortality!

Let Lord Mac Donald threat thy breech to kick (2),
And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick;
Treat with contempt the menace of this lord,
'T is History's province, Bozzy, to record.
Though Wilkes abuse thy brain, that airy mill,
And swear poor Johnson murdered by thy quill;
What's that to thee? Why, let the victim bleed—
Thy end is answer'd, if the nation read.
The fiddling knight (3), and tuneful Mrs. Thrale,
Who frequent hobbed or nobbed with Sam, in ale,

(1) A club, mostly composed of learned ladies, to which Mr. B was admitted.

(2) A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr B., who in consequence omitted, in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the scandalous passages relative to this nobleman.

(3) Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madame Piozzi) threatens us with the Life of the late lexicographer.

Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires!)
To write his jokes and stories by their fires;
Then why not thou each joke and tale enrol,
Who, like a watchful cat before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflamed with letter'd pride)
Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,
To catch as many scraps as thou wert able —
A very Lazarus at the rich man's table?
What though against thee porters bounce the door (1),
And bid thee hunt for secrets there no more;
With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,
Exciseman-like, each syllable to note,
That given to printer's devils (a precious load!)
On wings of print comes flying all abroad!
Watch then the venal valets — smack the maids,
And try with gold to make them rogues and jades:
Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent,
Fly to thy fertile genius and invent:
Like old Voltaire, who placed his greatest glory,
In cooking up an entertaining story;
Who laugh'd at Truth, whene'er her simple tongue
Would snatch amusement from a tale or song

O! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,
Thou labour'st hard to bid thy hero shine,
Run to Bolt Court (2), exert thy Curl-like soul,
And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole:
Find when he eat, and drank, and cough'd, and sneezed —
Let all his motions in thy book be squeezed:
On tales, however strange, impose thy claw;
Yes, let thy amber lick up every straw;

(1) Thus is literally true — Nobody is at home. Our great people want the taste to relish Mr Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a desert.

(2) In Fleet Street, where the Doctor lived and died

Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat;
For all that breathes of Johnson must be great!

Bless'd be thy labours, most adventurous Bozzy,
Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi;
Heavens! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd!
A grove, a forest, shall thy ears surround!
Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkness with his rays,
Thee too, that world, with wonderment, shall hail,
A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail!

POSTSCRIPT.

As Mr. Boswell's Journal has afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson and the author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful on that day; had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?

Johnson. Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*; and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover to what species of bird I allude. [*Here the Doctor shook his head and laughed.*]

P. P. What think you, Sir, of his account of Corsica?— of his character of Paoli?

Johnson. Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity.

P. P. I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that, should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.

Johnson. Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury. — Which of us shall die first, is only known to the great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure, by taking *his*. [*Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.*]

P. P. I am afraid that he means to do you the favour.

Johnson. He dares not — he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not to murder *me*. Sir, I heed not his *αυτος εφα*. — Boswell write my life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*.

No. V. — INSCRIPTION ON A CARICATURE OF JOHNSON AND MADAME PIOZZI, BY SAYERS. (1)

Madam (my debt to nature paid),
I thought the grave with hallow'd shade
Would now protect my name:
Yet there in vain I seek repose,
My friends each little fault disclose,
And murder Johnson's fame.

First, Boswell, with officious care,
Show'd me as men would show a bear,
And call'd himself my friend;

(1) [From the European Magazine.]

Sir John with nonsense strew'd my hearse,
And Courteney pester'd me with verse;
You torture without end.

When Streatham spread its plenteous board,
I open'd Learning's valued hoard,
And as I feasted prosed.
Good things I said, good things I eat,
I gave you knowledge for your meat,
And thought th' account was closed.

If obligations still I owed,
You sold each item to the crowd,
I suffer'd by the tale:
For God's sake, Madam, let me rest,
Nor longer vex your quondam guest —
I'll pay you for your ale.

PART XXXIV.

BOSWELL.

No. I. — BRIEF MEMOIR OF BOSWELL, BY EDMOND MALONE, ESQ. (1)

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. eldest son of Alexander Boswell, Lord Auchinleck, one of the judges in the supreme courts of session and justiciary in Scotland, was born at Edinburgh, October 29. 1740, and received his

(1) [From Nichol's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 400.]

first rudiments of education in that city. He afterwards studied Civil Law in the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. During his residence in these cities, he acquired, by the society of the English gentlemen who were students in the English colleges, that remarkable predilection for their manners, which neither the force of education, nor the *dulcedo* of his *natale solum*, could ever eradicate. But his most intimate acquaintance at this period was the Rev. Mr. Temple, a worthy, learned, and pious divine, whose well-written character of Gray was inserted in Johnson's Life of that poet. Mr. Boswell imbibed early the ambition of distinguishing himself by his literary talents, and had the good fortune to obtain the patronage of the late Lord Somerville. This nobleman treated him with the most flattering kindness; and Mr. Boswell ever remembered with gratitude the friendship he so long enjoyed with this worthy peer. Having always entertained an exalted idea of the felicity of London, in the year 1760 he visited that capital; in the manners and amusements of which he found so much that was congenial to his own taste and feelings, that it became ever after his favourite residence, whither he always returned from his estate in Scotland, and from his various rambles in various parts of Europe, with increasing eagerness and delight; and we find him, nearly twenty years afterwards, condemning Scotland as too narrow a sphere, and wishing to make his chief residence in London, which he calls the great scene of ambition, instruction, and, comparatively, making his heaven upon earth. He was, doubtless, confirmed in this attachment to the metropolis by the strong predilection entertained towards it by his friend Dr. Johnson, whose sentiments on this subject Mr. Boswell details in various parts of his Life of that great man; and which are corroborated by every one, in pursuit of literary and intellectual attainments, who has enjoyed but a taste of the rich feast which that city spreads before him.

The politeness, affability, and insinuating urbanity of manners, which distinguished Mr. Boswell, introduced him into the company of many eminent and learned men, whose acquaintance and friendship he cultivated with the greatest assiduity. In truth, the esteem and approbation of learned men seems to have been one chief object of his literary ambition; and we find him so successful in pursuing his end, that he enumerated some of the greatest men in Scotland among his friends even before he left it for the first time. Notwithstanding Mr. Boswell by his education was intended for the bar, yet he was himself earnestly bent at this period upon obtaining a commission in the Guards, and solicited Lord Auchinleck's acquiescence; but returned, however, by his desire, into Scotland, where he received a regular course of instruction in the Law, and passed his trials as a civilian at Edinburgh. Still, however, ambitious of displaying himself as one of "the manly heart who guard the fair," he revisited London a second time in 1762; and, various occurrences delaying the purchase of a commission, he was at length persuaded by Lord Auchinleck to relinquish his pursuit, and become an advocate at the Scotch bar. In compliance, therefore, with his father's wishes, he consented to go to Utrecht the ensuing winter, to hear the lectures of an excellent civilian in that university; after which he had permission to make his grand tour of Europe.

In 1762 Mr. Boswell published the little poem, entitled "The Club at Newmarket, a Tale," and the next year may be considered the most important epocha in his life, as he had the singular felicity to be introduced to Dr. Johnson. This event, so auspicious for Mr. Boswell, and so fortunate for the literary world, happened on May 16, 1763. Having afterwards continued one winter at Utrecht, during which time he visited several parts of the Netherlands, he commenced his projected travels. Passing from Utrecht into Germany, he pur-

sued his route through Switzerland to Geneva; whence he crossed the Alps into Italy: having visited on his journey Voltaire at Ferney, and Rousseau in the wilds of Neufchatel. Mr. Boswell continued some time in Italy, where he met and associated with Lord Mountstuart, to whom he afterwards dedicated his *Theses Juridicæ*.

Having visited the most remarkable cities in Italy, Mr. Boswell sailed to Corsica, travelled over every part of that island, and obtained the friendship of the illustrious Pasquale de Paoli, in whose palace he resided during his stay at Corsica. He afterwards went to Paris, whence he returned to Scotland in 1766, and soon after became an advocate at the Scotch bar. The celebrated Douglas cause was at that time a subject of general discussion. Mr. Boswell published the "Essence of the Douglas Cause;" a pamphlet which contributed to procure Mr. Douglas the popularity which he at that time possessed.

In 1768, Mr. Boswell obliged the world by his "Account of Corsica, with Memoirs of General Paoli." Of this printed performance Dr. Johnson thus expresses himself: "Your Journal is curious and delightful. I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited or better gratified." This book was received with extraordinary approbation, and has been translated into the German, Dutch, Italian, and French languages. In the following winter, the theatre-royal at Edinburgh, hitherto restrained by party-spirit, was opened. On this occasion Mr. Boswell was solicited by David Ross, Esq. to write a prologue. The effect of this prologue upon the audience was highly flattering to the author, and beneficial to the manager, as it secured to the latter, by the annihilation of the opposition which had been till that time too successfully exerted against him, the uninterrupted possession of his patent, which he enjoyed till his death,

which happened in September, 1790. Mr. Boswell attended his funeral as chief mourner, and paid the last honours to a man with whom he had spent many a pleasant hour. — In 1769, was celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon the Jubilee in honour of Shakspeare. Mr. Boswell, an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of our immortal bard, and ever ready to partake of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," repaired thither, and appeared at the masquerade as an armed Corsican chief; a character he was eminently qualified to support.

This year Mr. Boswell was married to Miss Margaret Montgomery, a lady who, to the advantages of a polite education, united admirable good sense and a brilliant understanding. She was daughter of David Montgomery, Esq. related to the illustrious family of Eglintoune, and representative of the ancient peerage of Lyle. The death of this amiable woman is recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1790; and Mr. Boswell honoured her memory with an affectionate tribute. She left him two sons and three daughters; who, to use Mr. Boswell's own words, "if they inherit her good qualities, will have no reason to complain of their lot." *Dos magna parentûm virtus.* — In 1782, Lord Auchinleck died. — In 1783, Mr. Boswell published his celebrated "Letter to the People of Scotland:" which is thus praised by Johnson in a letter to the author: "I am very much of your opinion ****; your paper contains very considerable knowledge of history and the constitution, very properly produced and applied." Mr. Pitt, to whom Mr. Boswell communicated the pamphlet, honoured it with his approbation. This first Letter was followed by a second, in which Mr. Boswell displayed his usual energy and political abilities. In 1785, Mr. Boswell published "A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" with Dr. Johnson; which met a similar success to his entertaining account of Corsica.

This year Mr. Boswell removed to London, and was soon after called to the English bar.

But Mr. Boswell's professional business was interrupted by preparing his most celebrated work, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D." This was published in 1791, and was received by the world with most extraordinary avidity. It is a faithful history of Johnson's life, and exhibits a most interesting picture of the character of that illustrious moralist, delineated with a masterly hand. The preparation of a second edition of this work was almost the last literary performance of Mr. Boswell; though he was at the same time preparing a general answer to a letter from Dr. Samuel Parr, in Gent. Mag. vol. lxv. p. 179; in which he proposed also briefly to notice the attacks of his more puny antagonists. He had also a design, which was in some forwardness, of publishing a quarto volume, to be embellished with fine plates, on the subject of the controversy occasioned by the Beggar's Opera, and it is to be regretted, that the public were not gratified with a perusal of what so good a judge of human nature would say on so curious a subject. With this particular view he had paid frequent visits to the then truly humane "Governor of Newgate," as he ordinarily styled Mr. Kirby. His death, unexpected by his friends, was a subject of universal regret; and his remains were carried to Auchinleck; and the following inscription is engraved on his coffin-plate: —

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.,
died 19th May, 1795,
aged 55 years.

No. II. — Extracts from Boswell's Letters to Mr. Malone.

[*Mr. Boswell's letters to Mr. Malone, written while the first edition of his Life of Johnson was passing through the press, afford so curious a view of his situation and state of mind at that period, that the Editor has gladly availed himself of Mr. Upcott's permission to make some extracts from the MSS. in that gentleman's collection.*]

"Dec. 4. 1790. Let me begin with myself. On the day after your departure, that most friendly fellow Courtenay (begging the pardon of an M.P. for so free an epithet) called on me, and took my word and honour that, till the 1st of March, my allowance of wine per diem should not exceed four good glasses at dinner, and a pint after it: and this I have kept, though I have dined with Jack Wilkes; at the London Tavern, after the launch of an Indiaman; with dear Edwards; Dilly; at home with Courtenay; Dr. Barrow; at the mess of the Coldstream; at *the* Club; at Warren Hastings's; at Hawkins the Cornish member's; and at home with a colonel of the guards, &c. This *regulation* I assure you is of essential advantage in many respects. The *Magnum Opus* advances. I have revised p. 216. The additions which I have received are a Spanish quotation from Mr. Cambridge (1); an account of Johnson at Warley Camp from Mr. Langton (2); and Johnson's letters to Mr. Hastings — three in all — one of them long and admirable; but what sets the diamonds in pure gold of Ophir is a letter from Mr. Hastings to me, illustrating

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 184.]
(2) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 224.]

them and their writer. (1) I had this day the honour of a long visit from the late governor-general of India. There is to be no more impeachment. But you will see his character nobly vindicated. Depend upon this.

"And now for my friend. The appearance of Malone's Shakespeare on the 29th November was not attended with any external noise; but I suppose no publication seized more speedily and surely on the attention of those for whose critical taste it was chiefly intended. At the Club on Tuesday, where I met Sir Joshua, Dr. Warren, Lord Ossory, Lord Palmerston, Windham, and Burke in the chair, — Burke was so full of his anti-French revolution rage, and poured it out so copiously, that we had almost nothing else. He, however, found time to praise the clearness and accuracy of your dramatic history; and Windham found fault with you for not taking the profits of so laborious a work. Sir Joshua is pleased, though he would gladly have seen more *disquisition* — you understand me! Mr. Daines Barrington is exceedingly gratified. He regrets that there should be a dryness between you and Steevens, as you have treated him with great respect. I understand that, in a short time, there will not be one of your books to be had for love or money."

"Dec. 7. I dined last Saturday at Sir Joshua's with Mr. Burke, his lady, son, and niece, Lord Palmerston, Windham, Dr. Lawrence, Dr. Blagden, Dr. Burney, Sir Abraham Hume, Sir William Scott. I sat next to young Burke at dinner, who said to me, that you had paid his father a very fine compliment. I mentioned Johnson, to *sound* if there was any objection. He made none. In the evening Burke told me he had read your Henry VI., with all its accompaniment, and it was exceedingly well done.' He left us for some

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 38.]

time; I suppose on some of his cursed politics; but he returned — I *at* him again, and heard from his lips what, believe me, I delighted to hear, and took care to write down soon after. 'I have read his History of the Stage, which is a very capital piece of criticism and antiquarianism. I shall now read all Shakspeare through, in a very different manner from what I have yet done, when I have got such a commentator.' Will not this do for you, my friend? Burke was admirable company all that day. He never once, I think, mentioned the French revolution, and was easy with me, as in *days of old*."

"Dec. 16. I was sadly mortified at the Club on Tuesday, where I was in the chair, and on opening the box found three balls against General Burgoyne. Present, besides *moi*, Lord Ossory, Sir Joshua Reynolds, *Sir Joseph Banks*, Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Burney, young Burke, Courtenay, *Steevens*. One of the balls, I do believe, was put into the *no* side by Fordyce by mistake. You may guess who put in the other two. The Bishop of Carlisle and Dr. Blagden are put up. I doubt if the latter will be admitted, till Burgoyne gets in first. My work has met with a delay for a little while — not a whole day, however — by an unaccountable neglect in having paper enough in readiness. I have now before me p. 256. My utmost wish is to come forth on Shrove Tuesday (8th March). 'Wits are game cocks,' &c. Langton is in town, and dines with me to-morrow quietly, and revises his *Collectanea*." (1)

"Jan. 18. 1791. I have been so disturbed by sad money-matters, that my mind has been quite fretful: 500*l.* which I borrowed and lent to a first cousin, an

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 350.]

unlucky captain of an Indiaman, were due on the 15th to a merchant in the city. I could not possibly raise that sum, and was apprehensive of being hardly used. He, however, indulged me with an allowance to make partial payments; 150*l.* in two months, 150*l.* in eight months, and the remainder, with the interests, in eighteen months. How I am to manage I am at a loss, and I know you cannot help me. So this, upon my honour, is no hint. I am really tempted to accept of the 1000*l.* for my Life of Johnson. Yet it would go to my heart to sell it at a price which I think much too low. Let me struggle and hope. I cannot be out on *Shrove Tuesday*, as I flattered myself. P. 376. of Vol. II. is ordered for press, and I expect another proof to-night. But I have yet near 200 pages of copy besides letters, and *the death*, which is not yet written. My second volume will, I see, be forty or fifty pages more than my first. Your absence is a woful want in all respects. You will, I dare say, perceive a difference in the part which is revised only by myself, and in which many *insertions* will appear. My spirits are at present bad: but I will mention all I can recollect."

"Jan. 29. 1791. You will find this a most desponding and disagreeable letter, for which I ask your pardon. But your vigour of mind and warmth of heart make your friendship of such consequence, that it is drawn upon like a bank. I have, for some weeks, had the most woful return of melancholy, insomuch that I have not only had no relish of any thing, but a continual uneasiness, and all the prospect before me for the rest of life has seemed gloomy and hopeless. The state of my affairs is exceedingly embarrassed. I mentioned to you that the 500*l.* which I borrowed several years ago, and lent to a first cousin, an unfortunate India captain, must now be paid; 150*l.* on the 18th of March, 150*l.* on the 18th of October, and 257*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

on the 18th of July, 1792. This debt presses upon my mind, and it is uncertain if I shall ever gêt a shilling of it again. The clear money on which I can reckon out of my estate is scarcely 900*l.* a year. What *can* I do? My grave brother urges me to quit London, and live at my seat in the country; where he thinks that I might be able to save so as gradually to relieve myself. But, alas! I should be *absolutely* miserable. In the mean time, such are my projects and sanguine expectations, that you know I purchased an estate which was given long ago to a younger son of our family, and came to be sold last autumn, and paid for it 2500*l.*—1500*l.* of which I borrow upon itself by a mortgage. But the remaining 1000*l.* I cannot conceive a possibility of raising, but by the mode of annuity; which is, I believe, a very heavy disadvantage. I own it was imprudent in me to make a clear purchase at a time when I was sadly straitened; but if I had missed the opportunity, it never again would have occurred, and I should have been vexed to see an ancient appanage, a piece of, as it were, the flesh and blood of the family, in the hands of a stranger. And now that I have made the purchase, I should feel myself quite despicable should I give it up.

"In this situation, then, my dear Sir, would it not be wise in me to accept of 1000 guineas for my Life of Johnson, supposing the person who made the offer should now stand to it, which I fear may not be the case; for two volumes may be considered as a disadvantageous circumstance? Could I indeed raise 1000*l.* upon the credit of the work, I should incline to *game*, as Sir Joshua says; because it *may* produce double the money, though Steevens *kindly* tells me that I have over-printed, and that the curiosity about Johnson is *now* only in our own circle. Pray decide for me; and if, as I suppose, you are for my taking the offer, inform mè with whom I am to treat. In my present state of spirits, I am all timidity. Your absence has been a

severe stroke to me. I am at present quite at a loss what to do. Last week they gave me six sheets. I have now before me in *proof* p. 456.: yet I have above 100 pages of my copy remaining, besides his *death*, which is yet to be written, and many insertions, were there room, as also seven-and-thirty letters, exclusive of twenty to Dr. Brocklesby, most of which will furnish only extracts. I am advised to extract several of those to others, and leave out some; for my first volume makes only 516 pages, and to have 600 in the second will seem awkward, besides increasing the expense considerably. The *counsellor*, indeed, has devised an ingenious way to thicken the first volume, by *prefixing* the index. I have now desired to have but one compositor. Indeed, I go sluggishly and comfortlessly about my work. As I pass your door I cast many a longing look.

"I am to cancel a leaf of the first volume, having found that though Sir Joshua certainly assured me he had no objection to my mentioning that Johnson wrote a dedication for him, he now thinks otherwise. In that leaf occurs the mention of Johnson having written to Dr. Leland, thanking the University of Dublin for their diploma. What shall I say as to it? I have also room to state shortly the anecdote of the college cook, which I beg you may get for me. I shall be very anxious till I hear from you.

"Having harassed you with so much about myself, I have left no room for any thing else. We had a numerous club on Tuesday: Fox in the chair, quoting Homer and Fielding, &c. to the astonishment of Jo. Warton; who, with Langton and Seward, eat a plain bit with me, in my new house, last Saturday. Sir Joshua has put up Dr. Lawrence, who will be blackballed as sure as he exists. (1)

"We dined on Wednesday at Sir Joshua's; thirteen

(1) [Dr. Lawrence was blackballed, and did not become a member of the Club till December 1802.]

without Miss P. Himself, Blagden, Batt, [Lawrence,] Erskine, Langton, Dr. Warton, Metcalfe, Dr. Lawrence, his brother, a clergyman, Sir Charles Bunbury, myself."

"Feb. 10. 1791. Yours of the 5th reached me yesterday. I instantly went to the Don, who purchased for you at the office of Hazard and Co. a half, stamped by government and warranted undrawn, of No. 48,152. in the English State Lottery. I have marked on the back of it "Edmond, Henrietta, and Catherine Malone," and if Fortune will not favour those three united, I shall blame her. This half shall lie in my bureau with my own whole one, till you desire it to be placed elsewhere. The cost with registration is 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* A half is always proportionally dearer than a whole. I bought my ticket at Nicholson's the day before, and paid 16*l.* 8*s.* for it. I did not look at the number, but sealed it up. In the evening a hand-bill was circulated by Nicholson, that a ticket the day before sold at his office for 16*l.* 8*s.* was drawn a prize of 5000*l.* The number was mentioned in the hand-bill. I had resolved not to *know* what mine was till after the drawing of the lottery was finished, that I might not receive a *sudden* shock of blank; but this unexpected circumstance, which elated me by calculating that mine must certainly be one of 100, or at most 200 sold by Nicholson the day before, made me look at the two *last figures* of it; which, alas! were 48, whereas those of the fortunate one were 33. I have remanded my ticket to its secrecy. O! could I but get a few thousands, what a difference would it make upon my state of mind, which is harassed by thinking of my debts. I am anxious to hear your determination as to my *Magnum Opus.* I am very very unwilling to part with the property of it, and certainly would not, if I could but get credit for 1000*l.* for three or four years. Could you not assist me in that way, on the security of the book

and of an assignment to one half of my rents, 700*l.* which, upon my honour, are always due, and would be forthcoming in case of my decease? I *will* not sell, till I have your answer as to this.

"On Tuesday we had a Club of eleven — Lords Lucan (in the chair), Ossory, Macartney, Eliot, Bishop of Clonfert, young Burke, myself, Courtenay, Windham, Sir Joshua, and Charles Fox, who takes to us exceedingly, and asked to have dinner a little later; so it was to be at half-past five. Burke had made great interest for his drum-major, and, would you believe it? had not Courtenay and I been there, he would have been chosen. I am strangely ill, and doubt if even you could dispel the demoniac influence. I have now before me p. 488. in print: the 923 pages of the copy only is exhausted, and there remains 80, besides the *death*; as to which I shall be concise, though solemn. Pray how shall I wind up? Shall I give the *character* from my Tour, somewhat enlarged?"

"London, Feb. 25. 1791. I have not seen Sir Joshua I think for a fortnight. I have been worse than you can possibly imagine, or I hope ever shall be able to imagine; which no man can do without experiencing the malady. It has been for some time painful to me to be in company. I, however, am a little better, and to meet Sir Joshua to-day at dinner at Mr. Dance's, and shall tell him that he is to have good Irish claret.

"I am in a distressing perplexity how to decide as to the property of my book. You must know, that I am *certainly* informed that a certain person who delights in mischief has been *depreciating* it, so that I fear the sale of it may be very dubious. *Two quartos* and *two guineas* sound in an alarming manner. I believe, in my present frame, I should accept even of 500*l.*; for I suspect that were I now to talk to Robinson, I should find him not disposed to give 1000*l.* Did he absolutely

offer it, or did he only express himself so as that you *concluded* he would give it? The pressing circumstance is, that I *must* lay down 1000*l.* by the 1st of May, on account of the purchase of land, which my old family enthusiasm urged me to make. You, I doubt not, have full confidence in my honesty. May I then ask you if you could venture to join with me in a bond for that sum, as then I would take my chance, and, as Sir Joshua says, *game* with my book? Upon my honour, your telling me that you cannot comply with what I propose will not in the least surprise me, or make any manner of difference as to my opinion of your friendship. I mean to ask Sir Joshua if he will join; for indeed I should be vexed to sell my *Magnum Opus* for a great deal less than its intrinsic value. I meant to publish on Shrove Tuesday; but if I can get out within the month of March I shall be satisfied. I have now, I think, *four* or *five* sheets to print, which will make my second volume about 575 pages. But I shall have more cancels. That *nervous* mortal W. G. H.(1) is not satisfied with my report of some particulars *which I wrote down from his own mouth*, and is so much agitated, that Courtenay has persuaded me to allow a *new edition* of them by H. himself to be made at H.'s expense. Besides, it has occurred to me, that when I mention "a *literary fraud*," by Rolt the historian, in going to Dublin, and publishing Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination, with his own name, I may not be able to authenticate it, as Johnson is dead, and he may have relations who may take it up as an offence, perhaps a *libel*. Courtenay suggests, that you may perhaps get intelligence whether it was *true*. The Bishop of Dromore can probably tell, as he knows a great deal about Rolt. In case of doubt, should I not cancel the leaf, and either omit the curious anecdote or give it as a story which Johnson laughingly told as having circulated?"

(1) [Single-speech Hamilton.]

"March 8. I have before me your *volunteer* letter of February 24th, and one of 5th current, which, if you have dated it right, has come with wonderful expedition. You may be perfectly sure that I have not the smallest fault to find with your disinclination to come again under any pecuniary engagements for others, after having suffered so much. Dilly proposes that he and Baldwin should each advance 200*l.* on the credit of my book; and if they do so, I shall manage well enough, for I now find that I can have 600*l.* in Scotland on the credit of my rents; and thus I shall get the 1000*l.* paid in May.

"You would observe some stupid lines on Mr. Burke in the 'Oracle' *by Mr. Boswell!* I instantly wrote to Mr. Burke, expressing my indignation at such impertinence, and had next morning a most obliging answer. Sir William Scott told me I could have no legal redress. So I went *civilly* to Bell, and he promised to mention *handsomely* that *James Boswell, Esq.* was not the author of the lines. The note, however, on the subject was a second impertinence. But I can do nothing. I wish Fox, in his bill upon libels, would make a heavy penalty the consequence of forging any person's name to any composition, which, in reality, such a trick amounts to.

"In the night between the last of February and first of this month, I had a sudden relief from the inexplicable disorder, which occasionally clouds my mind and makes me miserable, and it is amazing how well I have been since. Your friendly admonition as to excess in wine *has* been often too applicable; but upon this late occasion I erred on the other side. However, as I am now free from my restriction to Courtenay, I shall be much upon my guard; for, to tell the truth, I did go too deep the day before yesterday; having dined with Michael Angelo Taylor, and then supped at the London Tavern with the stewards of the Humane Society, and continued till I know not what hour in the morn-

ing. John Nichols was joyous to a pitch of bacchanalian vivacity. I am to dine with him next Monday; an excellent city party, Alderman Curtis, Deputy Birch, &c. &c. I rated him gently on his saying so little of your Shakspeare. (1) He is ready to receive more ample notice. You may depend on your having whatever reviews that mention you sent directly. Have I told you that Murphy has written "An Essay on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson," to be prefixed to the new edition of his works? He wrote it in a month, and has received 200*l.* for it. I am quite resolved now to keep the property of my *Magnum Opus;* and I flatter myself I shall not repent it.

"My title, as we settled it, is 'The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D., comprehending an account of his studies and various works, in chronological order, his conversations with many eminent persons, a series of his letters to celebrated men, and several original pieces of his composition: the whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain, for near half a century, during which he flourished." It will be very kind if you will suggest what yet occurs. I hoped to have published to-day; but it will be about a month yet before I launch."

"March 12. Being the depositary of your chance in the lottery, I am under the disagreeable necessity of communicating the bad news that it has been drawn a *blank.* I am very sorry, both on your account and that of your sisters, and my own; for had your share of good fortune been 3166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* I should have hoped for a loan to accommodate me. As it is, I shall, as I wrote to you, be enabled to weather my difficulties for some time: but I am still in great anxiety about the sale of my book, I find so many people shake their

(1) [Viz. in the Gentleman's Magazine.]

heads at the *two quartos* and *two guineas*. Courtenay is clear that I should sound Robinson, and accept of a thousand guineas, if he will give that sum. Meantime, the title-page must be made as good as may be. It appears to me that mentioning his studies, works, conversations, and letters is not sufficient; and I would suggest comprehending an account, in chronological order, of his studies, works, friendships, acquaintance, and other particulars; his conversations with eminent men; a series of his letters to various persons; also several original pieces of his composition never before published. The whole, &c. You will, probably, be able to assist me in expressing my idea, and arranging the parts. In the advertisement I intend to mention the letter to Lord Chesterfield, and perhaps the interview with the King, and the names of the correspondents in alphabetical order. How should *chronological order* stand in the order of the members of my title? I had at first "*celebrated correspondents*," which I don't like. How would it do to say "his conversations and epistolary correspondence with eminent (or celebrated) persons?" Shall it be "*different* works," and "*various* particulars?" In short, it is difficult to decide.

"Courtenay was with me this morning. What a mystery is his going on at all! Yet he looks well, talks well, dresses well, keeps his mare—in short is in all respects like a parliament man. Do you know that my bad spirits are returned upon me to a certain degree; and such is the sickly fondness for change of place, and imagination of relief, that I sometimes think you are happier by being in Dublin, than one is in this great metropolis, where hardly any man cares for another. I am persuaded I should relish your Irish dinners very much. I have at last got chambers in the Temple, in the very staircase where Johnson lived; and when my *Magnum Opus* is fairly launched, there shall I make a trial."

No. III. — Boswell in Corsica

[*The "Journal of a Tour in Corsica in 1765," the work by which Boswell was first made known to the world of letters, is now but seldom met with. The high opinion which Johnson expressed of it has already been recorded* (antè, Vol. III. p. 70.): *"your Journal," says he, "is in a very high degree curious and delightful; I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited or better gratified;" and when we recollect, that at the time he wrote it Boswell was only in the twenty-fourth year of his age, it certainly appears very creditable to his literary attainments. We have, therefore, selected some of the most interesting and characteristic passages of this neglected performance — concluding with those which bear a direct reference to the author's early intercourse with Johnson.*]

Boswell's object in visiting Corsica.

Having resolved to pass some years abroad, for my instruction and entertainment, I conceived a design of visiting the island of Corsica. I wished for something more than just the common course of what is called the tour of Europe; and Corsica occurred to me as a place which nobody else had seen, and where I should find what was to be seen no where else, a people actually fighting for liberty, and forming themselves from a poor, inconsiderable, oppressed nation, into a flourishing and independent state.

Barbary Corsairs.

The only danger I saw in going to Corsica was, that I might be taken by some of the Barbary corsairs, and have a trial of slavery among the Turks at Algiers.

I spoke of it to commodore Harrison, who commanded the British squadron in the Mediterranean, and was then lying with his ship the Centurion, in the bay of Leghorn. He assured me, that if the Turks did take me, they should not keep me long; but in order to prevent it, he was so good as to grant me a very ample and particular passport; and as it could be of no use if I did not meet the corsairs, he said very pleasantly when he gave it me, "I hope, Sir, it will be of no use to you."

Arrival in Corsica.

We landed safely in the harbour of Centuri. I was directed to the house of Signor Antonio Antonetti at Morsiglia, about a mile up the country. The prospect of the mountains covered with vines and olives was extremely agreeable; and the odour of the myrtle and other aromatic shrubs and flowers that grew all around me was very refreshing. As I walked along, I often saw Corsican peasants come suddenly out from the covert. They were all armed; even the man who carried my baggage was armed, and had I been timorous might have alarmed me. But he and I were very good company to each other. As it grew dusky, I repeated to myself these lines from a fine passage in Ariosto.

"E pur per selve oscure e calli obliqui
Insieme van, senza sospetto aversi."

"Together through dark woods and winding ways
They walk, nor on their hearts suspicion preys."

Signor Antonetti received me with unaffected cordiality, making an apology for my frugal entertainment, but assuring me of a hearty welcome. His true kindly hospitality was also shown in taking care of my servant, an honest Swiss, who loved to eat and drink well. I had formed a strange notion that I should see every

thing in Corsica totally different from what I had seen in any other country. I was therefore much surprised to find Signor Antonetti's house quite an Italian one, with very good furniture, prints, and copies of some of the famous pictures. In particular, I was struck to find here a small copy from Raphael, of St. Michael and the Dragon. There was no necessity for its being well done. To see the thing at all was what surprised me.

A Corsican Sermon.

The next day, being Sunday, I accompanied Signor Antonetti and his family to hear mass in the parish church, a very pretty little building, about half a quarter of a mile off. The priest was to preach to us, at which I was much pleased, being very curious to hear a Corsican sermon. He did very well. His text was in the Psalms. "Descendunt ad infernum viventes. They go down alive into the pit." After endeavouring to move our passions with a description of the horrors of hell, he told us, "Saint Catherine of Siena wished to be laid on the mouth of this dreadful pit, that she might stop it up, so as no more unhappy souls should fall into it. I confess, my brethern, I have not the zeal of holy Saint Catherine. But I do what I can; I warn you how to avoid it." He then gave us some good practical advices and concluded.

A slight Mistake.

At Pino I was cordially entertained at Signor Tomasi's. Throughout all Corsica, except in garrison towns, there is hardly an inn. Before I was accustomed to the Corsican hospitality, I sometimes forgot myself, and imagining I was in a public house, called for what I wanted, with the tone which one uses in calling to the waiters at a tavern. I did so at Pino, asking for a variety of things at once; when Signora

Tomas: perceiving my mistake, looked in my face and smiled, saying with much calmness and good-nature, "Una cosa dopo un' altra, Signore. One thing after another, Sir."

Reflections in a Convent.

For some time, I had very curious travelling, mostly on foot, and attended by a couple of stout women, who carried my baggage upon their heads. Every time that I prepared to set out from a village, I could not help laughing, to see the good people eager to have my equipage in order, and roaring out, "Le donne, le donne! The women, the women!" I had full leisure and the best opportunities to observe every thing. I was lodged sometimes in private houses, sometimes in convents, being always well recommended from place to place. The first convent in which I lay was at Canari. It appeared a little odd at first. But I soon learnt to repair to my dormitory as naturally as if I had been a friar for seven years. These convents were small decent buildings, suited to the sober ideas of their pious inhabitants. The religious, who devoutly endeavour to "walk with God," are often treated with raillery by those whom pleasure or business prevents from thinking of future and more exalted objects. A little experience of the serenity and peace of mind to be found in convents would be of use to temper the fire of men of the world.

Monastic Inscription.

At Corte I was very politely received, and was conducted to the Franciscan convent, where I got the apartment of Paoli, who was then some days' journey beyond the mountains, holding a court of syndicato at a village called Sollacaro. These fathers have no

library worth mentioning; but their convent is large and well built. I looked about with great attention, to see if I could find any inscriptions; but the only one I found was upon a certain useful edifice.

> "Sine necessitate huc non intrate,
> Quia necessaria sumus."

A studied, rhyming, Latin conceit marked upon such a place was truly ludicrous.

Corsican Criminals.

I went up to the castle of Corte. The commandant very civilly showed me every part of it. As I wished to see all things in Corsica, I desired to see even the unhappy criminals. There were then three in the castle, a man for the murder of his wife; a married lady who had hired one of her servants to strangle a woman of whom she was jealous; and the servant who had actually perpetrated this barbarous action. They were brought out from their cells, that I might talk with them. The murderer of his wife had a stupid, hardened appearance, and told me he did it at the instigation of the devil. The servant was a poor despicable wretch. He had at first accused his mistress, but was afterwards prevailed with to deny his accusation, upon which he was put to the torture, by having lighted matches held between his fingers. This made him return to what he had formerly said, so as to be a strong evidence against his mistress. His hands were so miserably scorched, that he was a piteous object. I asked him why he had committed such a crime; he said, "Perche era senza spirito. Because I was without understanding." The lady seemed of a bold and resolute spirit. She spoke to me with great firmness, and denied her guilt, saying with a contemptuous smile, as she pointed to her servant, "They can force that creature to say what they please."

Hangman of Corsica.

The hangman of Corsica was a great curiosity. Being held in the utmost detestation, he durst not live like another inhabitant of the island. He was obliged to take refuge in the castle; and there he was kept in a little corner turret, where he had just room for a miserable bed, and a little bit of fire to dress such victuals for himself as were sufficient to keep him alive, for nobody would have any intercourse with him, but all turned their backs upon him. I went up and looked at him; and a more dirty rueful spectacle I never beheld. He seemed sensible of his situation, and held down his head like an abhorred outcast. It was a long time before they could get a hangman in Corsica, so that the punishment of the gallows was hardly known, all their criminals being shot. At last this creature whom I saw, who is a Sicilian, came with a message to Paoli. The General, who has a wonderful talent for physiognomy, on seeing the man, said immediately to some of the people about him, "Ecco il boia, Behold our hangman." He gave orders to ask the man if he would accept of the office, and his answer was, "My grandfather was a hangman; my father was a hangman; I have been a hangman myself, and am willing to continue so." He was therefore immediately put into office, and the ignominious death dispensed by his hands hath had more effect than twenty executions by fire-arms.

Great Seal of Corsica.

When I had seen every thing about Corte, I prepared for my journey over the mountains, that I might be with Paoli. The night before I set out, I recollected that I had forgotten to get a passport. After supper therefore the Prior walked with me to the house of the Great Chancellor, who ordered the passport to be made out immediately; and while his secretary was writing it,

entertained me by reading to me some of the minutes of the general consulta. When the passport* was finished, and ready to have the seal put to it, I was much pleased with a beautiful, simple incident. The Chancellor desired a little boy who was playing in the room by us to run to his mother, and bring the great seal of the kingdom. I thought myself sitting in the house of a Cincinnatus.

Next morning I set out in very good order, having excellent mules, and active, clever Corsican guides. The worthy fathers of the convent, who treated me in the kindest manner while I was their guest, would also give me some provisions for my journey; so they put up a gourd of their best wine, and some delicious pomegranates. My Corsican guides appeared so hearty, that I often got down and walked along with them, doing just what I saw them do. When we grew hungry, we threw stones among the thick branches of the chestnut trees which overshaded us, and in that manner we brought down a shower of chestnuts, with which we filled our pockets, and went on eating them with great relish; and when this made us thirsty, we lay down by the side of the first brook, put our mouths to the stream, and drank sufficiently. It was just being for a little while one of the "prisca gens mortalium, the primitive race of men," who ran about in the woods eating acorns and drinking water.

Belief in the Pope.

While I stopped to refresh my mules at a little village, the inhabitants came crowding about me as an ambassador going to their general. When they were informed of my country, a strong black fellow among them said, "Inglese! sono barbari; non credono in Dio grande. English! they are barbarians; they don't believe in the great God." I told him, "Excuse me, Sir, we do believe in God, and in Jesus Christ too."

"Um," said he, "e nel Papa? And in the Pope?" "Nò." "E perche? And why?" This was a puzzling question in these circumstances; for there was a great audience to the controversy. I thought I would try a method of my own, and very gravely replied, "Perche siamo troppo lontani. Because we are too far off." A very new argument against the universal infallibility of the Pope. It took, however; for my opponent mused awhile, and then said, "Troppo lontano! La Sicilia è tanto lontana che l'Inghilterra; e in Sicilia si credono nel Papa. Too far off! Why Sicily is as far off as England. Yet in Sicily they believe in the Pope." "O," said I, "noi siamo dieci volte più lontani che la Sicilia! We are ten times farther off than Sicily." "Aha!" said he; and seemed quite satisfied. In this manner I got off very well. I question much whether any of the learned reasonings of our protestant divines would have had so good an effect.

Boswell's Harangue at Bastelica.

My journey over the mountains was very entertaining. I passed some immense ridges and vast woods I was in great health and spirits, and fully able to enter into the ideas of the brave rude men whom I found in all quarters. At Bastelica, where there is a stately spirited race of people, I had a large company to attend me in the convent. I liked to see their natural frankness and ease; for why should men be afraid of their own species? They came in making an easy bow, placed themselves round the room where I was sitting, rested themselves on their muskets, and immediately entered into conversation with me. They talked very feelingly of the miseries that their country had endured, and complained that they were still but in a state of poverty. I happened at that time to have an unusual flow of spirits; and as one who finds himself amongst

utter strangers in a distant country has no timidity, I harangued the men of Bastelica with great fluency. I expatiated on the bravery of the Corsicans, by which they had purchased liberty, the most valuable of all possessions, and rendered themselves glorious over all Europe. Their poverty, I told them, might be remedied by a proper cultivation of their island, and by engaging a little in commerce. But I bid them remember, that they were much happier in their present state than in a state of refinement and vice, and that therefore they should beware of luxury. What I said had the good fortune to touch them, and several of them repeated the same sentiments much better than I could do.

First Interview with Paoli.

When I at last came within sight of Sollacaro, where Paoli was, I could not help being under considerable anxiety. My ideas of him had been greatly heightened by the conversations I had held with all sorts of people in the island, they having represented him to me as something above humanity. I had the strongest desire to see so exalted a character; but I feared that I should be unable to give a proper account why I had presumed to trouble him with a visit, and that I should sink to nothing before him. I almost wished to go back without seeing him. These workings of sensibility employed my mind till I rode through the village and came up to the house where he was lodged. Leaving my servant with my guides, I passed through the guards, and was met by some of the General's people, who conducted me into an ante-chamber, where were several gentlemen in waiting. I was shown into Paoli's room. I found him alone, and was struck with his appearance. He asked me what were my commands for him. I presented him a letter from Count Rivarola, and when he had read it, I showed him my letter from Rousseau. He was polite, but very reserved.

I had stood in the presence of many a prince, but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me, with a steadfast, keen, and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul. This interview was for a while very severe upon me. I was much relieved when his reserve wore off, and he began to speak more. I then ventured to address him with this compliment to the Corsicans. "Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people: I now see the rise of another." He received my compliment very graciously; but observed that the Corsicans had no chance of being, like the Romans, a great conquering nation, who should extend its empire over half the globe. Their situation, and the modern political systems, rendered this impossible. But, said he, Corsica may be a very happy country.

Some of the nobles who attended him came into the room, and presently we were told that dinner was served up. The General did me the honour to place me next him. He had a table of fifteen or sixteen covers, having always a good many of the principal men of the island with him. He had an Italian cook, who had been long in France; but he chose to have a few plain, substantial dishes, avoiding every kind of luxury, and drinking no foreign wine. I felt myself under some constraint in such a circle of heroes. The General talked a great deal on history and on literature. I soon perceived that he was a fine classical scholar, that his mind was enriched with a variety of knowledge, and that his conversation at meals was instructive and entertaining. Before dinner he conversed in French. He now spoke Italian, in which he is very eloquent. We retired to another room to drink coffee. My timidity wore off. I no longer anxiously thought

of myself: my whole attention was employed in listening to the illustrious commander of a nation.

Great Attentions paid to Boswell.

Paoli recommended me to the care of the Abbé Rostini, who had lived many years in France. Signor Colonna, the lord of the manor here, being from home, his house was assigned for me to live in. Every day I felt myself happier. Particular marks of attention were shown me as a subject of Great Britain, the report of which went over to Italy, and confirmed the conjectures that I was really an envoy. In the morning I had my chocolate served up upon a silver salver adorned with the arms of Corsica. I dined and supped constantly with the General. I was visited by all the nobility, and whenever I chose to make a little tour, I was attended by a party of guards. I begged of the General not to treat me with so much ceremony; but he insisted upon it. One day when I rode out I was mounted on Paoli's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and had my guards marching along with me. I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in this parade, as I was curious to experience what could really be the pleasure of state and distinction with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated. When I returned to the Continent after all this greatness, I used to joke with my acquaintance, and tell them that I could not bear to live with them, for they did not treat me with a proper respect.

Paoli's English Library.

I asked Paoli if he understood English. He immediately began and spoke it, which he did tolerably well. I was diverted with his English library. It consisted of some broken volumes of the Spectator and Tatler, Pope's Essay on Man, Gulliver's Travels, a History of France in old English, and Barclay's Apology for the

Quakers. I promised to send him some English books. (1)

Boswell's Corsican Dress.

The ambasciadore Inglese, the English ambassador, as the good peasants and soldiers used to call me, became a great favourite among them. I got a Corsican dress made, in which I walked about with an air of true satisfaction. The General did me the honour to present me with his own pistols, made in the island, all of Corsican wood and iron, and of excellent workmanship. I had every other accoutrement I even got one of the shells which had often sounded the alarm to liberty. I preserve them all with great care.

Boswell's German Flute, &c.

The Corsican peasants and soldiers were quite free and easy with me. Numbers of them used to come and see me of a morning, and just go out and in as they pleased. I did every thing in my power to make them fond of the British, and bid them hope for an alliance with us. They asked me a thousand questions about my country, all which I cheerfully answered as well as I could. One day they would needs hear me play upon my German flute. To have told my honest natural visitants, Really, gentlemen I play very ill, and put on such airs as we do in our genteel companies, would have been highly ridiculous. I therefore immediately complied with their request. I gave them one or two Italian airs, and then some of our beautiful old Scots tunes, "Gilderoy," the "Lass of Patie's Mill," "Corn rigs

(1) I have sent him the works of Harrington, of Sidney, of Addison, of Trenchard, of Gordon, and of other writers in favour of liberty. I have also sent him some of our best books of morality and entertainment, in particular the works of Mr. Samuel Johnson, with a complete set of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian; and to the University of Corte I have sent a few of the Greek and Roman classics, of the beautiful editions of the Messieurs Foulis at Glasgow.

are bonny." The pathetic simplicity and pastoral gaiety of the Scots music will always please those who have the genuine feelings of nature. The Corsicans were charmed with the specimens I gave them, though I may now say that they were very indifferently performed. My good friends insisted also to have an English song from me. I endeavoured to please them in this too, and was very lucky in that which occurred to me. I sung them —

> "Hearts of oak are our ships,
> Hearts of oak are our men."

I translated it into Italian for them, and never did I see men so delighted with a song as the Corsicans were with Hearts of Oak. "Cuore di querco," cried they, 'bravo Inglese." It was quite a joyous riot. I fancied myself to be a recruiting sea-officer. I fancied all my chorus of Corsicans aboard the British fleet.

Independency of Corsica.

Paoli talked very highly on preserving the independency of Corsica. "We may," said he, "have foreign powers for our friends; but they must be 'Amici fuori di casa. Friends at arm's length.' 'We may make an alliance, but we will not submit ourselves to the dominion of the greatest nation in Europe. This people, who have done so much for liberty, would be hewn in pieces man by man, rather than allow Corsica to be sunk into the territories of another country. Some years ago, when a false rumour was spread that I had a design to yield up Corsica to the Emperor, a Corsican came to me, and addressed me in great agitation: — 'What! shall the blood of so many heroes, who have sacrificed their lives for the freedom of Corsica, serve only to tinge the purple of a foreign prince!'" I mentioned to him the scheme of an alliance between Great Britain and Corsica. Paoli with politeness and dignity

waved the subject, by saying, "The less assistance we have from allies, the greater our glory." He seemed hurt by our treatment of his country. He mentioned the severe proclamation at the last peace, in which the brave islanders were called the Rebels of Corsica. He said with a conscious pride and proper feeling,—"Rebels! I did not expect that from Great Britain." He however shewed his great respect for the British nation, and I could see he wished much to be in friendship with us. When I asked him what I could possibly do in return for all his goodness to me, he replied, "Solamente disingannate il suo corte. Only undeceive your court. Tell them what you have seen here. They will be curious to ask you. A man come from Corsica will be like a man come from the antipodes."

Boswell's Melancholy.

This kind of conversation led me to tell Paoli how much I had suffered from anxious speculations. With a mind naturally inclined to melancholy, and a keen desire of inquiry, I had intensely applied myself to metaphysical researches, and reasoned beyond my depth, on such subjects as it is not given to man to know. I told him I had rendered my mind a camera obscura, that in the very heat of youth I felt the "non est tanti," the "omnia vanitas" of one who has exhausted all the sweets of his being, and is weary with dull repetition. I told him that I had almost become for ever incapable of taking a part in active life. "All this," said Paoli, "is melancholy. I have also studied metaphysics. I know the arguments for fate and free-will, for the materiality and immateriality of the soul, and even the subtile arguments for and against the existence of matter. 'Ma lasciamo queste dispute ai oziosi. But let us leave these disputes to the idle. Io tengo sempre fermo un gran pensiero. I hold always firm one great object. I never feel a moment of despondency." The

contemplation of such a character really existing was of more service to me than all I had been able to draw from books, from conversation, or from the exertions of my own mind. I had often formed the idea of a man continually such as I could conceive in my best moments. But this idea appeared like the ideas we are taught in the schools to form of things which may exist, but do not; of seas of milk, and ships of amber. But I saw my highest idea realised in Paoli. It was impossible for me, speculate as I pleased, to have a little opinion of human nature in him.

Dr. Johnson.

I gave Paoli the character of my revered friend Mr. Samuel Johnson. I have often regretted that illustrious men, such as humanity produces a few times in the revolution of many ages, should not see each other; and when such arise in the same age, though at the distance of half the globe, I have been astonished how they could forbear to meet. "As steel sharpeneth steel, so doth a man the countenance of his friend," says the wise monarch. What an idea may we not form of an interview between such a scholar and philosopher as Mr. Johnson, and such a legislator and general as Paoli!

I repeated to Paoli several of Mr. Johnson's sayings, so remarkable for strong sense and original humour. I now recollect these two. When I told Mr. Johnson that a certain author affected in conversation to maintain, that there was no distinction between virtue and vice, he said, "Why, Sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons." Of modern infidels and innovators, he said, "Sir, these are all vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense.

Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull."

I felt an elation of mind to see Paoli delighted with the sayings of Mr. Johnson, and to hear him translate them with Italian energy to the Corsican heroes. I repeated Mr. Johnson's sayings, as nearly as I could, in his own peculiar forcible language, for which, prejudiced or little critics have taken upon them to find fault with him. He is above making any answer to them, but I have found a sufficient answer in a general remark in one of his excellent papers:—"Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning."

Last Day with Paoli.

The last day which I spent with Paoli appeared of inestimable value. I thought him more than usually great and amiable when I was upon the eve of parting from him. The night before my departure a little incident happened which showed him in a most agreeable light. When the servants were bringing in the dessert after supper, one of them chanced to let fall a plate of walnuts. Instead of flying into a passion at what the man could not help, Paoli said, with a smile, "No matter." And turning to me, "It is a good sign for you, Sir; tempus est spargere nuces, It is time to scatter walnuts. It is a matrimonial omen: you must go home to your own country, and marry some fine woman whom you really like. I shall rejoice to hear of it. This was a pretty allusion to the Roman ceremony at weddings, of scattering walnuts. So Virgil's Damon says,—

"Mopse novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor.
Sparge marite nuces: tibi deserit Hesperus Œtam."

"Thy bride comes forth! begin the festal rites!
The walnuts strew! prepare the nuptial lights!
O envied husband, now thy bliss is nigh!
Behold for thee bright Hesper mounts the sky!"

When I again asked Paoli if it were possible for me in any way to show him my great respect and attachment, he replied, "Ricordatevi che io vi sia amico, e scrivetemi. Remember that I am your friend, and write to me." I said I hoped that when he honoured me with a letter, he would write not only as a commander, but as a philosopher and a man of letters. He took me by the hand, and said, "As a friend." I took leave of him with regret and agitation, not without some hopes of seeing him again. Even having known intimately so exalted a character, my sentiments of human nature were raised, while, by a sort of contagion, I felt an honest ardour to distinguish myself, and be useful, as far as my situation and abilities would allow; and I was, for the rest of my life, set free from a slavish timidity in the presence of great men — for where shall I find a man greater than Paoli?

Return to Corte.

When I set out from Sollacarò, I felt myself a good deal indisposed. The old house of Colonna, like the family of its master, was much decayed; so that both wind and rain found their way into my bed-chamber. From this I contracted a severe cold, which ended in a tertian ague. There was no help for it. I might well submit to some inconveniences, where I had enjoyed so much happiness. I was accompanied a part of the road by a great swarthy priest, who had never been out of Corsica. He was a very Hercules for strength and resolution. He and two other Corsicans took a castle garrisoned by no less than fifteen Genoese: indeed the Corsicans have such a contempt of their enemies, that

I have heard them say, "Basterebbero le donne contra i Genovesi! Our women would be enough against the Genoese!" This priest was a bluff, hearty, roaring fellow, troubled neither with knowledge nor care. He was ever and anon showing me how stoutly his nag could caper. He always rode some paces before me, and sat in an attitude half turned round, with his hand clapped upon the crupper. Then he would burst out with comical songs about the devil and the Genoese, and I don't know what all. In short, notwithstanding my feverishness, he kept me laughing whether I would or no.

At Cauro I had a fine view of Ajaccio and its environs. My ague was some time of forming, so I had frequent intervals of ease, which I employed in observing whatever occurred. I was lodged at Cauro, in the house of Signor Peraldi of Ajaccio, who received me with great politeness. I found here another provincial magistracy. Before supper, Signor Peraldi and a young Abbé of Ajaccio entertained me with some airs on the violin. After they had shown me their taste in fine improved music, they gave me some original Corsican airs; and, at my desire, they brought up four of the guards of the magistracy, and made them show me a Corsican dance. It was truly savage. They thumped with their heels, sprung upon their toes, brandished their arms, wheeled and leaped with the most violent gesticulations. It gave me the idea of an admirable war dance.

At Bogognano I came upon the same road I had formerly travelled from Corte, where I arrived safe after all my fatigues. My good fathers of the Franciscan convent received me like an old acquaintance, and showed a kind of concern at my illness. My ague distressed me so much, that I was confined to the convent for several days. I did not however weary. I was visited by the Great Chancellor, and several

others of the civil magistrates, and by Padre Mariani, rector of the university, a man of learning and abilities; as a proof of which, he had been three years at Madrid, in the character of secretary to the General of the Franciscans. I remember a very eloquent expression of his on the state of his country. "Corsica," said he, "has for many years past been bleeding at all her veins. They are now closed. But after being so severely exhausted, it will take some time before she can recover perfect strength." I was also visited by Padre Leonardo, of whose animating discourse I have made mention in a former part of this book.

Indeed I should not have been at a loss, though my very reverend fathers had been all my society. I was not in the least looked upon as a heretic. Difference of faith was forgotten in hospitality. I went about the convent as if I had been in my own house; and the fathers, without any impropriety of mirth, were yet as cheerful as I could desire. I had two surgeons to attend me at Corte, a Corsican and a Piedmontese; and I got a little Jesuit's bark from the spiceria, or apothecary's shop, of the Capuchin convent. I did not, however, expect to be effectually cured till I should get to Bastia.

Letter to Dr. Johnson.

On one of the days that my ague disturbed me least, I walked from the Franciscan convent to Corte, purposely to write a letter to Mr. Samuel Johnson. I told my revered friend, that from a kind of superstition agreeable in a certain degree to him, as well as to myself, I had, during my travels, written to him from *loca solennia*, places in some measure sacred. That as I had written to him from the tomb of Melancthon (1), sacred to learning and piety, I now wrote

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. VI. p. 255.]

to him from the palace of Pascal Paoli, sacred to wisdom and liberty; knowing that, however his political principles may have been represented, he had always a generous zeal for the common rights of humanity. I gave him a sketch of the great things I had seen in Corsica, and promised him a more ample relation. Mr. Johnson was pleased with what I wrote here, for I received at Paris an answer from him which I keep as a valuable charter.—"When you return you will return to an unaltered and I hope an unalterable friend. All that you have to fear from me is the vexation of disappointing me. Come home however and take your chance. I long to see you and to hear you, and hope that we shall not be so long separated again. Come home, and expect such welcome as is due to him, whom a wise and noble curiosity has led where, perhaps, no native of this country ever was before."

GENERAL APPENDIX.

GENERAL APPENDIX.

No. I.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER 474. TO MR. ELPHINSTONE. (1)

April 20. 1749.

SIR, — I have for a long time intended to answer the letter which you were pleased to send me, and know not why I have delayed it so long, but that I had nothing particular either of inquiry or information to send you; and the same reason might still have the same consequence, but I find in my recluse kind of life that I am not likely to have much more to say at one time than at another, and that therefore I may endanger, by an appearance of neglect long continued, the loss of such an acquaintance as I know not where to supply. I therefore write now to assure you how sensible I am of the kindness you have always expressed to me, and how much I desire the cultivation of that benevolence which perhaps nothing but the distance between us has hindered from ripening before this time into friendship. Of myself I have very little to say, and of any body else less; let me however be

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 245.]

allowed one thing, and that in my own favour — that I am, dear Sir, yours, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 475. TO MISS BOOTHBY. (1)

Saturday (2), [Dec. 27. 1755.]

DEAREST DEAR, — I am extremely obliged to you for the kindness of your inquiry. After I had written to you, Dr. Lawrence came, and would have given some oil and sugar, but

(1) See *antè*, Vol. I. p 85, Vol VIII. p. 28., and Vol. IX. p. 57. Miss Hill Boothby was the daughter of Mr. Brook Boothby and his second lady, Elizabeth Fitzherbert. Mr. Boothby was the son of Sir William, the second Baronet, by Miss Hill Brooke, and the father of Sir Brooke, the fourth Baronet. Miss Boothby was above a year older than Dr Johnson. Though her mother's name was *Fitzherbert*, she was but distantly related to the Tissington family. She was attached to Mrs. Fitzherbert by an enthusiastic and spiritualised friendship, and on her death Miss Boothby devoted herself to the care of her six children. The Rev. Richard Graves, author of the "Spiritual Quixote," was for some time domestic chaplain at Tissington; and as my venerable and amiable friend, Lord St. Helens, informs me, described in that novel the several members of that family, and their visiters, with great accuracy. It may be as well to preserve here the key which Lord St. Helens has given me to the characters introduced into the novel: —

Sir William Forrester	Mr. Fitzherbert.
Lady Forrester	Mrs Fitzherbert.
Lord ——	L. P. Meynell, Esq., of Bradley Park, Mrs. F.'s father.
Kitty Forrester	Catherine Fitzherbert, afterwards Mrs. Bateman.
Miss *Sainthill*	Miss Hill Boothby.
Colonel Rappee	Colonel Deane.
Bob Tench	Mr. Nicholas Thornhill.
Young Templar	Mr. C. Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden.

Even the inferior characters were drawn from the life. The Jacobite barber was one Daniel Shipley; George, the butler, was John Latham; and Molly, the lady's maid, was Mary Etches, afterwards married to Latham; Wildgoose, the hero, was supposed to be a portrait of Mr. Graves's own brother; and Lord St. Helens adds, that although the author, to heighten the contrast between him and his brother, describes himself as a *sporting parson*, he was really no such thing, but, on the contrary, a worthy and conscientious parish priest. There is an account of him in the "Public Characters" for 1800. Lord St. Helens does not recollect to have heard how Dr. Johnson's acquaintance with his parents began, but thinks it not improbable that Dr. Lawrence, who had married a Derbyshire lady, may have been the original link of acquaintance. — C.

(2) Probably Saturday, 27th of December, 1755. These undated notes it is not easy to arrange; but the order I have assigned to them seems probable, and is consistent with the contents. It seems that, while Johnson was labouring under some kind of feverish cold, Miss Boothby herself fell ill of a disease, of which she died in a fortnight. — C.

I took rhenish and water, and recovered my voice. I yet cough much, and sleep ill. I have been visited by another doctor to-day; but I laughed at his balsam of Peru. I fasted on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and felt neither hunger nor faintness. I have dined yesterday and to-day, and found little refreshment. I am not much amiss; but can no more sleep than if my dearest lady were angry at, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER 476. TO THE SAME.

December 30 1755

DEAR MADAM, — It is again midnight, and I am again alone. With what meditation shall I amuse this waste hour of darkness and vacuity? If I turn my thoughts upon myself, what do I perceive but a poor helpless being, reduced by a blast of mind to weakness and misery? How my present distemper was brought upon me I can give no account, but impute it to some sudden succession of cold to heat; such as in the common road of life cannot be avoided, and against which no precaution can be taken.

Of the fallaciousness of hope and the uncertainty of schemes, every day gives some new proof; but it is seldom heeded, till something rather felt than seen awakens attention. This illness, in which I have suffered something, and feared much more, has depressed my confidence and elation; and made me consider all that I had promised myself, as less certain to be attained or enjoyed. I have endeavoured to form resolutions of a better life; but I form them weakly, under the consciousness of an external motive. Not that I conceive a time of sickness, a time improper for recollection and good purposes, which I believe diseases and calamities often sent to produce, but because no man can know how little his performance will answer to his promises; and designs are nothing in human eyes till they are realised by execution.

Continue, my dearest, your prayers for me, that no good resolution may be vain. You think, I believe, better of me

than I deserve. I hope to be in time what I wish to be; and what, I have hitherto satisfied myself too readily with only wishing.

Your billet brought me, what I much wished to have, a proof that I am still remembered by you at the hour in which I most desire it.

The Doctor [Lawrence] is anxious about you. He thinks you too negligent of yourself; if you will promise to be cautious, I will exchange promises, as we have already exchanged injunctions. However, do not write to me more than you can easily bear; do not interrupt your ease to write at all.

Mr. Fitzherbert sent to-day to offer me some wine; the people about me say I ought to accept it. I shall therefore be obliged to him if he will send me a bottle.

There has gone about a report that I died to-day, which I mention, lest you should hear it and be alarmed. You see that I think my death may alarm you; which, for me, is to think very highly of earthly friendship. I believe it arose from the death of one of my neighbours. You know Des Cartes' argument, "I think; therefore I am." It is as good a consequence, "I write; therefore I am alive." I might give another, "I am alive; therefore I love Miss Boothby;" but that I hope our friendship may be of far longer duration than life. I am, dearest Madam, with sincere affection, yours,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 477. TO THE SAME.

Wednesday, Dec. 31. 1755.

MY SWEET ANGEL, — I have read your book, I am afraid you will think without any great improvement; whether you can read my notes, I know not. You ought not to be offended; I am perhaps as sincere as the writer. In all things that terminate here I shall be much guided by your influence, and should take or leave by your direction; but I cannot receive my religion from any human hand. I desire however to be instructed, and am far from thinking myself perfect.

I beg you to return the book when you have looked into it. I should not have written what was in the margin, had I not had it from you, or had I not intended to show it you.

It affords me a new conviction, that in these books there is little new, except new forms of expression; which may be sometimes taken, even by the writer, for new doctrines.

I sincerely hope that God, whom you so much desire to serve aright, will bless you, and restore you to health, if he sees it best. Surely no human understanding can pray for any thing temporal otherwise than conditionally. Dear Angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderness. It has pleased God to permit me to be much better; which I believe will please you.

Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy, and I think a very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange peel finely powdered, divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner; the best way is perhaps to drink it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and if not found useful, easily left off. (1)

I would not have you offer it to the Doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm: do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a day, will be sufficient to begin; or less, if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes. Has the Doctor mentioned the bark? In powder you could hardly take it; perhaps you might take the infusion.

(1) See *antè*, Vol. V. p. 269.—C.

Do not think me troublesome, I am full of care. I love you and honour you, and am very unwilling to lose you. *A Dieu je vous recommande.* I am, Madam, your, &c. My compliments to my dear Miss.

LETTER 478. TO THE SAME.

Jan. 1. 1756.

DEAREST MADAM, — Though I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes, that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish indeed I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to, dearest Madam, your, &c.

LETTER 479. TO THE SAME.

Jan. 3. 1756.

DEAREST MADAM, — Nobody but you can recompense me for the distress which I suffered on Monday night. Having engaged Dr. Lawrence to let me know, at whatever hour, the state in which he left you; I concluded, when he stayed so long, that he stayed to see my dearest expire. I was composing myself as I could to hear what yet I hoped not to hear, when his servant brought me word that you were better. Do you continue to grow better? Let my dear little Miss inform me on a card. I would not have you write, lest it should hurt you, and consequently hurt likewise, dearest Madam, yours, &c.

LETTER 480. TO THE SAME.

Thursday, Jan. 8. 1756.

HONOURED MADAM, — I beg of you to endeavour to live. I have returned your Law; which, however, I earnestly en-

treat you to give me. I am in great trouble; if you can write three words to me, be pleased to do it. I am afraid to say much, and cannot say nothing when my dearest is in danger. The all merciful God have mercy on you! I am, Madam, your, &c. (1)

Letter 481. TO MR. GEORGE STRAHAN,

At School.

Feb. 19. 1763.

Dear George,—I am glad that you have found the benefit of confidence, and hope you will never want a friend to whom you may safely disclose any painful secret. The state of your mind you had not so concealed but that it was suspected at home, which I mention, that if any hint should be given you,

(1) Miss Boothby died Friday, January 16. 1756; upon whose death Dr. Johnson composed the following prayer:—"Hill Boothby's death, January, 1756.—O Lord God, Almighty disposer of all things, in whose hands are life and death, who givest comforts and takest them away, I return thee thanks for the good example of Hill Boothby, whom thou hast now taken away; and implore thy grace that I may improve the opportunity of instruction which thou hast afforded me, by the knowledge of her life, and by the sense of her death; that I may consider the uncertainty of my present state, and apply myself earnestly to the duties which thou hast set before me, that, living in thy fear, I may die in thy favour, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." (*Pr. and Med.* p. 25.)

The general phraseology of Johnson's notes, and the terms "*my dearest*" and "*my angel*," seem strange; but it must be recollected that *dearest dear*, and similar superlatives of tenderness, were usual with him in addressing Miss Reynolds and other ladies, for whom he confessedly felt nothing but *friendship*; and they were addressed to Miss Boothby when she was dying, and when the hearts of both were softened by sickness and affliction, and warmed by spiritual communication. As to the supposed rivalry between him and Lord Lyttelton for Miss Boothby's favour (see *antè*, Vol. IX. p. 57.), it must be either a total mistake or an absurd exaggeration. Lord Lyttelton was, during the whole of the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson and Miss Boothby, a married man, fondly attached to his wife, and remarkable for the punctilious propriety of his moral conduct; and the *preference* shown by Miss Boothby, and which is said to have rankled in Johnson's heart, could have been nothing more than some incident in a morning visit, when Lord Lyttelton and Johnson may have met in Cavendish Square (for it seems certain that they never met in the country). We have seen in the cases of Lord Chesterfield (Vol. II. p. 7.) and of Miss Cotterell (Vol. I. p. 293.) how touchy Johnson was on such occasions, and how ready he was to take offence at any thing that looked like slight. Some preference or superior respect shown by Miss Boothby to Lord Lyttelton's rank and public station (he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1755) no doubt offended the sensitive pride of Johnson, and occasioned the dislike which he confessed to Mrs. Thrale he felt for Lord Lyttelton; but an amorous rivalry between them is not only absurd, but impossible.—C.

it may not be imputed to me, who have told nothing but to yourself, who had told more than you intended.

I hope you read more of Nepos, or of some other book, than you construe to Mr. Bright. The more books you look into for your entertainment, with the greater variety of style you will make yourself acquainted. Turner I do not know; but think that if Clark be better, you should change it, for I shall never be willing that you should trouble yourself with more than one book to learn the government of words. What book that one shall be, Mr. Bright must determine. Be but diligent in reading and writing, and doubt not of the success. Be pleased to make my compliments to Miss Page and the gentlemen. I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 482. TO THE SAME.

March 26. 1763.

DEAR SIR, — You did not very soon answer my letter, and therefore cannot complain that I make no great haste to answer yours. I am well enough satisfied with the proficiency that you make, and hope that you will not relax the vigour of your diligence. I hope you begin now to see that all is possible which was professed. Learning is a wide field, but six years spent in close application are a long time; and I am still of opinion, that if you continue to consider knowledge as the most pleasing and desirable of all acquisitions, and do not suffer your course to be interrupted, you may take your degree not only without deficiency, but with great distinction.

You must still continue to write Latin. This is the most difficult part, indeed the only part that is very difficult, of your undertaking. If you can exemplify the rules of syntax, I know not whether it will be worth while to trouble yourself with any more translations. You will more increase your number of words, and advance your skill in phraseology, by making a short theme or two every day; and when you have construed properly a stated number of verses, it will be pleasing to go from reading to composition, and from composition

to reading. But do not be very particular about method; any method will do if there be but diligence. Let me know, if you please, once a week what you are doing. I am, dear George, your humble servant. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 483. TO THE SAME.

April 16. 1763.

DEAR SIR, — Your account of your proficience is more nearly equal, I find, to my expectations than your own. You are angry that a theme on which you took so much pains was at last a kind of English Latin; what could you expect more? If at the end of seven years you write good Latin, you will excel most of your contemporaries: Scribendo disces scribere. It is only by writing ill that you can attain to write well. Be but diligent and constant, and make no doubt of success.

I will allow you but six weeks for Tully's Offices. Walker's Particles I would not have you trouble yourself to learn at all by heart, but look in it from time to time and observe his notes and remarks, and see how they are exemplified. The translation from Clark's history will improve you, and I would have you continue it to the end of the book.

I hope you read by the way at loose hours other books, though you do not mention them; for no time is to be lost; and what can be done with a master is but a small part of the whole. I would have you now and then try at some English verses. When you find that you have mistaken any thing, review the passage carefully and settle it in your mind.

Be pleased to make my compliments, and those of Miss Williams, to all our friends. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately, SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 484. TO THE SAME.

Sept. 20. 1763.

DEAR SIR, — I should have answered your last letter sooner if I could have given you any valuable or useful directions;

but I knew not any way by which the composition of Latin verses can be much facilitated. Of the grammatical part, which comprises the knowledge of the measure of the foot, and quantity of the syllables, your grammar will teach you all that can be taught, and even of that you can hardly know any thing by rule but the measure of the foot. The quantity of syllables even of those for which rules are given is commonly learned by practice and retained by observation. For the poetical part, which comprises variety of expression, propriety of terms, dexterity in selecting commodious words, and readiness in changing their order, it will all be produced by frequent essays and resolute perseverance. The less help you have, the sooner you will be able to go forward without help.

I suppose you are now ready for another author. I would not have you dwell longer upon one book than till your familiarity with its style makes it easy to you. Every new book will for a time be difficult. Make it a rule to write something in Latin every day; and let me know what you are now doing, and what your scheme is to do next. Be pleased to give my compliments to Mr. Bright, Mr. Stevenson, and Miss Page. I am, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 485. TO THE SAME.

July 14. 1763.

DEAR GEORGE, — To give pain ought always to be painful, and I am sorry that I have been the occasion of any uneasiness to you, to whom I hope never to [do] any thing but for your benefit or your pleasure. Your uneasiness was without any reason on your part, as you had written with sufficient frequency to me, and I had only neglected to answer them, because, as nothing new had been proposed to your study, no new direction or incitement could be offered you. But if it had happened that you had omitted what you did not omit, and that I had for an hour, or a week, or a much longer time, thought myself put out of your mind by something to which

presence gave that prevalence, which presence will sometimes give even where there is the most prudence and experience, you are not to imagine that my friendship is light enough to be blown away by the first cross blast, or that my regard or kindness hangs by so slender a hair as to be broken off by the unfelt weight of a petty offence. I love you, and hope to love you long. You have hitherto done nothing to diminish my good will, and though you had done much more than you have supposed imputed to you, my good will would not have been diminished.

I write thus largely on this suspicion, which you have suffered to enter into your mind, because in youth we are apt to be too rigorous in our expectations, and to suppose that the duties of life are to be performed with unfailing exactness and regularity; but in our progress through life we are forced to abate much of our demands, and to take friends such as we can find them, not as we would make them.

These concessions every wise man is more ready to make to others, as he knows that he shall often want them for himself; and when he remembers how often he fails in the observance of cultivation of his best friends, is willing to suppose that his friends may in their turn neglect him, without any intention to offend him.

When therefore it shall happen, as happen it will, that you or I have disappointed the expectation of the other, you are not to suppose that you have lost me, or that I intended to lose you; nothing will remain but to repair the fault, and to go on as if it never had been committed. I am, Sir, your affectionate servant,

Sam. Johnson.

Letter 486. TO MISS REYNOLDS.

Oxford, Oct. 27. [1763]

Your letter has scarcely come time enough to make an answer possible. I wish we could talk over the affair. I cannot go now I must finish my book. I do not know Mr. Col-

lier.(1) I have not money beforehand sufficient. How long have you known Collier, that you should put yourself into his hands? I once told you that ladies were timorous and yet not cautious.

If I might tell my thoughts to one with whom they never had any weight, I should think it best to go through France. The expense is not great; I do not much like obligation, nor think the grossness of a ship very suitable to a lady. Do not go till I see you. I will see you as soon as I can. I am, my dearest, most sincerely yours, SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 487. TO FRANCIS FOWKE, ESQ. (2)

July 11. 1776.

SIR, — I received some weeks ago a collection of papers, which contain the trial of my dear friend, Joseph Fowke, of whom I cannot easily be induced to think otherwise than well, and who seems to have been injured by the prosecution and the sentence. His first desire is, that I should prepare his narrative for the press; his second, that if I cannot gratify him by

(1) Captain Collier, since Sir George, proposed at that time to sail to the Mediterranean *with his lady* — Miss REYNOLDS — And it would seem offered Miss Reynolds a passage; and Miss Reynolds appears to have wished that Johnson might be of the party. Sir Joshua had gone to the Mediterranean in a similar way with Captain Keppel. — C.

(2) See *antè*, Vol. VI. p. 136. and 140. Mr. J. Fowke, who died about 1794, was born about the year 1715, and entered into the service of the East India Company at the age of seventeen. He remained at Fort St. George till 1748, and when he returned to England was offered the government either of Bengal or Madras. This offer was by no means so advantageous as it would be at present; Mr. Fowke therefore declined it, and remained in England until 1771. At this period he returned to India, where some differences of opinion unfortunately occurred between him and the Provisional Government, which ended in his being tried in June, 1775, in the Supreme Court of Bengal, under two indictments. In the first of these trials the verdict was, not guilty. In the second, in which Mr. Fowke was implicated with Nundocomar and Rada Churn, the verdict was, "Joseph Fowke and Nundocomar, guilty; Rada Churn, not guilty." In the year 1788, Mr. Fowke finally quitted Bengal, with a recommendation from Lord Cornwallis to the Court of Directors, as a person entitled to receive the pension which was promised to their servants returning from Bengal out of employment. This recommendation was, however, rejected. After a lapse of some time, the claim was brought forward by Mr. Burke in the House of Commons, and a resolution was made in his favour. See also p. 119. of the present volume.

publication, I would transmit the papers to you. To a compliance with his first request I have this objection; that I live in a reciprocation of civilities with Mr. Hastings, and therefore cannot properly diffuse a narrative, intended to bring upon him the censure of the public. Of two adversaries, it would be rash to condemn either upon the evidence of the other; and a common friend must keep himself suspended, at least till he has heard both.

I am therefore ready to transmit to you the papers, which have been seen only by myself; and beg to be informed how they may be conveyed to you. I see no legal objection to the publication; and of prudential reasons, Mr. Fowke and you will be allowed to be fitter judges. If you would have me send them, let me have proper directions: if a messenger is to call for them, give me notice by the post, that they may be ready for delivery. To my dear Mr. Fowke any good would give me pleasure; I hope for some opportunity of performing the duties of friendship to him, without violating them with regard to another. I am, Sir, &c.

Letter 488. TO MRS. THRALE.

London, April 9. 1781.

Dearest Madam, — That you are gradually recovering your tranquillity is the effect to be humbly expected from trust in God. Do not represent life as darker than it is. Your loss has been very great, but you retain more than almost any other can hope to possess. You are high in the opinion of mankind; you have children from whom much pleasure may be expected; and that you will find many friends you have no reason to doubt. Of my friendship, be it more or less, I hope you think yourself certain, without much art or care. It will not be easy for me to repay the benefits that I have received; but I hope to be always ready at your call. Our sorrow has different effects: you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company. I am afraid of thinking what I have

lost. I never had such a friend before. Let me have your prayers and those of my dear Queeney. The prudence and resolution of your design to return so soon to your business and your duty deserves great praise: I shall communicate it on Wednesday to the other executors.

LETTER 489. TO THE SAME.

DEAREST MADAM, — You will not suppose that much has happened since last night, nor is this indeed a time for talking much of loss and gain. The business of Christians is now for a few days in their own bosoms. God grant us to do it properly! I hope you gain ground on your affliction: I hope to overcome mine. You and Miss must comfort one another. May you long live happily together! I have nobody whom I expect to share my uneasiness; nor, if I could communicate it, would it be less. I give it little vent, and amuse it as I can. Let us pray for one another; and when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us. There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will, by me at least, be thought worthy of esteem.

LETTER 490. TO THE SAME.

Oxford, Oct. 17. 1781.

On Monday evening arrived at the Angel inn at Oxford Mr. Johnson and Mr. Barber, without any sinister accident. I am here; but why am I here? on my way to Lichfield, where I believe Mrs. Aston will be glad to see me. We have known each other long, and, by consequence, are both old; and she is paralytic; and if I do not see her soon, I may see her no more in this world. To make a visit on such considerations is to go on a melancholy errand. But such is the course of life. This place is very empty, but there are more here whom I know than I could have expected. Young Burke (1) has just

(1) Richard, the son of Edmund Burke, at this period at Oxford. He died in 1794, æt. 36. His afflicted father has immortalised him in many

been with me, and I have dined to-day with Dr. Adams, who seems fond of me.

Lichfield, Oct. 20. 1781. — I wrote from Oxford, where I staid two days. On Thursday I went to Birmingham, and was told by Hector that I should not be well so soon as I expected; but that well I should be. Mrs. Careless took me under her care, and told me *when I had tea enough.* On Friday I came hither, and have escaped the postchaises (1) all the way. Every body here is as kind as I expected; I think Lucy is kinder than ever.

Oct. 27. — Poor Lucy's illness has left her very deaf, and, I think, very inarticulate. I can scarcely make her understand me, and she can hardly make me understand her. So here are merry doings. But she seems to like me better than she did. She eats very little, but does not fall away. Mrs. Cobb and Peter Garrick are as you left them. Garrick's legatees at this place are very angry that they receive nothing. Things are not quite right, though we are so far from London. (2)

Ashbourne, Nov. 10. — Yesterday I came to Ashbourne, and last night I had very little rest. Dr. Taylor lives on milk, and grows every day better, and is not wholly without hope. Every body inquires after you and Queeney; but whatever [Miss] Burney may think of the celerity of fame, the name of Evelina had never been heard at Lichfield till I brought it. I am afraid my dear townsmen will be mentioned in future days as the last part of this nation that was civilised. But the days of darkness are soon to be at an end. The reading society ordered it to be procured this week.

Nov. 24. — I shall leave this place about the beginning of next week, and shall leave every place as fast as I decently can,

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pathetic passages of his later works, and particularly in his celebrated "Letter to a Noble Lord." — C.

(1) He means *escaped* the *expense* of postchaises, by happening to find places in stage-coaches. — C.

(2) Dr. Johnson always controverted the commonplace observation of the superior purity and happiness of country life. — C.

till I get back to you, whose kindness is one of my great comforts. I am not well, but have a mind every now and then to think myself better, and I now hope to be better under your care.

Lichfield, Dec. 3. — I am now come back to Lichfield, where I do not intend to stay long enough to receive another letter. I have little to do here but to take leave of Mrs. Aston. I hope not the last leave. But Christians may with more confidence than Sophonisba

> "Avremo tosto lungo lungo spazio
> Per stare assieme, et sarà forse eterno." (1)

My time passed heavily at Ashbourne; yet I could not easily get away; though Taylor, I sincerely think, was glad to see me go. I have now learned the inconvenience of a winter campaign; but I hope home will make amends for all my foolish sufferings.

Birmingham, Dec. 8. — I am come to this place on my way to London and to Streatham. I hope to be in London on Tuesday or Wednesday, and at Streatham on Thursday, by your kind conveyance. I shall have nothing to relate either wonderful or delightful. But remember that you sent me away, and turned me out into the world, and you must take the chance of finding me better or worse. This you may know at present, that my affection for you is not diminished; and my expectation from you is increased. Do not neglect me, nor relinquish me. Nobody will ever love you better or honour you more than, Madam, yours, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 491. TO RICHARD BEATRIFFE, ESQ.

Bolt Court, Feb. 14, 1782.

SIR, — Robert Levet, with whom I have been connected by a friendship of many years, died lately at my house. His

(1) [This quotation is from the tragedy of "Sofonisba," by Trissino, one of the earliest Italian tragedians. For an account of the author and tragedy, see Ginguene's Histoire Litteraire d'Italie, tom. vi. p. 4. — MARKLAND.]

death was sudden, and no will has yet been found; I therefore gave notice of his death in the papers, that an heir, if he has any, may appear. He has left very little; but of that little his brother is doubtless heir, and your friend may be perhaps his brother. I have had another application from one who calls himself his brother; and I suppose it is fit that the claimant should give some proofs of his relation. I would gladly know, from the gentleman that thinks himself R. Levet's brother, in what year, and in what parish, R. Levet was born? Where or how was he educated? What was his early course of life? What were the marks of his person; his stature; the colour of his eyes? Was he marked by the small-pox? Had he any impediment in his speech? What relations had he, and how many are now living? His answer to these questions will show whether he knew him; and he may then proceed to show that he is his brother. He may be sure that nothing shall be hastily wasted or removed. I have not looked into his boxes, but transferred that business to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of character above suspicion.

LETTER 492. TO MRS. THRALE.

April 26. 1782.

I have been very much out of order since you sent me away; but why should I tell you, who do not care, nor desire to know. I dined with Mr. Paradise on Monday, with the Bishop of St. Asaph yesterday, with the Bishop of Chester I dine to-day, and with the Academy on Saturday, with Mr. Hoole on Monday, and with Mrs. Garrick on Thursday, the 2d of May, and then — what care you? — *what then?* The news run that we have taken seventeen French transports; that Langton's lady is lying down with her eighth child, all alive; and Mrs. Carter's Miss Sharpe is going to marry a schoolmaster sixty-two years old.

LETTER 493. TO THE SAME.

April 20. 1782.

I have had a fresh cold, and been very poorly. But I was yesterday at Mr. Hoole's, where were Miss Reynolds and many others. I am going to the club. Since Mrs. Garrick's invitation I have a letter from Miss More, to engage me for the evening. I have an appointment to Miss Monkton, and another with Lady Sheffield at Mrs. Wray's. Two days ago Mr. Cumberland had his third night, which, after all expenses, put into his own pocket five pounds. He has lost his plume.

Mrs. Sheridan refused to sing, at the Duchess of Devonshire's request, a song to the Prince of Wales. They pay for the Drury Lane Theatre neither principal nor interest; and poor Garrick's funeral expenses are yet unpaid, though the undertaker is broken. Could you have a better purveyor for a little scandal? But I wish I was at Streatham.

LETTER 494. TO THE SAME.

London, June 4. 1782

Wisely was it said by him who said it first, that this world is all ups and downs. You know, dearest lady, that when I pressed your hand at parting, I was rather down. When I came hither, I ate my dinner well; but was so harassed by the cough, that Mr. Strahan said, it was an extremity which he could not have believed "without the sensible and true avouch" of his own observation. I was indeed almost sinking under it, when Mrs. Williams happened to cry out that such a cough should be stilled by opium or any means. I took yesterday half an ounce of bark, and knew not whether opium would counteract it; but remembering no prohibition in the medical books, and knowing that to quiet the cough with opium was one of Lawrence's last orders, I took two grains, which gave me not sleep indeed, but rest, and that rest has given me strength and courage.

This morning to my bed-side came dear Sir Richard [Jebb]. I told him of the opium, and he approved it, and told me, if I

went to Oxford, which he rather advised, that I should strengthen the constitution by the bark, tame the cough with opium, keep the body open, and support myself by liberal nutriment. As to the journey I know not that it will be necessary — *desine mollium tandem querularum.*

Sunday, June 8. 1782. — I have this day taken a passage to Oxford for Monday — not to frisk, as you express it with very unfeeling irony, but to catch at the hopes of better health. The change of place may do something. To leave the house where so much has been suffered affords some pleasure.

Oxford, June 12. 1782. — I find no particular salubrity in this air; my respiration is very laborious; my appetite is good, and my sleep commonly long and quiet; but a very little motion disables me. I dine to-day with Dr. Adams, and to-morrow with Dr. Wetherel. Yesterday Dr. Edwards invited some men from Exeter College, whom I liked very well. These variations of company help the mind, though they cannot do much for the body. But the body receives some help from a cheerful mind.

Oxford, June 17. 1782. — Oxford has done, I think, what for the present it can do, and I am going slily to take a place in the coach for Wednesday, and you or my sweet *Queeny* will fetch me on Thursday, and see what you can make of me. To-day I am going to dine with Dr. Wheeler, and to morrow Dr. Edwards has invited Miss Adams and Miss More. Yesterday I went with Dr. Edwards to his living. He has really done all that he could do for my relief or entertainment, and really drives me away by doing too much.

Letter 495. TO MR. NICHOLS.

Jan. 10. 1782

Sir, — I am much obliged by your kind communication of your account of Hinckley. (1) I know Mr. Carte is one of

(1) For this work Dr. Johnson had contributed several hints towards the Life of Anthony Blackwall, to whom, when very young, he had been some time an usher at Market Bosworth school. Blackwall died in April, 1730, before Johnson was one and twenty. — Nichols.

the prebendaries of Lichfield, and for some time surrogate of the chancellor. Now I will put you in a way of showing me more kindness. I have been confined by illness a long time; and sickness and solitude make tedious evenings. Come sometimes and see, Sir, &c.

LETTER 496. TO JOSEPH FOWKE, ESQ.

April 19 1783

DEAR SIR, — To show you that neither length of time, nor distance of place, withdraws you from my memory, I have sent you a little present (1), which will be transmitted by Sir Robert Chambers.

To your former letters I made no answer, because I had none to make. Of the death of the unfortunate man [meaning Nundocomar], I believe Europe thinks as you think; but it was past prevention; and it was not fit for me to move a question in public which I was not qualified to discuss, as the inquiry could then do no good; and I might have been silenced by a hardy denial of facts, which, if denied, I could not prove.

Since we parted, I have suffered much sickness of body and perturbation of mind. My mind, if I do not flatter myself, is unimpaired, except that sometimes my memory is less ready; but my body, though by nature very strong, has given way to repeated shocks.

Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus. This line might have been written on purpose for me. You will see, however, that I have not totally forsaken literature. I can apply better to books than I could in some more vigorous parts of my life — at least than I *did*, and I have one more reason for reading — that time has, by taking away my companions, left me less opportunity of conversation. I have led an inactive and careless life; it is time at last to be diligent: there is yet provision to be made for eternity.

Let me know, dear Sir, what you are doing. Are you ac-

(1) A collection of the Doctor's works. — NICHOLS.

cumulating gold, or picking up diamonds? Or are you now sated with Indian wealth, and content with what you have? Have you vigour* for bustle, or tranquillity for inaction? Whatever you do, I do not suspect you of pillaging or oppressing; and shall rejoice to see you return with a body unbroken, and a mind uncorrupted.

You and I had hardly any common friends, and therefore I have few anecdotes to relate to you. Mr. Levet, who brought us into acquaintance, died suddenly at my house last year, in his seventy-eighth year, or about that age. Mrs. Williams, the blind lady, is still with me, but much broken by a very wearisome and obstinate disease. She is, however, not likely to die; and it would delight me if you would send her some *petty* token of your remembrance: you may send me one too. Whether we shall ever meet again in this world, who can tell? Let us, however, wish well to each other: prayers can pass the Line and the Tropics. I am, &c.

Letter 497. TO MRS. THRALE.

London, May-day, 1783

On Saturday I dined, as is usual, at the opening of the Exhibition. Our company was splendid; whether more numerous than at any former time, I know not. Our tables seem always full. On Monday, if I am told truth, were received at the door 190*l.*, for the admission of 3800 spectators. Supposing the show open ten hours, and the spectators staying one with another each an hour, the room never had fewer than 380 justling against each other. Poor Lowe met some discouragement; but I interposed for him, and prevailed. Mr. Barry's exhibition was opened the same day, and a book is published to recommend it; which, if you read it, you will find decorated with some satirical pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. I have not escaped. You must, however, think with some esteem of Barry for the comprehension of his design.

LETTER 498. TO THE SAME.

May 8, 1783

I thought your letter long in coming. I suppose it is true that I looked but languid at the Exhibition, but have been worse since. Last Wednesday — the Wednesday of last week — I came home ill from Mr. Jodrel's; and after a tedious, oppressive, impatient night, sent an excuse to General Paoli, and took on Thursday two brisk cathartics and a dose of calomel. Little things do me no good. At night I was much better. Next day cathartic again, and the third day opium for my cough. I lived without flesh all the three days. The recovery was more than I expected. I went to church on Sunday quite at ease.

The Exhibition prospers so much that Sir Joshua says it will maintain the academy. He estimates the probable amount at three thousand pounds. Steevens is of opinion that Crofts's (1) books will sell for near three times as much as they cost; which, however, is not more than might be expected. Favour me with a direction to Musgrave (2) of Ireland; I have a charitable office to propose to him. Is he knight or baronet?

My present circle of enjoyment is as narrow for me as the Circus [at Bath] for Mrs. Montague. When I first settled in this neighbourhood I had Richardson and Lawrence and Mrs. Allen at hand. I had Mrs. Williams, then no bad companion; and Levet for a long time always to be had. If I now go out, I must go far for company, and at last come back to two sick and discontented women, who can hardly talk if they had any thing to say, and whose hatred of each other makes one great exercise of their faculties.

(1) [Thomas Crofts, A M., chancellor of the diocese of Peterborough His library, which was sold April 7. 1783, and the forty-two following days, produced 3453*l*.]

(2) Sir Richard Musgrave, of Turin, in Ireland. He published several political works, particularly a "History of the Irish Rebellion in 1784." He died in 1818 — C.

Letter 499. TO MRS. THRALE.

Oxford, June 11 1783.

Yesterday I came to Oxford without fatigue or inconvenience. I read in the coach before dinner. I dined moderately, and slept well; but find my breath not free this morning.

Dr. Edwards, to whom I wrote of my purpose to come, has defeated his own kindness by its excess. He has gone out of his own rooms for my reception; and therefore I cannot decently stay long, unless I can change my abode, which it will not be very easy to do: nor do I know what attractions I shall find here. Here is Miss More at Dr. Adams's, with whom I shall dine to-morrow.

London, June 13. 1783. — Seward called on me yesterday. He is going only for a few weeks — first to Paris, and then to Flanders, to contemplate the pictures of Claude Loraine; and he asked me if that was not as good a way as any of spending time — that time which returns no more — of which, however, a great part seems to be very foolishly spent, even by the wisest and the best. Poor Lawrence and his youngest son died almost on the same day. (1)

Letter 500. TO THE SAME.

London, June 20. 1783.

You will forgive the gross images that disease must necessarily present. Dr. Lawrence said that medical treatises should be always in Latin. * * * * * * *

I never had any distortion of the countenance but what Dr. Brocklesby called a little *prolapsus*, which went away the second day.

I was this day directed to eat flesh, and I dined very copiously upon roasted lamb and boiled pease. I then went to

(1) Dr. Lawrence, born in 1711, died in 1783, the 13th of June. His son, the Rev. J. Lawrence, died on the 15th. The "Biographical Dictionary" says that Johnson's Latin Ode to Dr. Lawrence was on the death of one of his sons, who died in India. It would rather appear to have been written on the fatal illness of this son. — C.

sleep in a chair; and when I waked, I found Dr. Brocklesby sitting by me, and fell to talking with him in a such a manner as made me glad, and I hope made me thankful. The Doctor fell to repeating Juvenal's ninth satire; but I let him see that the province was mine. I am to take wine to-night, and hope it will do me good.

LETTER 501. TO THE SAME.

London, June 28 1783

Your letter is just such as I desire, and as from you I hope always to deserve. The black dog (1) I hope always to resist, and in time to drive, though I am deprived of almost all those that used to help me. The neighbourhood is impoverished. I had once Richardson and Lawrence in my reach. Mrs. Allen is dead. My home has lost Levett; a man who took interest in every thing, and therefore ready at conversation. Mrs. Williams is so weak that she can be a companion no longer. When I rise, my breakfast is solitary; the black dog waits to share it. From breakfast to dinner he continues barking, except that Dr. Brocklesby for a little keeps him at a distance. Dinner with a sick woman you may venture to suppose not much better than solitary. After dinner, what remains but to count the clock, and hope for that sleep which I can scarce expect? Night comes at last, and some hours of restlessness and confusion bring me again to a day of solitude. What shall exclude the black dog from an habitation like this? If I were a little richer, I would perhaps take some cheerful female into the house. Last night fresh flies were put to my head, and hindered me from sleeping. To-day I fancy myself incommoded with heat. I have, however, watered the garden both yesterday and to-day, just as I watered the laurels in the island at Streatham.

(1) See *antè*, Vol. VII p. 301. n.— C.

LETTER 502. TO THE SAME.

London, July 3. 1783

Dr. Brocklesby yesterday dismissed the cantharides, and I can now find a soft place upon my pillow. Last night was cool, and I rested well; and this morning I have been a friend at a poetical difficulty. Here is now a glimpse of daylight again, but how near is the evening none can tell, and I will not prognosticate. We all know that from none of us it can be far distant: may none of us know this in vain!

I went, as I took care to boast, on Tuesday to the club, and hear that I was thought to have performed as well as usual. I dined on fish, with the wing of a small turkey-chick; and left roast beef, goose, and venison-pie untouched. I live much on peas, and never had them so good for so long a time in any year that I can remember. Along with your kind letter yesterday came one, likewise very kind, from the Astons at Lichfield; but I do not know whether, as the summer is so far advanced, I shall travel so far; though I am not without hopes that frequent change of air may fortify me against the winter, which has been, in modern phrase, of late years very *inimical* to, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER 503. TO THE SAME.

London, July 8 1783.

Langton and I have talked of passing a little time at Rochester together, till neither knows well how to refuse; though I think he is not eager to take me, and I am not desirous to be taken. His family is numerous, and his house little. I have let him know, for his relief. that I do not mean to burden him more than a week. He is, however, among those who wish me well, and would exert what power he has to do me good.

July 23.—I have been thirteen days at Rochester. and am now just returned. I came back by water in a common boat twenty miles for a shilling; and when I landed at Billingsgate, I carried my budget myself to Cornhill before I could get a coach, and was not much incommoded.

LETTER 504. TO MRS. MONTAGU.

Sept. 22 1783

MADAM, — That respect which is always due to beneficence makes it fit that you should be informed, otherwise than by the papers, that, on the 6th of this month, died your pensioner, Anna Williams, of whom it may be truly said that she received your bounty with gratitude, and enjoyed it with propriety. You perhaps have still her prayers

You have, Madam, the satisfaction of having alleviated the sufferings of a woman of great merit, both intellectual and moral. Her curiosity was universal, her knowledge was very extensive, and she sustained forty years of misery with steady fortitude. Thirty years and more she had been my companion, and her death has left me very desolate.

That I have not written sooner, you may impute to absence, to ill health, to any thing rather than want of regard to the benefactress of my departed friend. I am, Madam, your most humble servant.

LETTER 505. TO MISS REYNOLDS.

Oct 1 1783

DEAR MADAM, — I am very ill indeed, and to my former illness is superadded the gout. I am now without shoes, and I have been lately almost motionless. To my other afflictions is added solitude. Mrs. Williams, a companion of thirty years, is gone. It is a comfort to me to have you near me. I am, dear Madam, &c.

LETTER 506. TO MRS. THRALE.

London, Oct 6 1783

I yet sit without shoes, with my foot upon a pillow; but my pain and weakness are much abated, and I am no longer crawling upon two sticks To the gout my mind is reconciled by another letter from Mr. Mudge, in which he vehemently urges the excision, and tells me that the gout will secure me from every thing paralytic · if this be true, I am ready to say

to the arthritic pains, *Deh! venite ogne di, durate un anno.* (1) My physician in ordinary is Dr. Brocklesby, who comes almost every day; my surgeon, in Mr. Pott's absence, is Mr. Cruikshank, the present reader in Dr. Hunter's school. Neither of them, however, do much more than look and talk. The general health of my body is as good as you have ever known it — almost as good as I can remember. The carriage which you supposed made rough by my weakness was the common Salisbury stage, high hung, and driven to Salisbury in a day. I was not fatigued.

Mr. Pott has been out of town; but I expect to see him soon, and will then tell you something of the main affair, of which there seems now to be a better prospect. This afternoon I have given [tea] to Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Way, Lady Sheffield's relation, Mr. Kindersley, the describer of Indian manners, and another anonymous lady. As Mrs. Williams received a pension from Mrs. Montagu, it was fit to notify her death. The account has brought me a letter not only civil but tender; so I hope peace is proclaimed.

London, Oct. 9. 1783. — Two nights ago Mr. Burke sat with me a long time. He seems much pleased with his journey. We had both seen Stonehenge this summer for the first time. I told him that the view had enabled me to confute two opinions which have been advanced about it. One, that the materials are not natural stones, but an artificial composition hardened by time. This notion is as old as Camden's time; and has this strong argument to support it, that stone of that species is nowhere to be found. The other opinion, advanced by Dr. Charlton, is, that it was erected by the Danes.

Mr. Bowles made me observe, that the transverse stones were fixed on the perpendicular supporters by a knob formed on the top of the upright stone, which entered into a hollow cut in the crossing stone. This is a proof that the enormous edifice was raised by a people who had not yet the knowledge of mortar; which cannot be supposed of the Danes, who

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. IX. p. 25.]

came hither in ships, and were not ignorant certainly of the arts of life. This proves also the stones not to be factitious; for they that could mould such durable masses could do much more than make mortar, and could have continued the transverse from the upright part with the same paste.

You have doubtless seen Stonehenge; and if you have not, I should think it a hard task to made an adequate description. It is, in my opinion, to be referred to the earliest habitation of the island, as a druidical monument of, at least, two thousand years; probably the most ancient work of man upon the island. Salisbury cathedral and its neighbour Stonehenge are two eminent monuments of art and rudeness, and may show the first essay and the last perfection in architecture.

LETTER 507. TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 13. 1783.

Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time (1), your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may by a single blast of coldness be extinguished; but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be depressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen recalls some pleasure communicated or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost; but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost. — You seem

(1) This is the first letter in which we perceive a serious coldness towards Mrs. Thrale; but it is clear that it had existed some time prior to this date, though not perhaps so long as Mr. Boswell supposed. — C.

to mention Lord Kilmurrey[1] as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having *no* park? — he could not disoblige his neighbours by sending them *no* venison.

Letter 508. TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

London, Nov. 29 1783.

Dear Madam, — You may perhaps think me negligent that I have not written to you again upon the loss of your brother; but condolences and consolations are such common and such useless things, that the omission of them is no great crime; and my own diseases occupy my mind and engage my care. My nights are miserably restless, and my days, therefore, are heavy. I try, however, to hold up my head as high as I can. I am sorry that your health is impaired; perhaps the spring and the summer may, in some degree, restore it; but if not, we must submit to the inconveniences of time, as to the other dispensations of Eternal Goodness. Pray for me, and write to me, or let Mr. Pearson write for you.

Letter 509. TO THE SAME.

Bolt Court, March 10. 1784.

My dearest Love, — I will not suppose that it is for want of kindness that you did not answer my last letter; and I therefore write again to tell you that I have, by God's great mercy, still continued to grow better. My asthma is seldom troublesome, and my dropsy has ran itself almost away, in a manner which my physician says is very uncommon. I have been confined from the 14th of December, and shall not soon venture abroad. but I have this day dressed myself as I was before my sickness. If it be inconvenient to you to write, desire Mr. Pearson to let me know how you do, and how you

(1) [See *ante*, Vol. III. p. 167.]

have passed this long winter. I am now not without hopes that we shall once more see one another.

Letter 510. TO MRS. THRALE.

London, March 20. 1784

Madam, — Your last letter had something of tenderness. The accounts which you have had of my danger and distress were I suppose not aggravated. I have been confined ten weeks with an asthma and dropsy. But I am now better. God has in his mercy granted me a reprieve; for how much time his mercy must determine.

On the 19th of last month I evacuated twenty pints of water, and I think I reckon exactly. From that time the tumour has subsided, and I now begin to move with some freedom. You will easily believe that I am still at a great distance from health; but I am, as my chirurgeon expressed it, amazingly better. Heberden seems to have great hopes.

Write to me no more about *dying with a grace*. When you feel what I have felt in approaching eternity — in fear of soon hearing the sentence of which there is no revocation — you will know the folly: my wish is that you may know it sooner. The distance between the grave and the remotest part of human longevity is but a very little; and of that little no path is certain. You know all this, and I thought that I knew it too; but I know it now with a new conviction. May that new conviction not be vain! I am now cheerful. I hope this approach to recovery is a token of the Divine mercy. My friends continue their kindness. I give a dinner to-morrow.

Letter 511. TO THE SAME.

April 15. — Yesterday I had the pleasure of giving another dinner to the remainder of the old club. We used to meet weekly about the year 1750, and we were as cheerful as in former times: only I could not make quite so much noise; for since the paralytic affliction, my voice is sometimes weak.

Metcalf and Crutchley, without knowing each other, are

both members of parliament for Horsham, in Sussex. Mr. Cator is chosen for Ipswich.

But a sick man's thoughts soon turn back upon himself. I am still very weak, though my appetite is keen, and my digestion potent; and I gratify myself more at table than ever I did at my own cost before. I have now an inclination to luxury which even your table did not excite; for till now my *talk* was more about the dishes than my *thoughts*. I remember you commended me for seeming pleased with my dinners when you had reduced your table. I am able to tell you with great veracity that I never knew when the reduction began, nor should have known that it was made had not you told me. I now think and consult to-day what I shall eat to-morrow. This disease will likewise, I hope, be cured. For there are other things — how different! — which ought to predominate in the mind of such a man as I: but in this world the body will have its part; and my hope is, that it shall have no more — my hope, but not my confidence; I have only the timidity of a Christian to determine, not the wisdom of a stoic to secure me.

April 19. — I received this morning your magnificent fish, and in the afternoon your apology for not sending it. I have invited the Hooles and Miss Burney to dine upon it to-morrow. The club which has been lately instituted is at Sam's; and there was I when I was last out of the house. But the people whom I mentioned in my letter are the remnant of a little club (2) that used to meet in Ivy-lane, about three and thirty years ago, out of which we have lost Hawkesworth and Dyer — the rest are yet on this side the grave.

April 21. — I make haste to send you intelligence, which, if I do not flatter myself, you will not receive without some degree of pleasure. After a confinement of one hundred and twenty-nine days, more than the third part of a year, and no inconsiderable part of human life, I this day returned thanks

(1) This friend of Johnson's youth survived him somewhat more than three years, having died February 19. 1788. — M.

(2) See *anté*, Vol. I. p. 163. — C.

to God in St. Clement's church for my recovery; a recovery, in my seventy-fifth year, from a distemper which few in the vigour of youth are known to surmount; a recovery, of which neither myself, my friends, nor my physicians, had any hope; for though they flattered me with some continuance of life, they never supposed that I could cease to be dropsical. The dropsy, however, is quite vanished; and the asthma so much mitigated, that I walked to-day with a more easy respiration than I have known, I think, for perhaps two years past. I hope the mercy that lightens my days will assist me to use them well.

The Hooles, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hall (Wesley's sister), feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, and I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left.

Dr. Brocklesby forbids the club at present, not caring to venture the chilness of the evening; but I purpose to show myself on Saturday at the academy's feast. (1) I cannot publish my return to the world more effectually; for, as the Frenchman says, *tout le monde s'y trouvera*. For this occasion I ordered some clothes; and was told by the tailor, that when he brought me a sick dress, he never expected to make me any thing of any other kind. My recovery is indeed wonderful.

April 26. — On Saturday I showed myself again to the living world at the Exhibition: much and splendid was the company, but, like the doge of Genoa at Paris, I admired nothing but myself. I went up all the stairs to the pictures without stopping to rest or to breathe, "in all the madness of superfluous health." The Prince of Wales had promised to be there; but when we had waited an hour and a half, sent us word that he could not come.

Mrs. Davenant called to pay me a guinea, but I gave two for you. Whatever reasons you have for frugality, it is not worth while to save a guinea a year by withdrawing it from a public charity. Mr. Howard called on me a few days

(1) The exhibition dinner of the Royal Academy. — C.

ago, and gave me the new edition, much enlarged, of his "Account of Prisons." He has been to survey the prisons on the Continent; and in Spain he tried to penetrate the dungeons of the Inquisition, but his curiosity was very imperfectly gratified. At Madrid, they shut him quite out; at Valladolid, they showed him some public rooms.

LETTER 512. TO THE SAME.

London, May 31. 1784.

I have one way or other been disappointed hitherto of that change of air from which I think some relief may possibly be obtained; but Boswell and I have settled our resolution to go to Oxford on Thursday. But since I was at Oxford, my convivial friend Dr. Edwards, and my learned friend Dr. Wheeler, are both dead, and my probabilities of pleasure are very much diminished. Why, when so many are taken away, have I been yet spared? I hope that I may be fitter to die. How long we shall stay at Oxford, or what we shall do when we leave it, neither Bozzy nor I have settled; he is, for his part, resolved to remove his family to London, and try his fortune at the English bar: let us all wish him success.

LETTER 513. MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. JOHNSON.

Bath, June 30. [1784.]

MY DEAR SIR, — The enclosed is a circular letter, which I have sent to all the guardians; but our friendship demands somewhat more: it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connection which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear Sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain. I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled, and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments, and though, perhaps, I am become

by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to your faithful servant, H. L. P.

LETTER 514. TO MRS. PIOZZI.

London, July 8, 1784.

DEAR MADAM, — What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me: I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon M. Piozzi to settle in England: you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security: your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy. I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain; yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irremeable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection, pressed her to return. The queen went forward. If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther. The tears stand in my eyes. I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection, your, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

Any letters that come for me hither will be sent me.

LETTER 515. TO MR. NICHOLS.

April 12. 1784.

SIR, — I have sent you inclosed a very curious proposal from Mr. Hawkins, the son of Sir John Hawkins, who, I believe, will take care that whatever his son promises shall be performed. If you are inclined to publish this compilation, the editor will agree for an edition on the following terms, which I think liberal enough. That you shall print the book at your own charge. That the sale shall be wholly for your benefit till your expenses are repaid; except that at the time of publication you shall put into the hands of the editor, without price, . . . copies for his friends. That, when you have been repaid, the profits arising from the sale of the remaining copies shall be divided equally between you and the editor. That the edition shall not comprise fewer than five hundred.

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 516. TO MR. SASTRES.

Ashbourne, Aug. 21. 1784.

DREA SIR, — I am glad that a letter has at last reached you; what became of the two former, which were directed to *Mortimer* instead of *Margaret*-street, I have no means of knowing, nor is it worth the while to enquire; they neither enclosed bills, nor contained secrets.

My health was for some time quite at a stand, if it did not rather go backwards; but for a week past it flatters me with appearances of amendment, which I dare yet hardly credit. My breath has been certainly less obstructed for eight days; and yesterday the water seemed to be disposed to a fuller flow. But I get very little sleep; and my legs do not like to carry me.

You were kind in paying my forfeits at the club; it cannot be expected that many should meet in the summer; however, they that continue in town should keep up appearances as well as they can. I hope to be again among you.

I wish you had told me distinctly the mistakes in the French words. The French is but a secondary and subordinate part

of your design; exactness, however, in all parts is necessary, though complete exactness cannot be attained; and the French are so well stocked with dictionaries, that a little attention may easily keep you safe from gross faults; and as you work on, your vigilance will be quickened, and your observation regulated; you will better know your own wants, and learn better whence they may be supplied. Let me know minutely the whole state of your negotiations. Dictionaries are like watches, the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.

The weather here is very strange summer weather; and we are here two degrees nearer the north than you. I was, I think, loath to think a fire necessary in July, till I found one in the servants' hall, and thought myself entitled to as much warmth as them.

I wish you would make it a task to yourself to write to me twice a week; a letter is a great relief to, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER 517. TO THE SAME.

Ashbourne, Sept. 2, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—Your critic seems to me to be an exquisite Frenchman; his remarks are nice; they would at least have escaped me. I wish you better luck with your next specimen; though if such slips as these are to condemn a dictionary, I know not when a dictionary will be made. I cannot yet think that *gourmander* is wrong; but I have here no means of verifying my opinion.

My health, by the mercy of God, still improves; and I have hope of standing the English winter, and of seeing you, and reading Petrarch at Bolt Court; but let me not flatter myself too much. I am yet weak, but stronger than I was.

I suppose the club is now almost forsaken; but we shall I hope meet again. We have lost poor Allen; a very worthy man, and to me a very kind and officious neighbour.

Of the pieces ascribed by Bembo to Virgil, the *Diræ* (ascribed, I think, to Valerius Cato), the *Copa* and the *Moretum*

are, together with the *Culex* and *Ceiris*, in Scaliger's *Appendix ad Virgilium*. The rest I never heard the name of before.

I am highly pleased with your account of the gentleman and lady with whom you lodge; such characters have sufficient attractions to draw me towards them; you are lucky to light upon them in the casual commerce of life.

Continue, dear Sir, to write to me; and let me hear any thing or nothing, as the chance of the day may be. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER 518. TO THE SAME.

Ashbourne, Sept. 16. 1784.

DEAR SIR, — What you have told me of your landlord and his lady at Brompton has made them such favourites, that I am not sorry to hear how you are turned out of your lodgings, because the good is greater to them than the evil is to you.

The death of dear Mr. Allen gave me pain. When after some time of absence I visit a town, I find my friends dead; when I leave a place, I am followed with intelligence, that the friend whom I hope to meet at my return is swallowed in the grave. This is a gloomy scene; but let us learn from it to prepare for our own removal. Allen is gone; Sastres and Johnson are hasting after him; may we be both as well prepared!

I again wish your next specimen success. *Paymistress* can hardly be said without a preface (it may be expressed by a word perhaps not in use, pay mistress).

The club is, it seems, totally deserted; but as the forfeits go on, the house does not suffer; and all clubs, I suppose, are unattended in the summer. We shall, I hope, meet in winter, and be cheerful.

After this week, do not write to me till you hear again from me, for I know not well where I shall be; I have grown weary of the solitude of this place, and think of removal. I am, Sir, your, &c.

LETTER 519. TO THE SAME.

Lichfield, Oct. 20. 1784.

SIR, — You have abundance of naughty tricks; is this your way of writing to a poor sick friend twice a week? Post comes after post, and brings no letter from Mr. Sastres. If you know any thing, write and tell it; if you know nothing, write and say that you know nothing.

What comes of the specimen? If the booksellers want a specimen, in which a keen critic can spy no faults, they must wait for another generation. Had not the Crusca faults? Did not the academicians of France commit many faults? It is enough that a dictionary is better than others of the same kind. A perfect performance of any kind is not to be expected, and certainly not a perfect dictionary.

Mrs. Desmoulines never writes, and I know not how things go on at home; tell me, dear Sir, what you can.

If Mr. Seward be in town, tell me his direction, for I ought to write to him.

I am very weak, and have had bad nights. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER 520. TO THE SAME.

Lichfield, Nov. 1. 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I beg you to continue the frequency of your letters; every letter is a cordial; but you must not wonder that I do not answer with exact punctuality. You may always have something to tell: you live among the various orders of mankind, and may make a letter from the exploits, sometimes of the philosopher, and sometimes of the pickpocket. You see some balloons succeed and some miscarry, and a thousand strange and a thousand foolish things. But I see nothing; I must make my letter from what I feel, and what I feel with so little delight, that I cannot love to talk of it.

I am certainly not to come to town, but do not omit to write; for I know not when I shall come, and the loss of a letter is not much. I am, dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER 521. TO DR. HEBERDEN.

Lichfield, Oct. 13, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—Though I doubt not but Dr. Brocklesby would communicate to you any incident in the variation of my health which appeared either curious or important, yet I think it time to give you some account of myself.

Not long after the first great efflux of the water, I attained so much vigour of limbs and freedom of breath, that without rest or intermission, I went with Dr. Brocklesby to the top of the painter's Academy. This was the greatest degree of health that I have obtained, and this, if it could continue, were perhaps sufficient; but my breath soon failed, and my body grew weak.

At Oxford (in June) I was much distressed by shortness of breath, so much that I never attempted to scale the Library: the water gained upon me, but by the use of squills was in a great measure driven away.

In July I went to Lichfield, and performed the journey with very little fatigue in the common vehicle, but found no help from my native air. I then removed to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, where for some time I was oppressed very heavily by the asthma; and the dropsy had advanced so far, that I could not without great difficulty button me at my knees. (Here are omitted some minute medical details.)

No hydropical humour has been lately visible. The relaxation of my breath has not continued as it was at first, but neither do I breathe with the same *angustiæ* and distress as before the remission. The summary of my state is this: I am deprived, by weakness and the asthma, of the power of walking beyond a very short space. I draw my breath with difficulty upon the least effort, but not with suffocation or pain. The dropsy still threatens, but gives way to medicine. The summer has passed without giving me any strength. My appetite is, I think, less keen than it was, but not so abated as that its decline can be observed by any but myself.

Be pleased to think on me sometimes. I am, Sir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 522. TO MR. STRAHAN.

Oct. 16. 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I have hitherto omitted to give you that account of myself, which the kindness with which you have treated me gives you a right to expect.

I went away feeble, asthmatical, and dropsical. The asthma has remitted for a time, but is now very troublesome; the weakness still continues, but the dropsy has disappeared; and has twice, in the summer, yielded to medicine. I hope to return with a body somewhat, however little, relieved, and with a mind less dejected.

I hope your dear lady and dear little ones are all well, and all happy; I love them all. I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 523. TO MR. EDMUND ALLEN. (1)

Pembroke College, Oxford, June 7. 1784.

DEAR SIR, — I came hither on Thursday without the least trouble or fatigue, but I do not yet perceive any improvement of my health. My breath is very much obstructed, my legs are very soon tired, and my nights are very restless.

Boswell went back next day, and is not yet returned. Miss Adams and Miss More are not yet come. How long I shall stay or whither I shall go I cannot yet guess: while I am away I beg that you will sit for me at the Club, and that you will pay Betty Barber five shillings a week. I hope I shall by degrees be better. I am, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 524. TO THE REV. DR. HAMILTON. (2)

Bolt Court, June 4. 1783.

REVEREND SIR, — Be pleased to excuse this application from a stranger in favour of one who has very little ability to

(1) [From the original in the possession of Allan Cunningham, Esq.]
(2) [This and the two following letters, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Vicar of St. Martin's in the Fields, are published from the ori-

speak for herself. The unhappy woman who waits on you with this, has been known to me many years. She is the daughter of a clergyman of Leicestershire, who by an unhappy marriage is reduced to solicit a refuge in the workhouse of your parish, to which she has a claim by her husband's settlement.

Her case admits of little deliberation; she is turned out of her lodging into the street. What my condition allows me to do for her I have already done, and having no friend, she can have recourse only to the parish. I am, reverend Sir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 525. TO THE SAME.

Bolt Court, Feb. 11. 1784.

SIR, — My physicians endeavour to make me believe that I shall sometime be better qualified to receive visits from men of elegance and civility like yours.

Mrs. Pellè shall wait upon you, and you will judge what will be proper for you to do. I once more return you my thanks, and am, Sir, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 526. TO THE SAME.

Feb. 17. 1784.

SIR, — I am so much disordered that I can only say that this is the person whom I recommend to your kindness and favour. I am, Sir, &c. SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER 527. TO THE SAME.

June 2. 1784.

SIR, — You do every thing that is liberal and kind. Mrs. Pellè is a bad manager for herself, but I will employ a more skilful agent, one Mrs. Gardiner, who will wait on you and

ginals, in the possession of his son; who observes, that "they are of no further interest, than as showing the goodness of Johnson's heart, and the spirit with which he entered into the cause and interests of an individual in distress, when he was almost on the bed of sickness and death himself."

employ Pellè's money to the best advantage. Mrs. Gardiner will wait on you.

I return you, Sir, sincere thanks for your attention to me. I am ill, but hope to come back better (1), and to be made better still by your conversation. I am, Sir, &c.

Sam. Johnson.

No. II.

VARIOUS IMITATIONS OF JOHNSON'S STYLE.

[See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 321.]

I shall now fulfil my promise of exhibiting specimens of various sorts of imitation of Johnson's style.

In the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, 1787," there is an "Essay on the Style of Dr. Samuel Johnson," by the Reverend Robert Burrowes, whose respect for the great object of his criticism (2) is thus evinced in the concluding paragraph: "I have singled him out from the whole body of English writers, because his universally acknowledged beauties would be most apt to induce imitation: and I have treated rather on his faults, than his perfections, because an essay might comprise all the observations I could make upon his faults, while volumes would not be sufficient for a treatise on his perfections."

(1) [Dr. Johnson left town on the following morning, with Boswell, for Oxford.]

(2) We must smile at a little inaccuracy of metaphor in the preface to the Transactions, which is written by Mr. Burrowes. The *critic of the style of Johnson* having, with a just zeal for literature, observed, that the whole nation are called on to exert themselves, afterwards says, "They are *called on* by every *tye* which can have laudable influence on the heart of man." — Boswell. — See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 256. — C.

Mr. Burrowes has analysed the composition of Johnson, and pointed out its peculiarities with much acuteness; and I would recommend a careful perusal of his Essay to those who being captivated by the union of perspicuity and splendour which the writings of Johnson contain, without having a sufficient portion of his vigour of mind, may be in danger of becoming bad copyists of his manner. I, however, cannot but observe, and I observe it to his credit, that this learned gentleman has himself caught no mean degree of the expansion and harmony which, independent of all other circumstances, characterise the sentences of Johnson. Thus, in the preface to the volume in which the Essay appears, we find,

"If it be said that in societies of this sort too much attention is frequently bestowed on subjects barren and speculative, it may be answered that no one science is so little connected with the rest as not to afford many principles whose use may extend considerably beyond the science to which they primarily belong, and that no proposition is so purely theoretical as to be totally incapable of being applied to practical purposes. There is no apparent connection between duration and the cycloidal arch, the properties of which duly attended to have furnished us with our best regulated methods of measuring time: and he who had made himself master of the nature and affections of the logarithmic curve is not aware that he has advanced considerably towards ascertaining the proportionable density of the air at its various distances from the surface of the earth."

The ludicrous imitators of Johnson's style are innumerable. Their general method is to accumulate hard words, without considering, that, although he was fond of introducing them occasionally, there is not a single sentence in all his writings where they are crowded together, as in the first verse of the following imaginary Ode by him to Mrs. Thrale (1), which appeared in the newspapers: —

"*Cervisial coctor's viduate* dame,
Opins't thou this gigantic frame,
Procumbing at thy shrine,
Shall, *catenated* by thy charms,
A captive in thy *ambient* arms,
Perennially be thine?"

(1) Johnson's wishing to unite himself with this rich widow was much talked of, but I believe without foundation. The report, however, gave

I nis and a thousand other such attempts are totally unlike the original, which the writers imagined they were turning into ridicule. There is not simi rity enough for burlesque, or even for caricature.

Mr. Colman, in his "Prose on sever.' Occasions," has "A Letter from Lexiphanes, containing Proposals for a *Glossary*, or *Vocabulary* of the *Vulgar* ... intended as a Supplement to a larger Dictionary. ... is evidently meant as a sportive sally of ridicule on Johnson, whose style is thus imitated, without being grossly overcharged: —

"It is easy to foresee that the ... illiterate will complain that I have increased their labours by endeavouring to diminish ... and that I have explained what is more ea... what is more d... —*ignotum per ignotius*. I expect, on the other hand, the liberal ackn... wledgments of the learned. He who is buried in scholastic retirement, ... uded from the assemblies of the gay, and remote from the circles of the polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for such a seasonable and necessary elucidation of his mother-tongue."

Annexed to this letter is the following short specimen of the work, thrown together in ... vague and desultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical concatenation.

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occasion to a poem, not without characteristical merit, entitled "Ode to Mrs. Thrale, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., on their supposed approaching Nuptials:" printed for Mr. Faulder in Bond Street. I shall quote as a specimen the first three stanzas: —

"If e'er my fingers touch'd the lyre,
In satire fierce, in pleasure gay,
Shall not my Thralia's smiles inspire?
Shall Sam refuse the sportive lay?

"My dearest lady! view your slave,
Behold him as your very *Scrub*;
Eager to write as author grave,
Or govern well — the brewing-tub.

"To rich felicity thus raised,
My bosom glows with amorous fire,
Porter no longer shall be praised;
'Tis I myself am *Thrale's Entire*." — B.

Mrs. Carter, in one of her letters to Mrs. Montagu, says, "I once saw him (*Dr. Johnson*) very *indignant* when somebody jested about Mrs. Thrale's marrying himself. The choice would, no doubt, have been singular, but much less exceptionable than that which she has made." — *Mrs. Carter's Letters*, vol. iii. p. 221. — C.

"HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY, — Conglomeration and confusion.

"HODGE-PODGE, — A culinary mixture of heterogeneous ingredients: applied metaphorically to all discordant combinations.

"TIT FOR TAT — Adequate retaliation.

"SHILLY SHALLY, — Hesitation and irresolution.

"FEE! FA! FUM! — Gigantic intonations.

"RIGMAROLE, — Discourse, incoherent and rhapsodical.

"CRINCUM-CRANCUM — Lines of irregularity and involution.

"DING-DONG, — Tintinnabulary chimes, used metaphorically to signify despatch and vehemence." (1)

The serious imitators of Johnson's style, whether intentionally or by the imperceptible effect of its strength and animation, are, as I have had already occasion to observe, so many, that I might introduce quotations from a numerous body of writers in our language, since he appeared in the literary world. I shall point out the following: —

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.

"In other parts of the globe, man, in his rudest state, appears as lord of the creation, giving law to various tribes of animals which he has tamed and reduced to subjection. The Tartar follows his prey on the horse which he has reared, or tends his numerous herds which furnish him both with food and clothing; the Arab has rendered the camel docile, and avails himself of its persevering strength; the Laplander has formed the reindeer to be subservient to his will; and even the people of Kamschatka have trained their dogs to labour. This command over the inferior creatures is one of the noblest prerogatives of man, and among the greatest efforts of his wisdom and power. Without this, his dominion is incomplete. He is a monarch who has no subjects; a master without servants; and must perform every operation by the strength of his own arm." (2)

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

"Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the

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(1) On the original publication of Mr. Boswell's own work, the press teemed with parodies, or imitations of his style of reporting Dr. Johnson's conversation: but they are now all deservedly forgotten, except one by Mr. Alexander Chalmers, which is executed with so much liveliness and pleasantry, and is, in fact, so just a criticism on the lighter portions of this work, that the reader will be, I believe, much pleased to find it preserved. See *ante*, "Lesson in Biography; or, How to write the Life of one's Friend." — C.

(2) History of America, vol. I. 4to, p. 332.

submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom supplied by those of humanity. The ardour of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity." (1)

MISS BURNEY.

"My family, mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success; I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command." (2)

REVEREND MR. NARES. (3)

"In an enlightened and improving age, much perhaps is not to be apprehended from the inroads of mere caprice; at such a period it will generally be perceived that needless irregularity is the worst of all deformities, and that nothing is so truly elegant in language as the simplicity of unviolated analogy. Rules will, therefore, be observed, so far as they are known and acknowledged: but, at the same time, the desire of improvement having been once excited will not remain inactive; and its efforts, unless assisted by knowledge as much as they are prompted by zeal, will not unfrequently be found pernicious; so that the very persons whose intention it is to perfect the instrument of reason will deprave and disorder it unknowingly. At such a time, then, it becomes peculiarly necessary that the analogy of language should be fully examined and understood; that its rules should be carefully laid down; and that it should be clearly known how much it contains which, being already right, should be defended from change and violation; how much it has that demands amendment; and how much that, for fear of greater inconveniences, must, perhaps, be left unaltered, though irregular."

A distinguished author in "The Mirror"(4), a periodical paper published at Edinburgh, has imitated Johnson very closely. Thus, in No. 16.:—

(1) Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. i. chap. 4.

(2) Cecilia, book vii. chap. i.

(3) The passage which I quote is taken from that gentleman's "Elements of Orthoëpy; containing a distinct View of the whole Analogy of the English Language, so far as relates to *Pronunciation, Accent, and Quantity*;" London, 1784. I beg leave to offer my particular acknowledgments to the author of a work of uncommon merit and great utility. I know no book which contains, in the same compass, more learning, polite literature, sound sense, accuracy of arrangement, and perspicuity of expression.

(4) That collection was presented to Dr. Johnson, I believe, by its authors; and I heard him speak very well of it.

"The effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd."

The Reverend Dr. Knox, master of Tunbridge school, appears to have the *imitari aveo* of Johnson's style perpetually in his mind; and to his assiduous, though not servile, study of it, we may partly ascribe the extensive popularity of his writings.(1) In his "Essays, Moral and Literary," No. 3., we find the following passage: —

"The polish of external grace may indeed be deferred till the approach of manhood. When solidity is obtained by pursuing the modes prescribed by our forefathers, then may the file be used. The firm substance will bear attrition, and the lustre then acquired will be durable."

There is, however, one in No. 11. which is blown up into such tumidity as to be truly ludicrous. The writer means to tell us, that members of Parliament who have run in debt by extravagance will sell their votes to avoid an arrest (2), which he thus expresses: —

"They who build houses and collect costly pictures and furniture with

(1) It were to be wished that he had imitated that great man in every respect, and had not followed the example of Dr. Adam Smith, in ungraciously attacking his venerable *Alma Mater*, Oxford. It must, however, be observed, that he is much less to blame than Smith: he only objects to certain particulars; Smith to the whole institution; though indebted for much of his learning to an exhibition which he enjoyed for many years at Baliol College. Neither of them, however, will do any hurt to the noblest university in the world. While I animadvert on what appears to me exceptionable in some of the works of Dr. Knox, I cannot refuse due praise to others of his productions; particularly his sermons, and to the spirit with which he maintains, against presumptuous heretics, the consolatory doctrines peculiar to the Christian Revelation. This he has done in a manner equally strenuous and conciliating. Neither ought I to omit mentioning a remarkable instance of his candour. Notwithstanding the wide difference of our opinions upon the important subject of university education, in a letter to me concerning this work, he thus expresses himself: "I thank you for the very great entertainment your Life of Johnson gives me. It is a most valuable work. Yours is a new species of biography. Happy for Johnson that he had so able a recorder of his wit and wisdom."

(2) Dr. Knox, in his "Moral and Literary" abstraction, may be excused for not knowing the political regulations of his country. No senator can be in the hands of a bailiff.

the money of an honest artisan or mechanic will be very glad of emanci pation from the hands of a bailiff by a sale of their senatorial suffrage."

But I think the most perfect imitation of Johnson is a professed one, entitled "A Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard" (1), said to be written by Mr. Young, professor of Greek, at Glasgow, and of which let him have the credit, unless a better title can be shown. It has not only the particularities of Johnson's style, but that very species of literary discussion and illustration for which he was eminent. Having already quoted so much from others, I shall refer the curious to this performance, with an assurance of much entertainment.

Yet whatever merit there may be in any imitations of Johnson's style, every good judge must see that they are obviously different from the original; for all of them are either deficient in its force, or overloaded with its peculiarities; and the powerful sentiment to which it is suited is not to be found.

(1) It seems to me to be one of the most insipid and unmeaning volumes ever published. I cannot make out whether it was meant for jest or earnest; but it fails either way, for it has neither pleasantry nor sense. Johnson saw this work, and thus writes of it: — "Of the imitation of my style, in a criticism on Gray's Churchyard, I forgot to make mention. The author is, I believe, utterly unknown, for Mr. Steevens cannot hunt him out. I know little of it, for though it was sent me, I never cut the leaves open. I had a letter with it, representing it to me as my own work; in such an account to the public there may be humour, but to myself it was neither serious nor comical. I suspect the writer to be wrong-headed. As to the noise which it makes, I never heard it, and am inclined to believe that few attacks either of ridicule or invective make much noise but by the help of those that they provoke." — *Letter to Thrale*, July 5. 1783. — C.

No. III.

NOTE ON THE WORDS "BALANCE OF MISERY"

[See *antè*, Vol. VIII. p. 305.]

THE Reverend Mr. Ralph Churton, Fellow of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following remarks on my work, which he is pleased to say, "I have hitherto extolled, and cordially approve:"—

"The chief part of what I have to observe is contained in the following transcript from a letter to a friend, which, with his concurrence, I copied for this purpose; and, whatever may be the merit or justness of the remarks, you may be sure that being written to a most intimate friend, without any intention that they ever should go further, they are the genuine and undisguised sentiments of the writer:—

"'Jan. 6. 1792.

"'Last week I was reading the second volume of 'Boswell's Johnson, with increasing esteem for the worthy author, and increasing veneration of the wonderful and excellent man who is the subject of it. The writer throws in, now and then, very properly, some serious religious reflections but there is one remark, in my mind an obvious and just one, which think he has not made, that Johnson's 'morbid melancholy,' and constitutional infirmities, were intended by Providence, like St. Paul's thorn in the flesh, to check intellectual conceit and arrogance; which the consciousness of his extraordinary talents, awake as he was to the voice of praise, might otherwise have generated in a very culpable degree. Another observation strikes me, that in consequence of the same natural indisposition, and habitual sickliness (for he says he scarcely passed one day without pain after his twentieth year), he considered and represented human life as a scene of much greater misery than is generally experienced. There may be persons bowed down with affliction all their days; and there are those, no doubt, whose iniquities rob them of rest; but neither calamities nor crimes, I hope and believe, do so much and so generally abound, as to justify the dark picture of life which Johnson's imagination designed, and his strong pencil delineated. This I am sure, the colouring is far too gloomy for what I have experienced, though, as far as I can remember, I have had more sickness (I do not say more severe, but only more in quan-

tity) than falls to the lot of most people. But then daily debility and occasional sickness were far overbalanced by intervenient days, and, perhaps, weeks void of pain, and overflowing with comfort So that, in short, to return to the subject, human life, as far as I can perceive from experience or observation, is not that state of constant wretchedness which Johnson always insisted it was: which misrepresentation, for such it surely is, his biographer has not corrected, I suppose, because, unhappily, he has himself a large portion of melancholy in his constitution, and fancied the portrait a faithful copy of life.'

"The learned writer then proceeds thus in his letter to me: —

"'I have conversed with some sensible men on this subject, who all seem to entertain the same sentiments respecting life with those which are expressed or implied in the foregoing paragraph. It might be added, that as the representation here spoken of appears not consistent with fact and experience, so neither does it seem to be countenanced by Scripture. There is, perhaps, no part of the sacred volume which at first sight promises so much to lend its sanction to these dark and desponding notions as the book of Ecclesiastes, which so often, and so emphatically, proclaims the vanity of things sublunary. But the design of this whole book (as it has been justly observed) is not to put us out of conceit with life, but to cure our vain expectations of a complete and perfect happiness in this world; to convince us, that there is no such thing to be found in mere external enjoyments; — and to teach us to seek for happiness in the practice of virtue, in the knowledge and love of God, and in the hopes of a better life. For this is the application of all: *Let us hear*, &c. xii. 13. Not only his duty, but his happiness too: *For God*, &c. v. 14. — See Sherlock on Providence.'

"The New Testament tells us, indeed, and most truly, that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:' and, therefore, wisely forbids us to increase our burden by forebodings of sorrows; but I think it nowhere says, that even our ordinary afflictions are not consistent with a very considerable degree of positive comfort and satisfaction. And, accordingly, one whose sufferings as well as merits were conspicuous assures us, that in proportion 'as the sufferings of Christ abounded in them, so their consolation also abounded by Christ.' 2 Cor. i. 5. It is needless to cite, as indeed it would be endless even to refer to, the multitude of passages in both Testaments holding out, in the strongest language, promises of blessings, even in this world, to the faithful servants of God. I will only refer to St. Luke, xviii. 29, 30., and 1 Tim. iv. 8.

"Upon the whole, setting aside instances of great and lasting bodily pain, of minds peculiarly oppressed by melancholy, and of severe temporal calamities, from which extraordinary cases we surely should not form our estimate of the general tenor and complexion of life; excluding these from the account, I am convinced that as well the gracious constitution of things which Providence has ordained, as the declarations of Scripture and the actual experience of individuals, authorise the sincere Christian to hope that his humble and constant endeavours to perform his duty, che-

quered as the best life is with many failings, will be crowned with a greater degree of present peace, serenity, and comfort, than he could reasonably permit himself to expect, if he measured his views and judged of life from the opinion of Dr Johnson, often and energetically expressed in the memoirs of him, without any animadversion or censure by his ingenious biographer. If he himself, upon reviewing the subject, shall see the matter in this light, he will, in an octavo edition, which is eagerly expected, make such additional remarks or corrections as he shall judge fit; lest the impressions which these discouraging passages may leave on the reader's mind should in a degree hinder what otherwise the whole spirit and energy of the work tends, and, I hope, successfully, to promote, — pure morality and true religion."

Though I have, in some degree, obviated any reflections against my illustrious friend's dark views of life, when considering, in the course of this work, his "Rambler" and his "Rasselas," I am obliged to Mr. Churton for complying with my request of his permission to insert his remarks, being conscious of the weight of what he judiciously suggests as to the melancholy in my own constitution. His more pleasing views of life, I hope, are just. *Valeant quantum valere possunt.* Mr. Churton concludes his letter to me in these words: —

"Once, and only once, I had the satisfaction of seeing your illustrious friend; and as I feel a particular regard for all whom he distinguished with his esteem and friendship, so I derive much pleasure from reflecting that I once beheld, though but transiently, near our college gate, one whose works will for ever delight and improve the world, who was a sincere and zealous son of the church of England, an honour to his country, and an ornament to human nature."

His letter was accompanied with a present from himself of his "Sermons at the Bampton Lecture," and from his friend, Dr. Townson, the venerable rector of Malpas, in Cheshire, of his "Discourses on the Gospels," together with the following extract of a letter from that excellent person, who is now gone to receive the reward of his labours: "Mr. Boswell is not only very entertaining in his works, but they are so replete with moral and religious sentiments, without an instance, as far as I know, of a contrary tendency, that I cannot help having a great esteem for him; and if you think such a trifle as a copy of the Discourses, *ex dono authoris,* would be acceptable

to him, I should be happy to give him this small testimony of my regard." Such spontaneous testimonies of approbation from such men, without any personal acquaintance with me, are truly valuable and encouraging.

No. IV.

CATALOGUE OR LIST OF DESIGNS.

[Referred to in Vol. VIII. p. 388.]

Divinity.

A small book of precepts and directions for piety; the hint taken from the directions in *Morton*'s Exercise.

Philosophy, History, and Literature in General.

History of Criticism, as it relates to judging of authors, from Aristotle to the present age. An account of the rise and improvements of that art: of the different opinions of authors, ancient and modern.

Translation of the History of Herodian.

New edition of Fairfax's Translation of Tasso, with notes, glossary, &c.

Chaucer, a new edition of him, from manuscripts and old editions, with various readings, conjectures, remarks on his language, and the changes it had undergone from the earliest times to his age, and from his to the present; with notes explanatory of customs, &c. and references to Boccace, and other authors, from whom he has borrowed, with an account of the

liberties he has taken in telling the stories; his life, and an exact etymological glossary.

Aristotle's Rhetoric, a translation of it into English.

A Collection of Letters, translated from the modern writers with some account of the several authors.

Oldham's Poems, with notes, historical and critical.

Roscommon's Poems, with notes.

Lives of the Philosophers, written with a polite air, in such a manner as may divert as well as instruct.

History of the Heathen Mythology, with an explication of the fables, both allegorical and historical; with references to the poets.

History of the State of Venice, in a compendious manner.

Aristotle's Ethics, an English translation of them, with notes.

Geographical Dictionary from the French. [*Utrecht.*] MS.

Hierocles upon Pythagoras, translated into English, perhaps with notes. This is done by Norris. [Nov. 9th, 1752.] MS.

A book of Letters, upon all kinds of subjects.

Claudian, a new edition of his works, *cum notis variorum*, in the manner of Burman.

Tully's Tusculan questions, a translation of them.

Tully's De Naturâ Deorum, a translation of those books.

Benzo's New History of the New World, to be translated.

Machiavel's History of Florence, to be translated.

History of the Revival of Learning in Europe, containing an account of whatever contributed to the restoration of literature; such as controversies, printing, the destruction of the Greek empire, the encouragement of great men, with the lives of the most eminent patrons, and most eminent early professors of all kinds of learning in different countries.

A Body of Chronology, in verse, with historical notes. [Nov. 9th, 1752.] MS.

A Table of the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, distinguished by figures into six degrees of value, with notes giving the reasons of preference or degradation.

A Collection of Letters from English authors, with a preface, giving some account of the writers; with reasons for selection, and criticism upon styles; remarks on each letter, if needful.

A Collection of Proverbs from various languages. Jan. 6th, — 53.

A Dictionary to the Common Prayer, in imitation of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. March, [17]52.

A Collection of Stories and Examples, like those of Valerius Maximus. Jan. 10th, [17]53.

From Ælian, a volume of select Stories, perhaps from others. Jan. 28th, [17]53.

Collection of Travels, Voyages, Adventures, and Descriptions of Countries.

Dictionary of Ancient History and Mythology.

Treatise on the Study of Polite Literature, containing the history of learning, directions for editions, commentaries, &c.

Maxims, Characters, and Sentiments, after the manner of Bruyère, collected out of ancient authors, particularly the Greek, with Apophthegms.

Classical Miscellanies, Select Translations from ancient Greek and Latin authors.

Lives of Illustrious Persons, as well of the active as the learned, in imitation of Plutarch.

Judgment of the learned upon English Authors.

Poetical Dictionary of the English Tongue.

Considerations upon the present State of London.

Collection of Epigrams, with notes and observations.

Observations on the English Language, relating to words, phrases, and modes of speech.

Minutiæ, Literariæ, Miscellaneous Reflections, Criticisms, Emendations, Notes.

History of the Constitution.

Comparison of Philosophical and Christian Morality, by sentences collected from the moralists and fathers.

Plutarch's Lives, in English, with notes.

POETRY AND WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

Hymn to Ignorance.

The Palace of Sloth:—a vision.

Coluthus, to be translated.

Prejudice,—a poetical essay.

The Palace of Nonsense,—a vision.

Johnson's extraordinary facility of composition, when he shook off his constitutional indolence, and resolutely sat down to write, is admirably described by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review," which I have several times quoted:—

> "While through life's maze he sent a piercing view,
> His mind expansive to the object grew.
> With various stores of erudition fraught,
> The lively image, the deep searching thought,
> Slept in repose;—but when the moment press'd,
> The bright ideas stood at once confess'd;
> Instant his genius sped its vigorous rays,
> And o'er the letter'd world diffused a blaze.
> As womb'd with fire the cloud electric flies,
> And calmly o'er the horizon seems to rise:
> Touch'd by the pointed steel, the lightning flows,
> And all th' expanse with rich effulgence glows."

We shall in vain endeavour to know with exact precision every production of Johnson's pen. He owned to me that he had written about forty sermons; but as I understood that he had given or sold them to different persons, who were to preach them as their own, he did not consider himself at liberty to acknowledge them. Would those who were thus aided by him, who are still alive, and the friends of those who are dead, fairly inform the world, it would be obligingly gratifying a reasonable curiosity, to which there should, I think, now be no objection. Two volumes of them, published since his death, are sufficiently ascertained. See Vol. VII. p. 326. I have before me in his handwriting a fragment of twenty quarto leaves, of a translation into English of Sallust, *De Bello Catilinario.* When it was done I have no notion; but it seems to have no

very superior merit to mark it as his. Besides the publications heretofore mentioned, I am satisfied, from internal evidence, to admit also as genuine the following, which, notwithstanding all my chronological care, escaped me in the course of this work: —

"Considerations on the Case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons,"† published in 1739, in the "Gentleman's Magazine." It is a very ingenious defence of the right of abridging an author's work, without being held as infringing his property. This is one of the nicest questions in the *Law of Literature*; and I cannot help thinking, that the indulgence of abridging is often exceedingly injurious to authors and booksellers, and should in very few cases be permitted. At any rate, to prevent difficult and uncertain discussion, and give an absolute security to authors in the property of their labours, no abridgment whatever should be permitted till after the expiration of such a number of years as the legislature may be pleased to fix.

But, though it has been confidently ascribed to him, I cannot allow that he wrote a dedication to both houses of parliament of a book entitled "The Evangelical History Harmonised." He was no *croaker*, no declaimer against the *times*. He would not have written "That we are fallen upon an age in which corruption is not barely universal, is universally confessed." Nor, "Rapine preys on the public without opposition, and perjury betrays it without inquiry." Nor would he, to excite a speedy reformation, have conjured up such phantoms of terror as these: — "A few years longer, and perhaps all endeavours will be in vain. We may be swallowed by an earthquake; we may be delivered to our enemies." This is not Johnsonian.

There are, indeed, in this dedication several sentences constructed upon the model of those of Johnson. But the imitation of the form, without the spirit of his style, has been so general, that this of itself is not sufficient evidence. Even our newspaper writers aspire to it. In an account of the funeral of Edwin, the comedian, in "The Diary" of Nov. 9. 1790, that

son of drollery is thus described :— " A man who had so often cheered the sullenness of vacancy, and suspended the approaches of sorrow." And in " The Dublin Evening Post," August 16. 1791, there is the following paragraph :— " It is a singular circumstance, that in a city like this, containing 200,000 people, there are three months in the year during which no place of public amusement is open. Long vacation is here a vacation from pleasure, as well as business ; nor is there any mode of passing the listless evenings of declining summer, but in the riots of a tavern, or the stupidity of a coffee-house."

I have not thought it necessary to specify every copy of verses written by Johnson, it being my intention to publish an authentic edition of all his poetry, with notes.

No. V.

A CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE OF THE PROSE WORKS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.(1)

N. B. — To those which he himself acknowledged is added *acknowl.* To those which may be fully believed to be his from internal evidence is added *intern. evid.*

1735. Abridgment and translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, *acknowl.*

1738. Part of a translation of Father Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, *acknowl.*

N. B. — As this work, after some sheets were printed, suddenly stopped, I know not whether any part of it is now to be found.

(1) I do not here include his poetical works; for, excepting his Latin translation of Pope's Messiah, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes, imitated from Juvenal, his Prologue on the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre by Mr. Garrick, and his Irene, a Tragedy, they are very numerous and in general short; and I have promised a complete edition of them, in which I shall, with the utmost care, ascertain their authenticity, and illustrate them with notes and various readings — Boswell — The meaning of this sentence, and particularly of the word *excepting*, is not very clear. Perhaps Mr. Boswell wrote, "they are *not* very numerous, which would be less obscure. — C.

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface, *intern. evid.*

Life of Father Paul, *acknowl.*

1739. A complete vindication of the Licenser of the Stage from the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke, author of Gustavus Vasa, *acknowl.*

Marmor Norfolciense: or an Essay on an ancient prophetical inscription in monkish rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk, by PROBUS BRITANNICUS, *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Life of Boerhaave, *acknowl.*

Address to the Reader, *intern. evid.*

Appeal to the Public in behalf of the Editor, *intern. evid.*

Considerations on the case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons; a plausible attempt to prove that an author's work may be abridged without injuring his property, *acknowl.*

(1) * Address to the Reader in May.

1740. FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface, *intern. evid.*

Life of Admiral Drake, *acknowl.*

Life of Admiral Blake, *acknowl.*

Life of Philip Barretier, *acknowl.*

Essay on Epitaphs, *acknowl.*

1741. FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface, *intern. evid.*

A free translation of the Jests of Hierocles, with an introduction, *intern. evid.*

Debate on the *Humble Petition and Advice* of the Rump Parliament to Cromwell, in 1657, to assume

(1) These and several other articles, which are marked with an asterisk, were suggested to Mr. Malone by Mr. Chalmers as probably written by Dr. Johnson; they are therefore placed in this general list.—C.

the title of King; abridged, methodised, and digested, *intern. evid.*

'Translation of Abbé Guyon's Dissertation on the Amazons, *intern. evid.*

Translation of Fontenelle's Panegyric on Dr. Morin, *intern. evid.*

1742. FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface, *intern. evid.*

Essay on the Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, *acknowl.*

An Account of the Life of Peter Burman, *acknowl.*

The Life of Sydenham, afterwards prefixed to Dr. Swan's edition of his works, *acknowl.*

Proposals for printing Bibliotheca Harleiana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford, afterwards prefixed to the first volume of that catalogue, in which the Latin accounts of the books were written by him, *acknowl.*

Abridgment, entitled Foreign History, *intern. evid.*

Essay on the Description of China, from the French of Du Halde, *intern. evid.*

1743. Dedication to Dr. Mead of Dr. James's Medicinal Dictionary, *intern. evid.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface, *intern. evid.*

Parliamentary Debates under the name of Debates in the Senate of Lilliput, from Nov. 19. 1740, to Feb. 23. 1742-3, inclusive, *acknowl.*

Considerations on the Dispute between Crousaz and Warburton on Pope's Essay on Man, *intern. evid.*

A Letter, announcing that the Life of Mr. Savage was speedily to be published by a person who was favoured with his confidence, *intern. evid.*

Advertisement for Osborne concerning the Harleian Catalogue, *intern. evid.*



1744. Life of Richard Savage, *acknowl.*
Preface to the Harleian Miscellany, *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface, *intern. evid.*

1745. Miscellaneous Observations on the tragedy of Macbeth, with remarks on Sir T. H.'s (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) Edition of Shakspeare, and proposals for a new Edition of that Poet. *acknowl.*

1747. Plan for a Dictionary of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

* Lauder's Proposals for printing the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius.

[Abridgment of Foreign History, *Gent. Mag.* 1794, p. 1001.]

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

1748. Life of Roscommon, *acknowl.*
Foreign History, November, *intern. evid*

FOR MR. DODSLEY'S PRECEPTOR.

Preface, *acknowl.*
Vision of Theodore the Hermit, *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

1749. * Letter on Fire Works.

1750. The RAMBLER, the first paper of which was published 20th of March this year, and the last 17th of March, 1752, the day on which Mrs. Johnson died (1), *acknowl.*

Letter in the General Advertiser to excite the atten-

(1) This is a mistake. The last number of the Rambler appeared on the 14th of March, three days before Mrs. Johnson died.—MALONE.

tion of the public to the performance of Comus, which was next day to be acted at Drury Lane play-house, for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, *acknowl.*

Preface and Postscript to Lauder's Pamphlet, entitled "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost," *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Address to the Public concerning Miss Williams's Miscellanies.

1751. Life of Cheynel, in the Miscellany called "The Student," *acknowl.*

Letter for Lauder, addressed to the Reverend Dr. John Douglas, acknowledging his fraud concerning Milton in terms of suitable contrition, *acknowl.*

Dedication to the Earl of Middlesex of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's "Female Quixote," *intern. evid.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

* Preface.

* Criticism on Moore's Gil Blas.

1753. Dedication to John, Earl of Orrery, of Shakspeare illustrated, by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, *acknowl.*

During this and the following year he wrote and gave to his much loved friend, Dr. Bathurst, the papers in the Adventurer, signed T., *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

* Preface.

* Notice of Mr. Edward Cave's death, inserted in the last page of the index.

1754. Life of Edward Cave, in the Gentleman's Magazine, *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

* Preface.

1755. A DICTIONARY, with a Grammar and History, of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, *acknowl.*

An Account of an Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact Theory of the Variations of the Magnetical Needle, with a Table of the Variations at the most remarkable cities in Europe, from the year 1660 to 1780, *acknowl.* This he wrote for Mr. Zachariah Williams, an ingenious ancient Welsh gentleman, father of Mrs. Anna Williams, whom he for many years kindly lodged in his house. It was published with a translation into Italian by Signor Baretti. In a copy of it, which he presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is pasted a character of the late Mr. Zachariah Williams, plainly written by Johnson, *intern. evid.*

1756. An Abridgment of his Dictionary, *acknowl.*

Several Essays in the Universal Visitor, which there is some difficulty in ascertaining. All that are marked with two asterisks have been ascribed to him, although I am confident, from internal evidence, that we should except from these "The Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," and "An Essay on Architecture." And from the same evidence I am confident that he wrote "Further Thoughts on Agriculture" and "A Dissertation on the State of Literature and Authors." The Dissertation on the Epitaphs, written by Pope, he afterwards acknowledged, and added to his "Idler."

Life of Sir Thomas Browne, prefixed to a new edition of his Christian Morals, *acknowl.*

In the LITERARY MAGAZINE, OF UNIVERSAL REVIEW, which began in January, 1756,

His ORIGINAL ESSAYS are,

The Preliminary Address, *intern. evid.*

An Introduction to the Political State of Great Britain, *intern. evid.*

Remarks on the Militia Bill, *intern. evid.*

Observations on his Britannic Majesty's Treaties with the Empress of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, *intern. evid.*

Observations on the Present State of Affairs, *intern. evid.*

Memoirs of Frederick III., King of Prussia, *intern. evid.*

In the same MAGAZINE his REVIEWS are of the following books:—"Birch's History of the Royal Society." "Browne's Christian Morals;" "Warton's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," vol. i.; "Hampton's Translation of Polybius;" "Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in proof of a Deity;" "Borlase's History of the Isles of Scilly;" "Home's Experiments on Bleaching;" "Browne's History of Jamaica;" "Hales on Distilling Sea-Waters, Ventilators in Ships, and curing an ill taste in Milk;" "Lucas's Essay on Waters;" "Keith's Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops;" "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xlix.; "Miscellanies by Elizabeth Harrison;" "Evans's Map and Account of the Middle Colonies in America;" "The Cadet, a Military Treatise;" "The Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War, impartially examined," *intern. evid.*

"Mrs. Lennox's Translation of Sully's Memoirs;" "Letter on the Case of Admiral Byng;" "Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng;" "Hanway's Eight Days' Journey" "and Essay on Tea;" "Some further particulars in Relation to the Case of Admiral Byng, by a Gentleman of Oxford," *acknowl.*

Mr. Jonas Hanway having written an angry Answer to the Review of his Essay on Tea, Johnson, in the same collection, made a reply to it, *acknowl.* This is the only instance, it is believed, when he condescended to take notice of any thing that had been

written against him; and here his chief intention seems to have been to make sport.

Dedication to the Earl of Rochford of, and Preface to, Mr. Payne's Introduction to the Game of Draughts, *acknowl.*

Introduction to the London Chronicle, an Evening Paper, which still subsists with deserved credit, *acknowl.*

* "Observations on the Foregoing Letter," i. e. A Letter on the American Colonies.

1757. Speech on the Subject of an Address to the Throne after the Expedition to Rochefort; delivered by one of his friends in some public meeting: it is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1785, *intern. evid.*

The first two paragraphs of the Preface to Sir William Chambers's Designs of Chinese Buildings, &c., *acknowl.*

1758. The Idler, which began April 5. in this year, and was continued till April 5. 1760. *acknowl.*

An Essay on the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers was added to it, when published in volumes, *acknowl.*

1759. Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, a Tale, *acknowl.*

Advertisement for the Proprietors of the Idler against certain persons who pirated those papers as they came out singly in a newspaper called the Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette, *intern. evid.*

For Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's English Version of Brumoy, "A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy," and the General Conclusion of the Book, *intern. evid.*

Introduction to the World Displayed, a Collection of Voyages and Travels, *acknowl.*

Three Letters in the Gazetteer, concerning the best plan for Blackfriars Bridge, *acknowl.*

1760. Address of the Painters to George III. on his Accession to the Throne, *intern. evid.*

Dedication of Baretti's Italian and English Dictionary to the Marquis of Abreu, then Envoy Extraordinary from Spain at the Court of Great Britain, *intern. evid.*

Review in the Gentleman's Magazine of Mr. Tytler's acute and able Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, *acknowl.*

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for Clothing the French Prisoners, *acknowl.*

1761. Preface to Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, *acknowl.*

Corrections and Improvements for Mr. Gwyn the Architect's pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Coronation of George III.," *acknowl.*

1762. Dedication to the King of the Reverend Dr. Kennedy's Complete System of Astronomical Chronology unfolding the Scriptures, 4to edition, *acknowl.*

Preface to the Catalogue of the Artist's Exhibition, *intern. evid.*

1763. Character of Collins in the Poetical Calendar, published by Fawkes and Woty, *acknowl.*

Dedication to the Earl of Shaftesbury of the edition of Roger Ascham's English Works, published by the Reverend Mr. Bennett, *acknowl.*

The Life of Ascham, also prefixed to that edition, *acknowl.*

Review of Telemachus, a Masque, by the Reverend George Graham, of Eton College, in the Critical Review, *acknowl.*

Dedication to the Queen of Mr. Hoole's Translation of Tasso, *acknowl.*

Account of the Detection of the Imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, published in the Newspapers and Gentleman's Magazine, *acknowl.*

1764. Part of a Review of Granger's "Sugar Cane," a Poem, in the London Chronicle, *acknowl.*

Review of Goldsmith's "Traveller," a Poem, in the Critical Review, *acknowl.*

1765. The Plays of William Shakspeare, in eight volumes, 8vo, with Notes, *acknowl.*

1766. The Fountains, a Fairy Tale, in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, *acknowl.*

1767. Dedication to the King of Mr. Adams's Treatise on the Globes, *acknowl.*

1769. Character of the Reverend Mr. Zachariah Mudge, in the London Chronicle, *acknowl.*

1770. The False Alarm, *acknowl.*

1771. Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands, *acknowl.*

1772. Defence of a Schoolmaster; dictated to me for the House of Lords, *acknowl.*

Argument in support of the Law of *Vicious Intromission*; dictated to me for the Court of Session in Scotland, *acknowl.*

1773. Preface to Macbean's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography," *acknowl.*

Argument in favour of the Rights of Lay Patrons; dictated to me for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, *acknowl.*

1774. The Patriot, *acknowl.*

1775. A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, *acknowl.*

Proposals for publishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, in 3 volumes, 4to, *acknowl.*

Preface to Baretti's Easy Lessons in Italian and English, *intern. evid.*

Taxation no Tyranny: an Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress, *acknowl.*

Argument on the Case of Dr. Memis; dictated to me for the Court of Sessions in Scotland, *acknowl.*

Argument to prove that the Corporation of Stirling was corrupt; dictated to me for the House of Lords, *acknowl.*

1776. Argument in support of the Right of immediate and personal Reprehenson from the Pulpit; dictated to me, *acknowl*

Proposals for publishing an Analysis for the Scotch Celtic Language, by the Reverend William Shawl, *acknowl*

1777. Dedication to the King of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, *acknowl.*

Additions to the Life and Character of that Prelate, prefixed to those works, *acknowl.*

Various Papers and Letters in favour of the Reverend Dr. Dodd, *acknowl.*

1780. Advertisement for his Friend, Mr. Thrale, to the Worthy Electors of the Borough of Southwark, *acknowl.*

First Paragraph of Mr. Thomas Davies's Life of Garrick, *acknowl.*

1781. Prefaces, biographical and critical, to the Works of the most eminent English Poets; afterwards published with the Title of the Lives of the English Poets, *acknowl*

Argument on the Importance of the Registration of Deeds; dictated to me for an Election Committee of the House of Commons, *acknowl.*

On the Distinction between Tory and Whig; dictated to me, *acknowl.*

On Vicarious Punishments, and the great Propitiation for the Sins of the World by Jesus Christ; dictated to me, *acknowl.*

Argument in favour of Joseph Knight, an African Negro, who claimed his Liberty in the Court of Session in Scotland, and obtained it; dictated to me, *acknowl.*

Defence of Mr. Robertson, Printer of the Caledonian Mercury, against the Society of Procurators in Edinburgh, for having inserted in his paper a ludicrous paragraph against them; demonstrating that it was not an injurious Libel; dictated to me, *acknowl.*

1782. The greatest [part], if not the whole, of a Reply, by the Reverend Mr. Shaw, to a person at Edinburgh, of the name of Clarke, refuting his arguments for the authenticity of the Poems published by Mr. James Macpherson as Translations from Ossian, *intern. evid.*

1784. List of the Authors of the Universal History, deposited in the British Museum, and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, this year, *acknowl.*

VARIOUS YEARS.

Letters to Mrs. Thrale, *acknowl.*

Prayers and Meditations, which he delivered to the Rev. Mr. Strahan, enjoining him to publish them, *acknowl.*

Sermons, *left for publication* by John Taylor, LL.D., Prebendary of Westminster, and given to the World by the Reverend Samuel Hayes, A. M., *intern. evid.*

Such was the number and variety of the prose works of this extraordinary man, which I have been able to discover, and *am at liberty to mention* (1); but we ought to keep in mind, that there must undoubtedly have been many more which are yet concealed; and we may add to the account, the numerous letters which he wrote, of which a considerable part are yet unpublished. It is hoped that those persons, in whose possession they are, will favour the world with them.

JAMES BOSWELL.

(1) This is a strange phrase. What work could it have been that Mr. Boswell *was not at liberty to mention?* That there was some peculiar meaning here can hardly be doubted. It *perhaps* may allude to some publications of a Jacobite tendency, written in Johnson's earlier days, and which may have been acknowledged in confidence to Boswell; but this is a mere conjecture. Many of the articles inserted in the foregoing list *on internal evidence* (particularly those from the magazines) are of very little importance, and of very doubtful authenticity.—C.

No. VI

DR. JOHNSON'S PORTRAITS.

[Referred to in Vol. VIII. p. 481.]

[The Note on Dr. Johnson's Portraits being incomplete, I am obliged to Mr. John Murray, Jun., for considerable Additions to the List, which are distinguished by brackets.—C.]

Date of Painting.		Engraver's Name.	Date of Engraving.
[Prior to 1752.	A miniature, painter unknown, which belonged to Mrs. Johnson, now in the possession of Dr. Harwood. See preface, p. xiv. First engraved for this edition, size of the original - -	E. Finden.	1830
	A three-quarter face to the left (in an oval); he is dressed in what was styled a seven story wig, and holds a pen up to his eye. This picture apparently painted before any of Sir Joshua's portraits - - - - No artist's name or date.]		

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

[1756.	I. Mr. Boswell's picture; sold at James Boswell's sale for seventy guineas. A three-quarter length. Dr. Johnson seated in an arm chair, which is covered with a tartan, or chequered cloth, at a table with writing materials; pen in his hand.]		
	4to. for first edition of Boswell's Life	J. Heath.	1791
	Ditto 8vo. for 8vo. edition of ditto	J. Baker.	1793
	[This picture has been repeatedly engraved for various editions of this work.]		
[Before 1770.	II. *a*. The Duke of Sutherland's picture, formerly the property of Miss Lucy Porter, at Lichfield. See Vol. III. p. 163. Side face, to right, eyes almost closed, without wig; the arms are raised, showing the nervous habit to which he was addicted, when unemployed, of moving his hands up and down before him, with the fingers bent.		
	Sir Joshua is said to have had in his mind this attitude and the abstracted expression of Dr. Johnson's countenance, when he painted the Soothsayer Tiresias in his large picture of the Infant Hercules.		

Date of Painting.		Engraver's Name	Date of Engraving.

b. The Duke of Dorset's picture at Knole is a duplicate of the preceding.

	Folio, mezzotint, very fine -	James Watson.	1770
	8vo mezzotint for Sir Joshua's works	S W. Reynolds	

An etching of the head only, from a copy of this picture by Ozias Humphry - - - Mrs D Turner]

1773. III *a* Mr Langton's picture, now at Gunby, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, the seat of Peregrine Massingberd, Esq, Mr Langton's second son A full face, wearing an expression of pain, the hand laid on the breast.

b Mrs Piozzi's Picture, now in the Gallery of Sir Robert Peel, Bart, Whitehall, is a duplicate of Mr Langton's.

There are numerous copies of this Likeness of Johnson one is at Luton Madame d'Arblay has another, made by her brother, and touched upon by Sir Joshua.

	Sheet mezzotint, very fine -	W Doughty.	1784
	Line, prefixed to Dictionary folio	T Cook	1787
	Ditto to Dictionary 4to. -	Ditto	1787
	[Small ditto to Bell's Poets -	Ditto.	1787
	Oval - - -	Bromley.	
	For the Rambler, oval, small size	John Hall.	1779
	Oval, prefixed to first edition of Lives of the Poets - -	T Trotter.	1779
	Oval, with 3 other portraits -	Holloway.	1789
	4to prefixed to Dictionary -	J Heath	1799
	In stipple - - -	Schiavonetti.	1809
	4to prefixed to Dictionary -	W. Holl.	1814
	A very excellent line engraving for the Dict. published by Robinson	W. C Edwards.	1828
	Ditto, smaller - - -	Ditto.	1823
	8vo mezzotint, for the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds -	S W. Reynolds]	

1775. IV. Mr. Malone's picture, now in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Rooper, Brighton. Three-quarter face, to left, kitcat size, represents him as near-sighted, holding a book up close to his eyes, one of which is nearly closed.

This was very displeasing to the Doctor, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude; saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the contrary, Sir Joshua esteemed it as a circumstance in nature to be remarked, as characterising the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait.

	In an oval 8vo, for Murphy's edition of Johnson's works -	J Hall.	1787.
	[Ditto - - - -	Audinet.	
	Ditto - - -	I. Fittler.	

Date of Painting.		Engraver Name.	Date of Engraving.
	Ditto, face to the right	Heath.	
	Ditto, 12mo., for Cooke's Poets	[illegible]	179[illegible]
	Prefixed to his Works, 1823	W. [illegible]	[illegible]

[BY BARRY.

About 1781 — Full face, finished only as far as the shoulders, and [illegible] one of the large pictures now in the room of the [illegible] in the Adelphi. The original sketch was sold at [illegible] 30 guineas. It is in the possession of Mr. [illegible].

	Engraved in line 4to. size -	[illegible] Smith	[illegible]
	Ditto, 8vo., with specimens of Johnson's signature at different periods of life - -	[illegible]dinet.	1827]

BY MISS REYNOLDS, NIECE OF SIR JOSHUA.

[1783. A three-quarter length, the size of life, in oil; belonged to John Hatsell, Esq., Cotton Garden. This portrait did not please Dr. J., who styled it "Johnson's grimly ghost."]

BY OPIE.

	Three quarter face, to the left. Engraved in an oval, prefixed to Dictionary folio -	J. Heath	1786
	[Ditto 4to.	Davenport.]	
	Folio Mezzotint -	C. Towney (1)	1792

BY NORTHCOTE.

	[Three quarter face, to right, holding a book - - -	I. J. De Claussin.	1818]

BY MR. ZOFFANIJ.

BY OZIAS HUMPHRY, R. A.

1773 — A miniature, from the life.

Several copies in crayon, from Sir Joshua's various portraits of Johnson.

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(1) Brother of Mr. Towneley, of the Commons, an ingenious artist, who resided some time at Berlin, and has the honour of being engraver to his Majesty the King of Prussia. This is one of the finest mezzotintos that ever was executed; and what renders it of extraordinary value, the plate was destroyed after four or five impressions only were taken off. One of them is in the possession of Sir William Scott.—BOSWELL.

TROTTER S. C.

Date of Painting. — Engraver's Name. — Date of Engraving.

1782. Johnson said when he saw the drawing, "Well, thou art an ugly fellow like the original." Vol. X. p. 97.
T. Trotter, 1784]

Profile in an oval, to the left, without wig

Whole length, in the dress worn by him on the journey to the Hebrides, with his stick, folio — Do. 1786

Side face, to right, the countenance haggard, and exhibiting marks of decay. This was probably the last portrait for which Dr Johnson sat; it was finished a short time before his death - - - - - Do 1786]

[Do. prefixed to Harding's Shakspeare; drawing belonged to Dr. Farmer - - - - Do. 1792]

J. HARDING.

Side-face, to right — Trotter. 1782

Medallion, profile to left, with wig, prefixed to the Dictionary - - F. Bartolozzi. Bartolozzi. 1785

Ditto for Sharpe's Johnsoniana - - Do. G. Murray. 1820

A wood-cut, on the title-page of Sharpe's edition of this work, in 1 vol. - Do. Thompson. 1830

[A small oval, profile to right - - N. Gardiner. N. Gardiner. 1786

8vo profile, to right P. S. Lambourn. P.S.Lambourn. 1791]

Profile, to left, prefixed to Johnsoniana Unknown. J. Taylor. 1756

For "Lavater's Essays on Physiognomy," in which Johnson's countenance is analysed upon the principles of that fanciful writer.

1748. [A view of Tunbridge Wells, in which Dr. and Mrs. Johnson are introduced; the figures very small. See Vol. I. p. 218.
Loggan. 1804

A whole-length, in a cocked hat, ruffles on the hands, holding a stick behind his back. Not known.

There is a whole-length figure in Cambridge's works, 4to., drawn and engraved by Basland.] It forms the frontispiece to Vol. I. of this Edition.

BUST BY NOLLEKENS.

[1777. Modelled in clay, but never cut in marble. The artist has represented Dr. Johnson without his wig; substituting for it flowing hair which hangs down the neck, copied from a beggar, who

	Drawn by.	Engraver's Name.	Date of Engraving.
was called from the street to serve as a model. (See Smith's Life of Nollekens.) See Letters 305. & 313. Vol VII.			
A drawing by	Ab. Wivell.	W. T. Fry.	1815]

STATUE BY BACON.

In St. Paul's; the first monument ever placed in that building.
Repeatedly engraved.

There are also several seals with his head cut on them, particularly a very fine one by that eminent artist, Edward Burch, Esq., R. A.; in the possession of the younger Dr. Charles Burney.

[Copied and engraved by - - -	Richter.	Richter.	1797]

Let me add, as a proof of the popularity of his character, that there are copper pieces struck at Birmingham, with his head impressed on them, which pass current as halfpence there, and in the neighbouring parts of the country.

[The most extensive collections of engraved portraits of Dr. Johnson are those in the possession of Lewis Pocock, Esq., Mr. Upcott, and Mr Murray of Albemarle Street. The latter was made by the late John Thomas Smith, of the British Museum. — J. Murray, Jun. 1835.]

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ERRATA

VOL. II Page 246 note 3. for *Soame Jenyns* read *Charles Jennens*

VOL. V Page 278, note, dele *from whom she was divorced in* 1776 and insert *she died in* 1776

VOL. VIII Page 207 To the query put by Boswell to Johnson — "Is not the expression in the burial service — 'in the *sure* and *certain* hope of a *blessed* resurrection — too strong to be used indiscriminately?' the following note ought to have been subjoined —

Mr Boswell, quoting from memory has interpolated the word "blessed" The words of the Liturgy are, 'in sure and certain hope of *the* resurrection,' &c &c I Estrange, in his 'Alliance of Divine Offices' p 302, observes, "these words import the faith of the *congregation* then present in the article of the resurrection The plural, *our* vile bodies, excludes the restraint to a singular number" The reformed liturgies have uniformly employed the same cautious language In one of the prayers used in the burial service, in the first book of Edward VI, the following passage occurs "We give thee hearty thanks for this, thy servant, whom thou hast delivered, &c &c And, *as we trust*, hast brought his soul into sure consolation of rest" — MARKLAND

THE END.